Feb. 14, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

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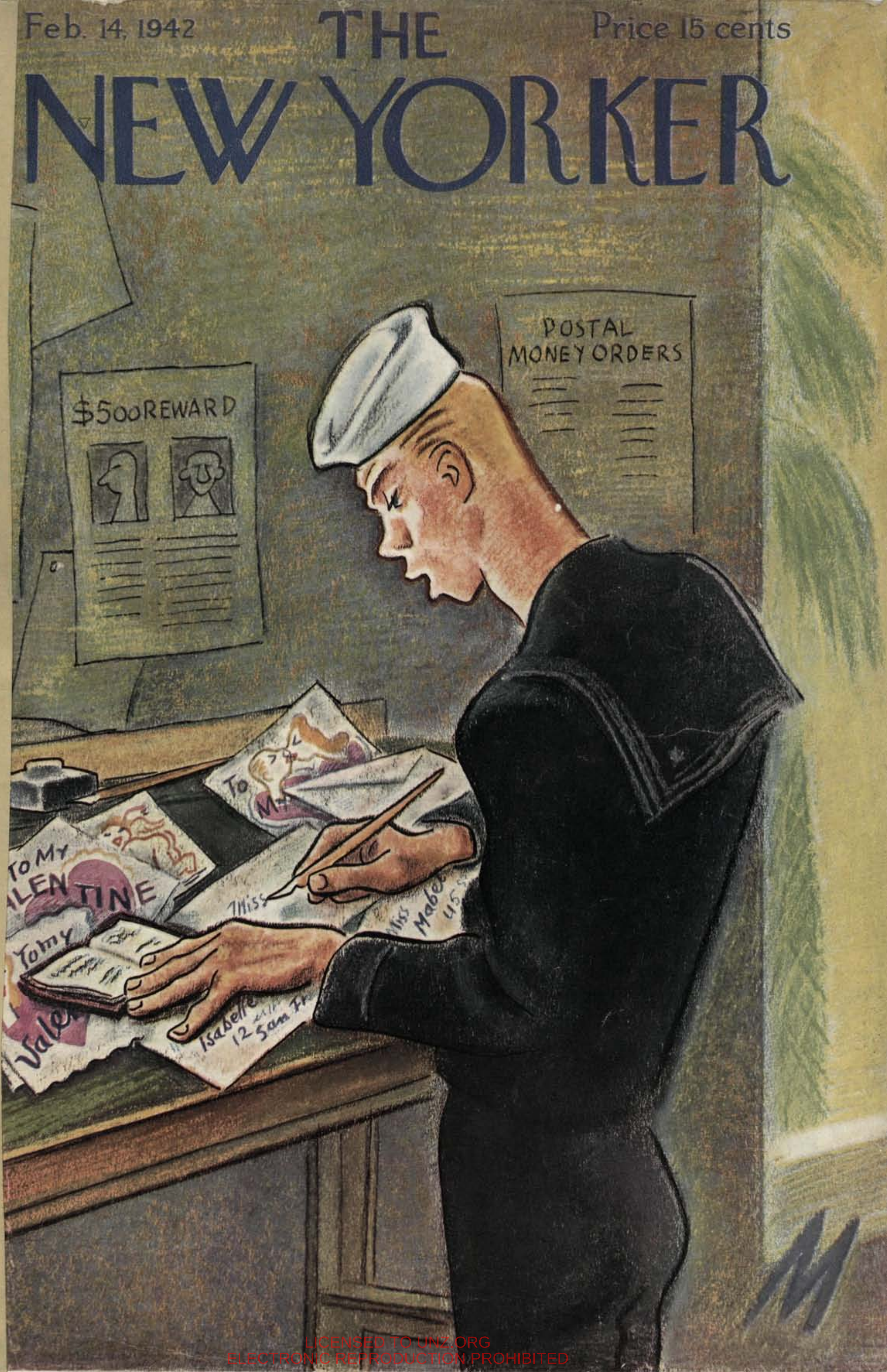
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—An excellent melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Feb. 15, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff account for most of the slaughter in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Café Crown—Sam Jaffe and Morris Carnovsky are fine as local celebrities in this comedy dealing with a famous restaurant and the Yiddish Art Theatre. The humor, though, is rather special for the general public. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a rather routine problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Jason—A highly implausible but fairly entertaining play about a peculiar dramatic critic. Alexander Knox has the title rôle and Nicholas Conte impersonates a playwright who might be Saroyan. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. A very funny and touching adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls, and the adult cast includes Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Matt Briggs, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have taken the late Clarence Day's memories of his family and made them into one of the pleasantest comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Macbeth—Maurice Evans and Margaret Webster collaborating on an excellent revival of this celebrated Scotch murder mystery. Judith Anderson is very effective as the lady with the bloody hands. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Papa Is All—A frail but agreeable comedy, produced by the Theatre Guild, about a Pennsylvania Dutch family and how they turn on the old man. With Jessie Royce Landis, Carl Benton Reid, and Celeste Holm. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

The Rivals—R. B. Sheridan's ancient comedy has been given an elaborate production by the Theatre Guild, but, except for Bobby Clark, nothing much comes of it. The cast includes Mary Boland, Walter Hampden, and Philip Bourneuf. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat.)

Solitaire—A play about a little rich girl and her adventures with a philosophical tramp. A bit cute in spots but generally quite attractive. Pat Hitchcock and Victor Kilian have the leading rôles. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Spring Again—A modest comedy about a lady who gets terribly sick of her husband's ancestors. Grace George's gentle, eloquent acting is a great help. With C. Aubrey Smith and Joseph Buloff. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's story of a refugee who leaves his family in America to go back and fight the Nazis is easily the best anti-Nazi play we've had so far. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast, and Herman Shumlin's production is magnificent. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12. Closes Sat., Feb. 21.)

WITH MUSIC

Banjo Eyes—Eddie Cantor, back after twelve years, in a routine but lavish musical based on "Three Men on a Horse." Audrey Christie, Lionel Stander, and the De Marcos are in the cast. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Best Foot Forward—The locale of this George Abbott comedy is a preparatory school, but don't let that intimidate you, because it is about as fresh and gay as it can be. Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane wrote the music and lyrics, and Jo Mielziner is responsible for the scenery. The cast is large and fine and very, very young. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

It Happens on Ice—Some lovely skating which starts off by being quite exciting but which you may find somewhat wearing before it's over. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., also Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence in something that Moss Hart probably had to get out of his system. Miss Lawrence is superb. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Eve Arden and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter is responsible for most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Porgy and Bess—Cheryl Crawford's superior revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Most of the original cast are in it again, and Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Sons o' Fun—Olsen and Johnson's new brain storm contains Carmen Miranda, Ella Logan, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser. Strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Heart of a City—A play by Lesley Storm, with Beverly Roberts, Richard Ainley, and Margot Grahame. Staged and produced by Gilbert Miller. Opens Thurs., Feb. 12. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

They Should Have Stood in Bed—A farce by Leo Rifkin, Frank Tarloff, and David Shaw, with LeRoi Operti, Grant Richards, and Tony Canzoneri. Staged by Luther Adler and produced by Sam H. Grisman and Alexander H. Cohen. Opens Fri., Feb. 13. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Boston Comic Opera Company presenting "The Mikado," following preliminary performances by the Jooss Ballet of "The Big City" and "A Ball in Old Vienna," through Sun., Feb. 15; beginning Tues., Feb. 17, the bill will be "The Pirates of Penzance" and a ballet, to be announced: Tues. through Sun., at 8:30; Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664.) . . . The Savoy Opera Guild in "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance": Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Feb. 12-14 and 19-21, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

DANCE RECITALS

Argentinita—First performance of the season by this Spanish dancer, who will appear with her company: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 12, at 8:45. (Cosmopolitan Opera House, 135 W. 55. CO 5-9089.)

Bella Reine—American début of a French dance mime: Fri. Eve., Feb. 20, at 8:30. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, 154 W. 57. For tickets, call VA 6-3812.)

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—Assisted by their company in "Decade," Sat. Aft., Feb. 14, at 4, and Sun. Eve., Feb. 15, at 8:45; "Passacaglia," and "Variations," Sat. Aft., Feb. 21, at 4. (108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra is playing for dancing in the Trianon Room.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Unmistakably tropical, with a show headed by Joe E. Lewis. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and a samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Joseph C. Smith and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Ted Straeter's and Bob Knight's orchestras are spelling each other in this big and handsome place.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Waiters in knee breeches give the Cotillion Room a lordly air. Songs by Ella Logan and music by Stanley Melba's orchestra.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Dick Gasparre's

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page
BOOKS 67
THE CURRENT CINEMA 53
LETTER FROM LONDON 30
MUSICAL EVENTS 62
POPULAR RECORDS 63
OF ALL THINGS 34
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 54
AS TO MEN 57
OUT OF TOWN 65
THE RACE TRACK 61
A REPORTER AT LARGE 38
RESTAURANTS 51
THE THEATRE 28

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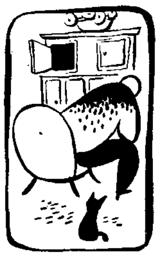
RECOVERING FROM A NEWSCAST



MAYBE the news you hear over the radio is like the fights you listen to—much more exciting than at the ringside. After the average fight broadcast, the average listener is certainly more limp than the average looker. And that goes for football broadcasts, too.

During the past few months, one newscast after another must have left a lot of people gasping for relief—and rummaging around among their old phonograph records for a nice, pleasant concert of music and song, with no interruptions for special bulletins.

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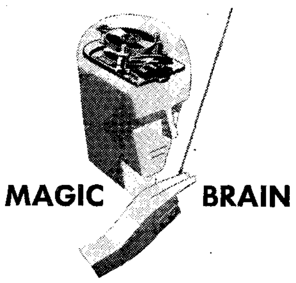

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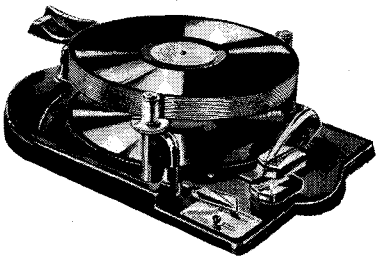

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

orchestra plays in the Persian Room, where there's also a singer and a dance team.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The present show, with Elsie Houston and Charles Weidman, will be replaced on Wed., Feb. 18, by a new one, with Monna Montes and Alexis Dolinoff of the Metropolitan Ballet. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra and Clemente's rumba band will stay on. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.... Russ Smith's orchestra keeps right on playing in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—What with La Maisonette temporarily undergoing repairs, there is entertainment again in the Iridium Room—songs by Frances Mercer, two-piano-playing by Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, and dance music by Paul Sparr's orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Hoysradt is presenting his impersonations in the Café Lounge, and the music is by Ernie Holst's orchestra.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Filled with the better-looking uniforms. Bob Grant's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—The chorus line may remind you more of the West Forties. Billy de Wolfe heads the show and there's also a tightwire-walker. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Hartmans are giving their all in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour. Dinah Shore and Freddy Martin's orchestra are around throughout the evening.

SUPPER CLUBS—For moments when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dim little place with a number of competent performers.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings her hearty songs and the Revuers provide their own kind of songs and foolishness.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the log fire are pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive spot for a casual good time. Dick Wilson's orchestra.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra. ... **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Val Olman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show which includes Mata and Hari, the dancers.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): Hazel Scott, mistress of the Negro ceremonies, keeps cool and contained, even while John Kirby's and Eddie South's bands are raising a rumpus. The Golden Gate Quartet is around, too.... **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mon.... **BILTMORE,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Enric Madriguera's orchestra and an ice show.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Evalyn Tyner's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.... **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with Sande Williams' orchestra.... **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing. No dancing.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar place specializing in folk singers. Huddy Ledbetter and Joshua White will be replaced on Tues., Feb. 17, by Burl Ives. Closed Mon.... **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): mainly South American, with Jack Harris's orchestra playing for dancing.... **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place.... **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White and Frankie Hyers aren't any too squeamish about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. ... **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard in a Billy Rose show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Ammons and Johnson, Teddy Wilson's orchestra, and Kenneth Spencer. Closed Mon.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio; on Mon., a juke box.... **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, with the King Cole Trio and Sabby Lewis's orchestra.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873).... Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784).... Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be open on Lincoln's Birthday.)

AMERICAN PRIMITIVES—Works by twenty-five self-taught artists, selected by Sidney Janis, who knows his way around in this field of painting: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 7.

BAROQUE PAINTING—Works by Salvator Rosa, Luigi Crespi, and other members of a seventeenth-century school that has had an increasing influence on modern art: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

BERMAN—Recent paintings and drawings, in the opening exhibition of Julien Levy's new gallery, 11 E. 57. Weekdays, except Thurs., Feb. 12, from 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 24.

CORBINO—Lush, Rubensesque paintings, with especial emphasis on circus performers: Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

DU BOIS—New paintings, rather freer in style and less slick in outline than his previous work: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 21.

ENGLISH PORTRAITS—Eighteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, and such not so well-known artists as Francis Abbott and William Owen: Newton, 11 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

FORBES—First showing since 1935 of oils by an artist who likes massive forms and handles them solidly and successfully: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

FRENCH—At the **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: oils by Derain and Utrillo. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 7.... **ALLISON,** 32 E. 57: etchings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, from Corot and Millet to Picasso and Matisse. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.... **FRENCH ART,** 51 E. 57: paintings by Derain, Dufy, Chagall, and Utrillo, among others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 14.... **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: figure painting in modern art, with a fine Picasso leading the list of examples. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 21.... **GALLERY OF MODERN ART,** 18 E. 57: paintings and water colors by Vlaminck and Dufy. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 28.... **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: thirty paintings and gouaches by Dufy and Lurçat. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 21.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—Modern paintings and antique objets d'art arranged in settings designed to show the affinities between past and present. The paintings themselves are magnificent, the arrangements occasionally less so. Degas, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, Sloan, and Kroll are among those represented: Kelekian, 20 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

GOODELMAN—Sculptures by an artist who combines originality of approach with a sound sense of plastic values: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

GROUPS—At **RAYMOND & RAYMOND,** 40 E. 52: membership showing of water colors, gouaches, and small sculptures by An American Group. Many good things. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 24.... **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: works by eighteen contemporary Americans, including Etnier, Laufman, and Kroll, all associated with this gallery. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

KENT—His first show of oils in some years includes paintings of Alaska, Greenland, and other points, north, south, east, and west: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 27.

KLEE—A rotating exhibition of works by this artist—oils, water colors, and other media—planned to continue throughout the rest of the season: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

LEVI—Paintings and gouaches, mainly of seaside scenes, by an artist who has added strength to an already sensitive vision: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays, except Thurs., Feb. 12, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

LIPCHITZ—Recent sculptures by a onetime abstractionist now turned baroque: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Large and stirring exhibition of architectural etchings by Piranesi, including many of his fantastic prison interiors. The Museum's permanent collection of Rembrandt paintings, prints, and drawings is being shown in its entirety for the first time. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 29.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Paintings and sculptures by eighteen contemporary Americans, all living outside the New York area. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 8.

MYERS—Water colors, pastels, and drawings by a man who made the East Side scene his province: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

O'KEEFFE—New paintings, still centred principally on the New Mexican desert country: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 17.

PICASSO—Important paintings, from 1918 to 1926: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 7.

SEPESHY—A painter known principally for his work in tempera shows some well-handled landscapes in water color: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

TAMAYO—Eleven paintings and a sculpture by one of the most original of the modern Mexican artists: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

TAUBES—New paintings in this artist's first exhibition here in three years: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 2.

TWACHTMAN—Paintings by one of the early American Impressionists: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—American water-color painting from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the present, covered with commendable, if occasionally exhausting, thoroughness. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 25.

WILSON—First one-man exhibition by an Ohio painter who uses a deliberately naïve approach with considerable skill in depicting Midwestern scenes: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

HERE AND THERE—At the **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: copies by Sarkis Katchadourian of cave paintings in India and Ceylon. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 38 W. 57: paintings by this gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Feb. 16.... **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: wood sculptures by John Rood. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.... **ZBOROWSKI,** 61 E. 57: oils by Max Jimenez. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 28.... **KLEEMANN,** 38 E. 57: oils and drawings by Elliot Orr. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.... **PINACOTHECA,** 20 W. 58: oils and gouaches by A. F. Levinson. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 21.... **MACDOWELL CLUB,** 166 E. 73: oils, water colors, and sketches by Gifford Beal. Daily 2 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 22.... **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington, at 61: animals in art, from Goya to Picasso, and photographs by Ylla. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.... **MAYER,** 41 E. 57: paintings and drawings by Beatrice Cuming. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 21. ... **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57: paintings by William Thoeny. Mon., 12 noon to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 27....

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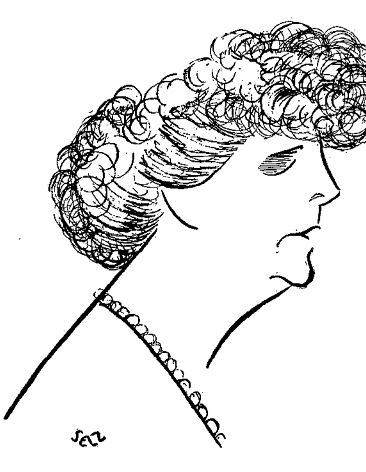

MRS. ISABELLA GREENWAY KING, *who, as national chairman of the American Women's Voluntary Services, is in charge of branches in twenty-eight states. She has at one time or another been a congresswoman, a rancher, and the operator of an air line. On her office desk here are two letter files labelled, respectively, "Confusion" and "Trouble."*

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL THE WORLD'S LARGEST AUDITED MAGAZINE CIRCULATION

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5 Ave., at 89: annual exhibition of the American Society of Etchers. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 28. . . . **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 57: recent work by Bruce Mitchell. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Goossens conducting, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 12, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 13, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 14, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Feb. 15, at 3. Koussevitzky conducting, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 19, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 20, at 2:30. (Soloists: Heifetz, Feb. 12-13; Valasek, Feb. 15.) . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat. Morn., Feb. 21, at 11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 13, at 8:45; Sat. Aft., Feb. 14, at 2:30. . . . Burgin conducting; soloist, Feuermann: Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Thurs. Eve., Feb. 12, at 8:30.

YALE GLEE CLUB—Bartholomew conducting; soloist, Jane Pickens; a benefit for the American Field Service: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Feb. 15, at 8:30.

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Pensis conducting; soloist, Sandor: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Feb. 15, at 8:45.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin and others conducting a special program illustrating the various objectives of this group: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Feb. 16, at 8:45.

BROOKLYN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Warburg conducting; soloist, Ricci: Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Wed. Eve., Feb. 18, at 8:30.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Nathan Milstein, Tues. Eve., Feb. 17, at 8:30; Yehudi Menuhin, a benefit for the A.W.V.S. and the Musicians Emergency Fund, Wed. Eve., Feb. 18, at 8:30; Alexander Borovsky, Fri. Eve., Feb. 20, at 8:30.

TOWN HALL—Budapest String Quartet (New Friends of Music), Sun. Aft., Feb. 15, at 5:30; Alfred Mirovitch, Wed. Eve., Feb. 18, at 8:30; Wanda Landowska, Sat. Aft., Feb. 21, at 3; Helen Teschner Tas, Sat. Eve., Feb. 21, at 8:30.

ELSEWHERE—At the **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**, 5 Ave. at 42: League of Composers' concert of American music, Sun. Aft., Feb. 15, at 3. (For tickets, write to the League of Composers, 113 W. 57.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: contemporary chamber-music concert by the Musical Art Quartet and Frank Sheridan, Mon. Eve., Feb. 16, at 8:45. (For tickets, call CI 6-3932.) . . . **FRIENDSHIP HOUSE,** 35 E. 62: all-Mozart program, the first of a series of concerts in this organization's new auditorium, with Josephine Antoine, Herbert Janssen, and other soloists, Tues. Eve., Feb. 17, at 8:45. (For tickets, call RE 4-4073.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Götterdämmerung," Thurs. Aft., Feb. 12; "Rigoletto," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 12; "Tosca," Fri. Eve., Feb. 13; "Tannhäuser," Sat. Aft., Feb. 14; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Sat. Eve., Feb. 14; "La Traviata," Mon. Eve., Feb. 16; "Lohengrin," Wed. Eve., Feb. 18; "Carmen," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 19; "The Bartered Bride," Fri. Aft., Feb. 20; "The Island God" and "Pagliacci," Fri. Eve., Feb. 20; "Aïda," Sat. Aft., Feb. 21; "Siegfried," Sat. Eve., Feb. 21. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box-office, PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Billy Conn vs. Tony Zale, catchweights, 12 rounds, Fri., Feb. 13; Ray Robinson vs. Maxie Berger, welterweights, 12 rounds, Fri., Feb. 20 (benefit for the Infantile Paralysis Foundation); preliminaries at 8:30, main matches at about 10 P.M.

COURT TENNIS—A series of exhibition matches by leading players will be held at the Whitney estate, Greentree, Manhasset, Sat. Aft., Feb. 14, at 12, as a benefit for the Red Cross.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:40 P.M.: Rangers vs. Brooklyn Americans, Sun., Feb. 15; Rangers vs. Canadiens, Tues., Feb. 17; Brooklyn Americans vs. Boston, Thurs., Feb. 19. . . . Amateur-series games, Sun., Feb. 15, at 1:30 P.M.

TRACK—Madison Square Garden: N.Y.A.C. Meet, Sat. Eve., Feb. 21, at 8.

WINTER SPORTS—Stowe, Vt.: Eastern amateur downhill, slalom, and combined championships, Sat. and Sun., Feb. 14-15. . . . Lake Placid: ski tournaments, Fri. through Mon., Feb. 20-23; figure-skating carnival, Sat. and Sun., Feb. 21-22. . . . Brattleboro, Vt.: national cross-country and combined ski championships, Sat. and Sun., Feb. 21-22.

OTHER EVENTS

DOG SHOW—The Westminster Kennel Club's sixty-sixth annual event; a Red Cross benefit: Madison Square Garden, Thurs., Feb. 12, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S SHOW—The usual collection of exhibits designed to interest hunters and fishermen: Grand Central Palace, starting Sat., Feb. 21; from 12 noon to 11 P.M.

FIREARMS EXHIBITION—A hundred and thirty revolvers, including a number of historical pieces and two rare Whitneyville Walkers, all manufactured by Samuel Colt from 1836 to 1872: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 3.

SCALE MODELS—At the **SOCIETY OF MODEL ENGINEERS,** 152 W. 42: miniature trains, ships, airplanes, and such in the annual show of work by members and other amateurs. Sat. and holidays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 5:30 to 10 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 23. . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,** 5 Ave. at 104: twenty-one examples of nineteenth-century ships used by this country, Britain, and France. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 15.

ON THE AIR—"Tannhäuser," with Melchior and Varnay; from the Metropolitan Opera House: Sat. Aft., Feb. 14, at 2, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Goossens conducting: Sun. Aft., Feb. 15, at 3, WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper and William Hillman, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10:30, WJZ; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15, WEAF; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. Eves. at 10, WOR; Wythe Williams, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WHN. . . . News from abroad, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; Sun. Afts. at 3:30, WOR; and Sun. Eves. at 7:30, WJZ.

TELEVISION: A series of air-raid defense programs is being shown Mon. Eves. at 8, over WNBT.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES,** 30 E. 57—Chinese jades, porcelains, bronzes, and other Oriental art, from the collections of Mrs. Ethel Gunton Douglas, Mrs. A. B. Jacobson, Emil Baerwald, and others: Thurs. Aft., Feb. 12, at 2. . . . Georgian silver, linens, and other furnishings, from the estate of the late Mrs. Henry C. Buswell: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 13-14, at 2. . . . Small arms and armor, from the collections of Mr. and Mrs. Amory S. Carhart and others: Wed. Aft., Feb. 18, at 2. . . . Ornithological books by such authorities as Audubon and Levaillant, rare editions, and American maps, from the estates of the late Emil Winter, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene McVoy, and others: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Feb. 18-19, at 2, and Wed. Eve., Feb. 18, at 8:15.

KENDE GALLERIES, at Gimbels, B'way at 33—The art collection of the late Horatio S. Rubens, including paintings by Stuart, Raeburn, and Sargent, Chinese bronzes, jades, porcelains, and other art objects: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 12, at 8, and Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 13-14, at 2.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY—A fable of New Hampshire, from Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster," with Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. The Faust idea adapted to the America of the eighteen-forties. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 14-16. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Feb. 15-18. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Fri., Feb. 17-20.)

BIRTH OF THE BLUES—The old songs—"Waiting at the Church" and so on—and some new ones, and Mary Martin and Bing Crosby, in what may be called a historical treatise of a light kind. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Feb. 16.)

FANTASIA—The Disney film, standing up better than a lot of music-lovers thought it would. The one with Stokowski, the Philadelphia Orchestra, Deems Taylor, and people like that in it. Also Mickey Mouse. (Broadway, B'way at 53.)

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE—An outright Steinbeck story of life back in the Mexican hills. Commentary by Burgess Meredith. (Art, 36 E. 8.)

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.—Of Back Bay and Beacon Hill and how some people can't stand them, according to the Marquand novel. With Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, and Robert Young. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 14-16. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Wed., Feb. 14-18.)

HOLD BACK THE DAWN—The immigration problem, and love solving it, along the Mexican border. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 13-15. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Tues., Feb. 17.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY—Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon in a sombre piece which seems to be one of those authentic treatments of Welsh miners. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sun., Feb. 15. . . . Park, Columbus Circle; Tues. through Fri., Feb. 17-20. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 18-19.)

KINGS ROW—A major picture, more affecting than entertaining, about the psychopathology of a small town in the nineteen-hundreds. Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Judith Anderson, Claude Rains, Charles Coburn, and Ronald Reagan. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

LABURNUM GROVE—A screen adaptation of the trim thriller about the respectable old London counterfeiter, which we saw here a while ago. With Edmund Gwenn back in his former rôle. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., Feb. 12. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Fri., Feb. 16-20. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 17-19.)

THE MALTESE FALCON—Dashiell Hammett's vibrating thriller of killers and schemers, turned again into a very sprightly film. With Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Feb. 18-20.)

SON OF FURY—A lively costume piece, full of scuffling and adventure, in the grand old style. With Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power at their best. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Feb. 18.)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS—Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea in an over-pretentious comedy devised by the usually reliable Preston Sturges. (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., Feb. 17.)

SUSPICION—Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant in a drama of marriage, with overtones of embezzlement and the threat of murder. Taken from Francis Iles' "Before the Fact" and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Feb. 13. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Sat., Feb. 14. . . . Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 14-16.)

TARGET FOR TONIGHT—An impressive, literal, and realistic account of an R.A.F. raid on a German town. No nonsense or fabrication, and intensely interesting. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., Feb. 12. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; through Sat., Feb. 14. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Feb. 15-18. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Fri., Feb. 16-20.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy have had better things to work with than this one, which is about marriage in the journalistic set. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

REVIVALS

CONFESSIONS OF A CHEAT (1938)—Sacha Guitry as a cardsharp in the French picture "The Story of a Cheat," now with English dialogue. (Belmont, 125 W. 48.)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (1934)—Somerset Maugham's classic. Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (Park, Columbus Circle; through Fri., Feb. 13.)

PORT OF SHADOWS (1939)—Jean Gabin on Le Havre's waterfront. French. (Park, Columbus Circle; through Fri., Feb. 13.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward and Julie Haydon in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., Feb. 15.)

THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Feb. 12.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing American and foreign films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—**THURS. THROUGH SAT., FEB. 12-14:** "Bomber," "Eyes of the Navy," "Safeguarding Military Information," "Fire Prevention and Control," and "Tanks," a series of documentary shorts made before the United States entered the war. **SUN. AND MON., FEB. 15-16:** eight early silent films, including "Queen Elizabeth," with Sarah Bernhardt, and "The Great Train Robbery." **TUES. AND WED., FEB. 17-18:** five short Méliès films. **THURS. AND FRI., FEB. 19-20:** ten short French films, by Ferdinand Zecca, Emile Cohl, and Jean Durand. **SAT., FEB. 21:** six early American films, with Mary Pickford, D. W. Griffith, and others.

AT THE MOVIE HOUSES

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—**KINGS ROW**, Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings, Betty Field.

Broadway, B'way at 53 (CI 6-5353)—**FANTASIA**, Walt Disney full-length film.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—Through Wed., Feb. 18: "Design for Scandal," Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"Lady for a Night," Joan Blondell, John Wayne.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—Through Fri., Feb. 13: "Paris Calling," Elisabeth Bergner, Randolph Scott. . . . From Sat., Feb. 14: "Lady in Distress," Paul Lukas, Michael Redgrave, Sally Gray.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Wed., Feb. 18: "Hellz-a-Poppin," Olsen and Johnson; also "Obliging Young Lady," Joan Carroll, Edmond O'Brien, Ruth Warwick.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—Through Tues., Feb. 17: **SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS**, Veronica Lake, Joel McCrea. . . . From Wed., Feb. 18: "Bahama Passage," Madeleine Carroll, Stirling Hayden.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—**WOMAN OF THE YEAR**, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—"Mister V," Leslie Howard, Mary Morris, Francis Sullivan.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Through Wed., Feb. 18: **SON OF FURY**, Gene Tierney, Tyrone Power.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., Feb. 18: "Babes on Broadway," Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Thurs., Feb. 12: "Wild Bill Hickok Rides," Constance Bennett, Bruce Cabot. . . . From Fri., Feb. 13: "Captains of the Clouds," James Cagney, Dennis Morgan, Brenda Marshall.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Belmont, 125 W. 48 (BR 9-0156)—**CONFESSIONS OF A CHEAT** (formerly French and called "The Story of a Cheat," now with English dialogue), revival, Sacha Guitry.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—Revivals—Thurs., Feb. 12: "The Robber Symphony," English surrealist musical; "Joy of Living," French animated cartoon; and "Emak Bakia" and "The Fall of the House of Usher," two short fantasies. . . . From Fri., Feb. 13: "Vampire" and "The Living Dead" (German), both horror films.

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Thurs., Feb. 12: "Ruggles of Red Gap," revival, Charles Laughton, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles; also "Three Women" (Russian), revival. . . . Fri. and Sat., Feb. 13-14: "Musical Story" (Russian); also "The End of a Day" (French), revival, Victor Francen, Louis Jouvet. . . . Sun., Feb. 15: "The Thirteen" (Russian), revival; also "The Edge of the World," revival, Nial MacGinnis. . . . Mon., Feb. 16: "Don Quixote," revival, Feodor Chaliapin; also "Lonely White Sail" (Russian), revival. . . . From Tues., Feb. 17: **HOLD BACK THE DAWN**, Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, Paulette Goddard.

World, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—"The Nine Bachelors" (French), Sacha Guitry.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—**THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE**, Mexican semi-documentary film.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Sat., Feb. 14: "They Died with Their Boots On," Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn; also "Blues in the Night," Priscilla Lane, Richard Whorf, Betty Field. . . . Sun. through Wed., Feb. 15-18: **ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY**, Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, Anne Shirley; also **TARGET FOR TONIGHT**, documentary film of the R.A.F.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Through Fri., Feb. 13: "Unholy Partners," Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Edward Arnold; also "Mr. and Mrs. North," Gracie Allen, William Post, Jr. . . . Sat. through Mon., Feb. 14-16: **H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.**, Hedy Lamarr, Robert Young, Ruth Hussey; also "Tarzan's Secret Treasure," Maureen O'Sullivan, Johnny Weissmuller. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 17-18: "One Foot in Heaven," Martha Scott, Fredric March; also "You're in the Army Now," Jane Wyman, Jimmy Durante.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Mon., Feb. 16: **BIRTH OF THE BLUES**, Bing Crosby, Mary Martin; also "The Night of January 16th," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston. . . . From Tues., Feb. 17: "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Fri., Feb. 13: "Quiet Wedding," Margaret Lockwood. . . . Sat. through Mon., Feb. 14-16: "You Belong to Me," Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda. . . . From Tues., Feb. 17: "International Lady," Ilona Massey, George Brent.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., Feb. 12: **THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER**, revival, Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart. . . . Fri. through Sun., Feb. 13-15: **HOLD BACK THE DAWN**, Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, Paulette Goddard. . . . Mon. and Tues., Feb. 16-17: "The Amazing Mr. Williams," revival, Joan Blondell, Melvyn Douglas. . . . From Wed., Feb. 18: **HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY**, Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Sat., Feb. 14: **SUSPICION**, Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant; also "Keep 'Em Flying," Abbott and Costello. . . . Sun. and Mon., Feb. 15-16: "Wild Geese Calling," Joan Bennett, Henry Fonda; also "Sun Valley Serenade," Sonja Henie, John Payne. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 17-18: "No More Orchids," revival, Carole Lombard, Walter Connolly; also "The Beloved Vagabond," revival, Maurice Chevalier.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Through Tues., Feb. 17: "I Wake Up Screaming," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; also "Swamp Water," Walter Huston, Virginia Gilmore. . . . From Wed., Feb. 18: "Bombay Clipper," Irene Hervey, William Gargan; also "Four Jacks and a Jill," Anne Shirley, Ray Bolger, June Havoc.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Thurs., Feb. 12: **LABURNUM GROVE**, Edmund Gwenn, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; also **TARGET FOR TONIGHT**, documentary film of the R.A.F. . . . Fri. through Mon., Feb. 13-16: "Skylark," Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Brian Aherne. . . . From Tues., Feb. 17: **ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY**, Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, Anne Shirley.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Sun., Feb. 15: **THE SCOUNDREL**, revival, Noel Coward, Julie Haydon. . . . From Mon., Feb. 16: **LABURNUM GROVE**, Edmund Gwenn, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; also **TARGET FOR TONIGHT**, documentary film of the R.A.F.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Mon., Feb. 16: **BIRTH OF THE BLUES**, Bing Crosby, Mary Martin; also "The Night of January 16th," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston. . . . From Tues., Feb. 17: "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Through Sun., Feb. 15: **HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY**, Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara; also "Moon Over Her Shoulder," Lynn Bari, John Sutton. . . . Mon. through Wed., Feb. 16-18: "Nothing but the Truth," Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope; also "Buy Me That Town," Constance Moore, Lloyd Nolan.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Through Fri., Feb. 13: "Quiet Wedding," Margaret Lockwood. . . . Sat. through Mon., Feb. 14-16: **ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY**, Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, Anne Shirley. . . . From Tues., Feb. 17: **LABURNUM GROVE**, Edmund Gwenn, Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Through Tues., Feb. 17: "I Wake Up Screaming," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; also "Swamp Water," Walter Huston, Virginia Gilmore. . . . From Wed., Feb. 18: "Bombay Clipper," Irene Hervey, William Gargan; also "Four Jacks and a Jill," Anne Shirley, Ray Bolger, June Havoc.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., Feb. 13: "Skylark," Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Brian Aherne; also "New York Town," Mary Martin, Fred MacMurray. . . . Sat. through Mon., Feb. 14-16: "Unholy Partners," Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Edward Arnold; also "Mr. and Mrs. North," Gracie Allen, William Post, Jr. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 17-18: "One Foot in Heaven," Martha Scott, Fredric March; also "You're in the Army Now," Jane Wyman, Jimmy Durante.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Fri., Feb. 13: "Unholy Partners," Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Edward Arnold; also "Mr. and Mrs. North," Gracie Allen, William Post, Jr. . . . Sat. through Wed., Feb. 14-18: **H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.**, Hedy Lamarr, Robert Young, Ruth Hussey; also "Tarzan's Secret Treasure," Maureen O'Sullivan, Johnny Weissmuller.

WEST SIDE

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Through Mon., Feb. 16: "One Foot in Heaven," Martha Scott, Fredric March. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 17-18: "The Feminine Touch," Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Fri., Feb. 13: "Unholy Partners," Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Edward Arnold; also "Mr. and Mrs. North," Gracie Allen, William Post, Jr. . . . Sat. through Wed., Feb. 14-18: **H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.**, Hedy Lamarr, Robert Young, Ruth Hussey; also "Tarzan's Secret Treasure," Maureen O'Sullivan, Johnny Weissmuller.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Through Fri., Feb. 13: "Skylark," Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Brian Aherne; also "New York Town," Mary Martin, Fred MacMurray. . . . Sat. through Tues., Feb. 14-17: "They Died with Their Boots On," Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn; also "Blues in the Night," Priscilla Lane, Richard Whorf, Betty Field. . . . From Wed., Feb. 18: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart; also "Week End for Three," Jane Wyatt, Dennis O'Keefe.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Through Tues., Feb. 17: "I Wake Up Screaming," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; also "Swamp Water," Walter Huston, Virginia Gilmore. . . . From Wed., Feb. 18: "Bombay Clipper," Irene Hervey, William Gargan; also "Four Jacks and a Jill," Anne Shirley, Ray Bolger, June Havoc.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Mon., Feb. 16: "Skylark," Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Brian Aherne; also "New York Town," Mary Martin, Fred MacMurray. . . . From Tues., Feb. 17: "Smilin' Through," Jeanette MacDonald, Brian Aherne; also "The Feminine Touch," Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche.

Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Through Mon., Feb. 16: **BIRTH OF THE BLUES**, Bing Crosby, Mary Martin; also "The Night of January 16th," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston. . . . From Tues., Feb. 17: "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson.

Park, Columbus Circle (CI 5-9512)—Through Fri., Feb. 13: **OF HUMAN BONDAGE**, revival, Bette Davis, Leslie Howard; also **PORT OF SHADOWS** (French), revival, Jean Gabin, Michel Simon. . . . Sat. through Mon., Feb. 14-16: **SUSPICION**, Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant; also "Three Girls About Town," Joan Blondell, John Howard, Robert Benchley. . . . From Tues., Feb. 17: **HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY**, Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara; also "Kid Galahad," revival, Bette Davis, Edward G. Robinson.

Beacon, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Through Mon., Feb. 16: "One Foot in Heaven," Martha Scott, Fredric March; also "You're in the Army Now," Jane Wyman, Jimmy Durante. . . . Tues., Feb. 17: "Dangerous Lady," June Storey, Neil Hamilton; also "Ellis Island," Donald Cook, Jack La Rue. . . . From Wed., Feb. 18: "Top Sergeant Mulligan," Carol Hughes, Nat Pendleton; also "Small Town Deb," Jane Withers.

77th Street, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Mon., Feb. 16: "You Belong to Me," Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda; also "International Lady," Ilona Massey, George Brent. . . . From Tues., Feb. 17: "The Chocolate Soldier," Risë Stevens, Nelson Eddy; also "Confessions of Boston Blackie," Chester Morris, Harriet Hilliard.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Through Tues., Feb. 17: "I Wake Up Screaming," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; also "Swamp Water," Walter Huston, Virginia Gilmore. . . . From Wed., Feb. 18: "Bombay Clipper," Irene Hervey, William Gargan; also "Four Jacks and a Jill," Anne Shirley, Ray Bolger, June Havoc.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Mon., Feb. 16: **BIRTH OF THE BLUES**, Bing Crosby, Mary Martin; also "The Night of January 16th," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston. . . . From Tues., Feb. 17: "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Through Fri., Feb. 13: **SUSPICION**, Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant; also "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break," W. C. Fields. . . . Sat. through Mon., Feb. 14-16: "They Died with Their Boots On," Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn; also "Blues in the Night," Priscilla Lane, Richard Whorf, Betty Field. . . . From Tues., Feb. 17: "Nothing but the Truth," Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope; also "Buy Me That Town," Constance Moore, Lloyd Nolan.

Stoddard, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Wed., Feb. 18: "Unholy Partners," Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Edward Arnold; also "The Feminine Touch," Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche.

Riverside, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Tues., Feb. 17: "I Wake Up Screaming," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; also "Swamp Water," Walter Huston, Virginia Gilmore. . . . From Wed., Feb. 18: "Bombay Clipper," Irene Hervey, William Gargan; also "Four Jacks and a Jill," Anne Shirley, Ray Bolger, June Havoc.

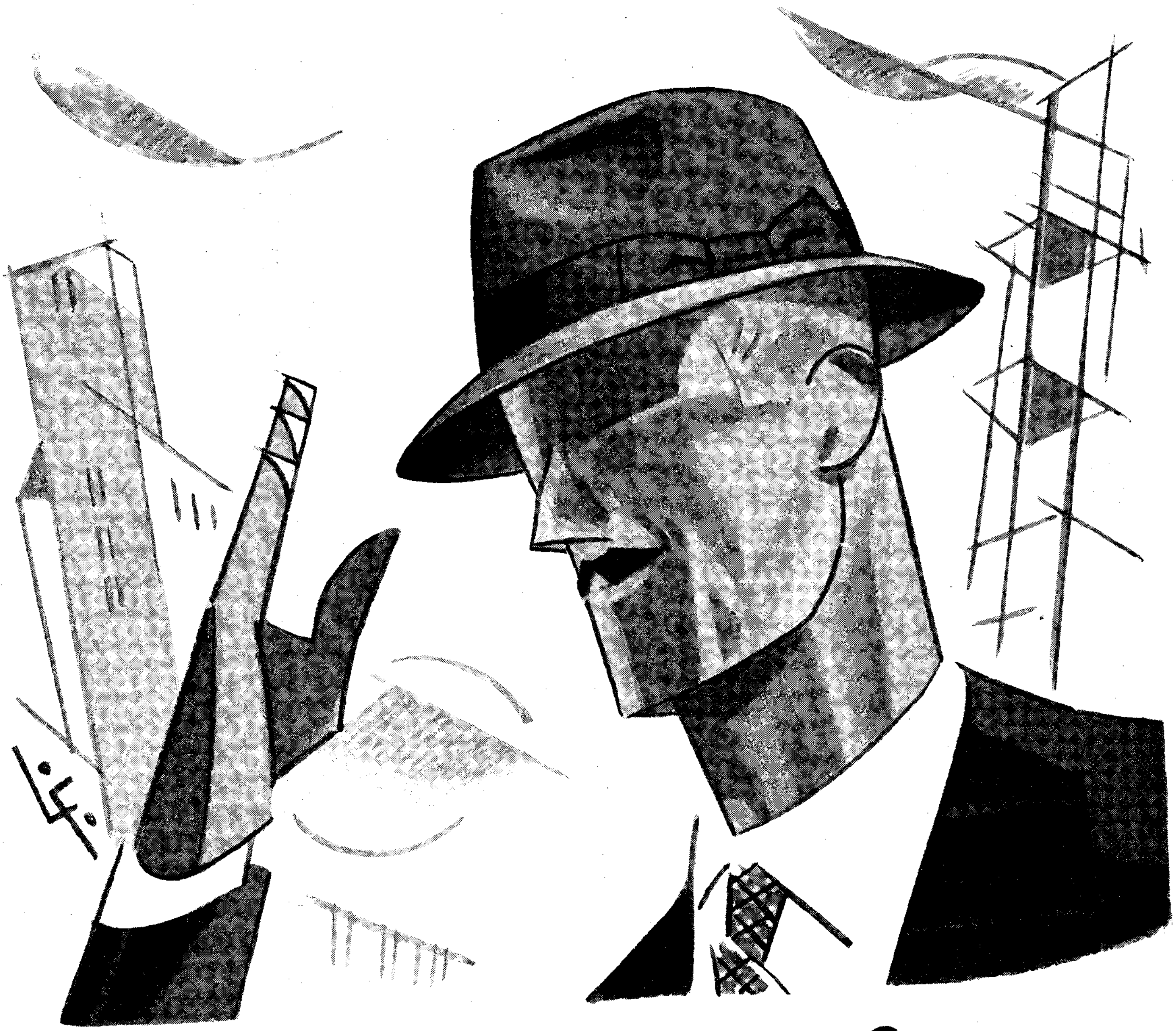
Carlton, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Through Sat., Feb. 14: **TARGET FOR TONIGHT**, documentary film of the R.A.F.; also "Cadet Girl," Carole Landis, George Montgomery. . . . Sun. through Wed., Feb. 15-18: "You Belong to Me," Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda; also "International Lady," Ilona Massey, George Brent.

Olympia, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Mon., Feb. 16: **BIRTH OF THE BLUES**, Bing Crosby, Mary Martin; also "The Night of January 16th," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston. . . . From Tues., Feb. 17: "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson.

Nemo, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Tues., Feb. 17: "I Wake Up Screaming," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; also "Swamp Water," Walter Huston, Virginia Gilmore. . . . From Wed., Feb. 18: "Bombay Clipper," Irene Hervey, William Gargan; also "Four Jacks and a Jill," Anne Shirley, Ray Bolger, June Havoc.

Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Mon., Feb. 16: **BIRTH OF THE BLUES**, Bing Crosby, Mary Martin; also "The Night of January 16th," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston. . . . From Tues., Feb. 17: "Dr Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson.

Coliseum, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Tues., Feb. 17: "I Wake Up Screaming," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; also "Swamp Water," Walter Huston, Virginia Gilmore. . . . From Wed., Feb. 18: "Bombay Clipper," Irene Hervey, William Gargan; also "Four Jacks and a Jill," Anne Shirley, Ray Bolger, June Havoc.



The Shape of Hats to Come

STETSON did a lot more than just sit back in a superior way and predict that men would wear hats turned down all around... Stetson got busy and originated the style, made the hat, and made it right, what's more.

The Stetson "Down-A-Round" made an early appearance at the Meadowbrook polo matches. Then a sprinkling began to show up at race meets, golf matches and country clubs. Today, the "Down-A-Round" has worked its way pretty well through the sporting world, and is being taken over by business men for every-day wear.

The Stetson "Down-A-Round" is specially made to give an even tilt to the brim fore and aft. It has a wide band and a skillfully tapered crown. Many men look good in it. And when it does become you, it's the becomingest hat you ever slapped your eyes on!

THE STETSON DOWN-A-ROUND BOX

The STETSON Down-A-Round

TEN DOLLARS · STETSON HATS ARE ALSO MADE IN CANADA

FOR VICTORY—Buy United States Savings Bonds and Stamps

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MOST of our dreams come true too late. Fifteen years ago, we would have asked no more from life than a chance to be a Morgan partner, fingering the pulse of America down in Wall Street all day long and then at night riding out to Glen Cove or Cold Spring Harbor in a cabin cruiser. Now that anybody can be one just by buying a share of stock for $206, however, we find that we've lost interest. The simple millionaire has no particular standing in an economy whose unit is a billion; the drama of pulling mysterious strings in a thousand cities has vanished, along with many of the cities; the possession of any large amount of property in the days to come is apt, we feel, to be more of a nuisance than anything else. We don't want to be a Morgan partner, and most of our other early dreams have faded, too. The war and the times, in fact, have probably reduced almost everybody's demands on the future to their simplest possible terms. Just last week, in our fatuous way, we asked a six-year-old we know what he'd like to be when he grew up.

"I'm going to be a waiter," said the patriotic brat, "so I can swipe all the sugar I want."

AN F.B.I. man, flashing a badge, dropped in the other day to investigate our maid, an elderly German, not yet a citizen. He was an imposing specimen, suitably mysterious. To the best of our knowledge, we told him, Greta belonged to no subversive organizations, and would be at the worst only an indifferent saboteur, being timid and knotted with rheumatism. However, since no one knows what cunning disguises the enemy may assume, we suggested that he have a look at her himself. At this he paled and shook his head.

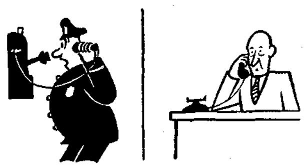
"No," he said hastily, "I wouldn't want to do that. She'd only have hysterics. They all do. Sometimes, I don't mind telling you, they act pretty crazy."

He went away a little after that, a brave man, familiar with danger, but no proof against an alien woman's tears.

Radio Patrolman Patrick J. Casey went to a pay telephone, in response to a summons from his dispatcher, dialled Police Headquarters, and got the British Ambassador.

"This is Lord Halifax," said a deep voice, not unlike the baying of a hound. "Have you anything to report?"

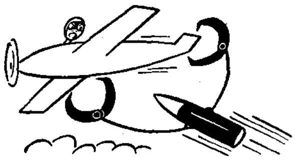
According to the story we read, Patrolman Casey was too dazed to do anything except insist, rather desperately, that he really *was* Patrolman Casey and that his number was 409. We were surprised and disappointed to see one of the great traditions of the force collapse so miserably.



"Well, I be go to hell," the cop on our beat would have replied. "I was just going to call your Lordship. This is Franklin D. Roosevelt. I just shot Choichill."

SOMETIMES, seeing a picture of a congressman dandling a child on his knee, we have felt that they had a curious and rather appealing resemblance. We thought of this again a week or so ago when Congress, having voted to give itself a pension, turned to the country with the wide and innocent stare of a boy who has just accidentally heaved a baseball through a window. Out on the West Coast, where practical jokes grow very large but sometimes don't have much flavor, a Bundles for Congress movement sprang up, and a truck loaded with wooden legs, old clothes, and the inevitable used razor blades prepared to leave for Washington, where the author of the pension bill said sadly, "I don't think it serves any good purpose to make sport of Congress," and Senator Mead remarked of the new law, "I suppose it will have a detrimental effect on the morale of the people." As we see it, the legislators have missed a rather nice point about the relationship between the country and its legislators. A congressman is the pet child of his people and nothing will stop them from treating him as such. They will give him a good home and pay his bills. Unquestionably he often drives them wild, but they take pride in him and will always fiercely defend his collective existence. He embodies many of their hopes and when, as now, he has misbehaved in a foolish way, they are likely to respond with indulgent, though a little coarse, laughter.

WE keep a wary eye on the new patents these days, wondering just when what used to be called Yankee ingenuity is going to step in and rescue us. Results so far have been disappointing. The only thing we have read about lately that might turn out to be the coming American surprise weapon is a shell with grappling hooks and a parachute, for bringing down enemy planes, the grappling hooks to catch onto the plane and the parachute to open and clog its progress. A somewhat more indirect military invention is a set of metallic heel cleats to be attached to the inner sides of soldiers' shoes to produce a snappier click. At the very periphery of military invention, we have noticed a combination tent and folding cot for soldiers, a pup tent that can be worn as a raincoat, and a portable airplane hangar that opens like



an umbrella. The small devices that make civilian life bearable looked much more resourceful. They included a barber-shop chair with a seat for the barber; a football dummy that runs, dodges tacklers, and could probably pass any course in the curriculum; a collapsible fireplace to be set up for Christmas stockings; and a fountain pen with a blotter attached. The really magnificent imagination behind some of these untimely, progress-as-usual devices impressed us, and we see much hope in the situation. It's only a question of time. God help the Axis when the sort of men who have been working on animated dummies and fountain pens with built-in blotters get their minds into emergency channels.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The mass-production system, in conjunction with the coming of priorities, has betrayed a certain toy manufacturer in a very nasty way. He has a whole batch of rubber dolls finished and salable, except that they all lack their left legs.

If you should ever be marketing for bread along the east side of Ninth Avenue between Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth, you might try Rollzapoppin, Inc.

In the Public Library you will find two index trays full of cards under the general heading "World War, 1939-19—." Fifty more trays, we are told, are reserved for the same subject.

At Au Petit Paris, a restaurant in the East Sixties, *crème vichyssoise* is now *de Gaulle soise*, which is just as nice.

Timely

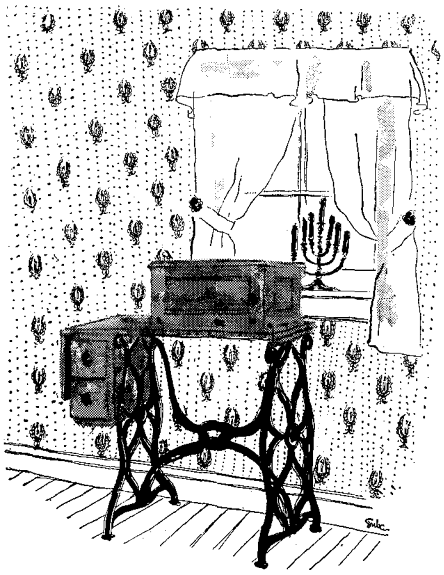
A BACHELOR we know was badly frightened by a note left him by his colored maid. It doesn't seem very disturbing at first, but it sort of grows on you:

DEAR MR. N——:
I left just before you came in.
CLARA

For Victory

LAST week the Merchant Tailors & Designers Association held its annual show of clothes that very few men will wear during the coming year, and as one who attended the press preview at the Roosevelt Hotel, we will hazard the prediction that almost nobody will be seen during 1942 in a siren suit, a convoy coat, or a stratosphere shirt. Preceding the show was a luncheon built around lamb chops and ice cream. At our table were a man from the *Times*, a lady fashion writer, a tailor, and a man who disapproved of President Roosevelt's attitude toward silk. "We told him two years ago to save silk," the man said, "but he didn't. Now there's no silk." "Don't talk politics or this young lady can't eat her lunch," said the tailor. "No, I can't," said the young lady.

At one end of the room was a stage and from this ran a runway. When dessert was served, Mr. Tony Williams, of the Association, went to a microphone near the runway and delivered a short prologue. He said that this year the tailors would not pick a best-dressed man; the best-dressed man is the man in uniform. He urged, however, that everybody should continue wearing custom-made clothes, which bolster morale, and pointed out that the leaders of the world's democracies—Churchill, Roosevelt, Mackenzie King, and Chiang Kai-shek—wear custom clothes. Mr. Williams then introduced Mr. Ralph Carver, of Los Angeles, who was to m.c. the show. Mr. Carver turned out to be exceedingly rough-and-ready. He always referred to the models as "these guys." He introduced a number of models in what seemed to us orthodox outfits and then things got unusual. A guy named Langan had occasion to change his trousers on the stage, and while he was at it a man at the table next to ours said, "Look at those powder-blue shorts—smart! They're English." Then a Mr. Souther, another model, turned up in an "economy suit." This had no collar, no lapels, no cuffs on the trousers, and was too small for Mr. Souther. We confidentially asked a nearby tailor if a cuff wasn't necessary to keep trousers from flapping. "Actually, yes," he said. We are no fool. Mr. Carver related that at the beginning of the war the British went all out against social events but soon found this was a mistake, and now they play and relax some and have been wearing dinner clothes, although not white ties, and that the Canadians have continued their formal winter horse shows. And so, Mr. Langan showed us a dress riding outfit, black, for horse shows.



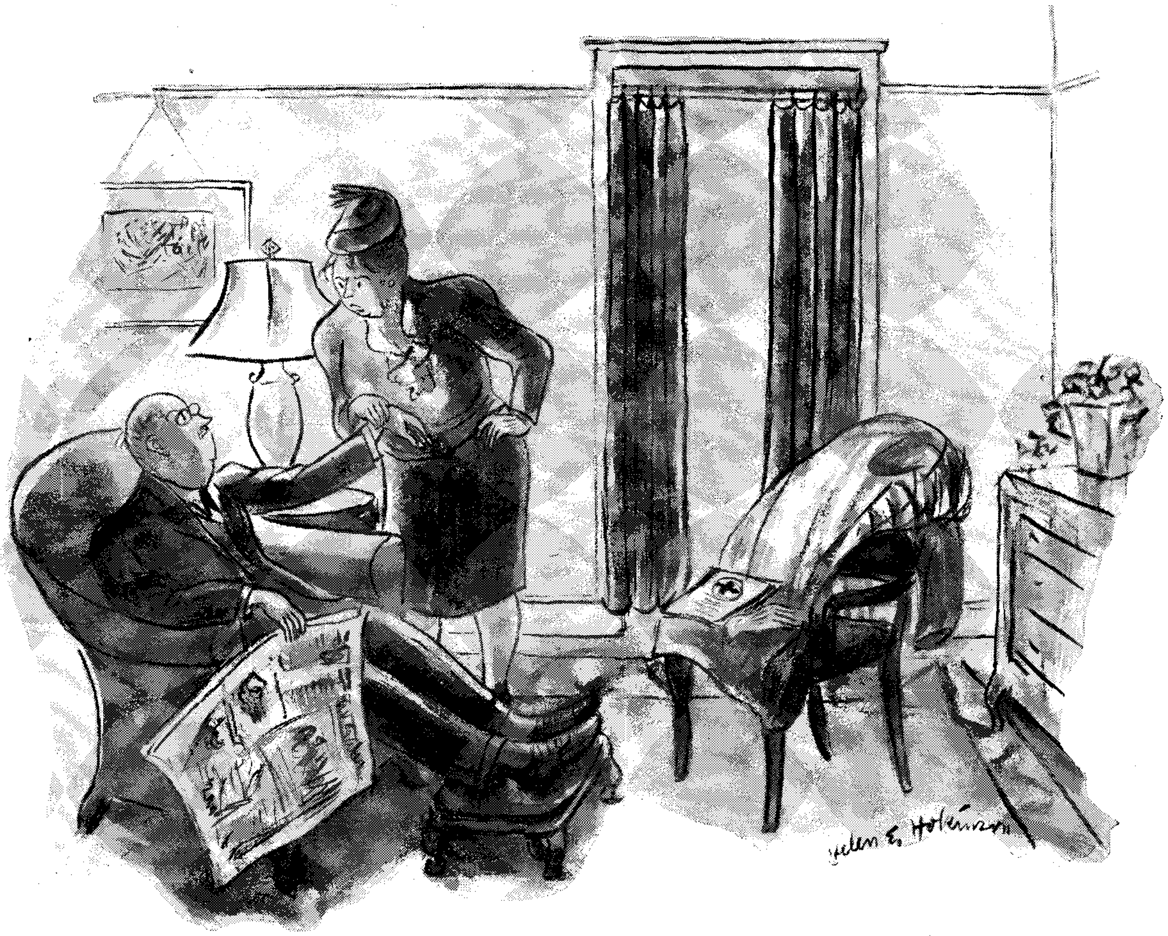
The aforementioned siren suit looked something like a mechanic's jumper and was complemented by a phosphorescent hat, for blackouts. The convoy coat was a reeferlike garment, after Winston Churchill, and the stratosphere shirt is fine for air travel because it weighs but five ounces. No statistics were given on the number of aviation accidents caused by overweight shirts. On our way out of the hall after the show we bumped into a worried-looking man who said he was from the *Herald Tribune*. "I don't know what they sent me here for," he said. "I usually do ship news."

Gratuitous

A FASHIONABLE lady who, because of the national emergency, found herself for the first time within the menacing confines of a precinct police station has reported to us a strange and hellish remark she overheard while she was in the detectives' room, filling out an application to be an air-raid warden. Two unmistakable plainclothesmen, their derbies worn at a smart angle, lounged through the room, deep in argument. "Well," one of them said, "I *still* say he didn't have to throw the body out the window afterward. *That* was totally unnecessary."

Jane

MANY journalists these days work with one eye on the news ticker and one hand on that standard reference book, "Jane's Fighting Ships." Presumably the yellow journalists of Japan are doing likewise, for throughout the world there is no acceptable substitute. Even in the secretive times of war, the publishers of "Jane's" have come pretty close to their aim of presenting statistics on every warship afloat—armament, armor, speed, length, beam, weight, number of crew, and remarks, such as that the British cruiser Caradoc dips badly in a heavy sea, making her forward guns less useful. Silhouettes, diagrams, and usually photographs of the



“I can’t find your pulse. Are you sure you aren’t doing something?”

• •

warcraft are printed. The volume current locally runs to 500-odd pages and sells for $27.50. This is last year’s edition. A new edition is coming out in England at this writing; the pages are being brought over here by the Macmillan Company, which will bind them and get out an American version for the first time in history, to sell for $19.50 a copy.

Jane, the founder of the enterprise, was born in 1870 and died in 1916. He was the son of the vicar of Upottery, in Devon, and took up the study of warships as a hobby when a lad. He collected photographs, diagrams, facts, and figures for several years and then, in 1897, brought them out in the first edition of “Fighting Ships,” a volume of 200 pages. There has been a revised, and usually enlarged, edition every year since, though there was no public sale of “Jane’s” during the last part of the first World War; it was on the British “secret list” and was distributed only to certain officers of the Allied forces. To get back to Jane, he turned into a sort of big-scale Royal Navy buff—married the daughter of an officer, stood for Parliament from Portsmouth as a friend of the shipping interests, wrote naval fiction under such titles as “Blake of the Rattlesnake,” invented and published a game called the Jane Naval War Game, and published a manual on how to play it, “Hints on Playing the Jane Naval War Game.” His was a full and happy life.

A British naval officer now in New York has told us how “Fighting Ships” is got out at present. The editor is a Londoner named Francis McMurtrie, who is also the London *Times’* shipping man. He functions in an advisory capacity, most of the detail work on “Fighting Ships” being handled by an assistant. The silhouettes for the most part are drawn by an artist named Oscar Parkes. Our informant waxed enthusiastic about Parkes’ ability. “It’s much more ticklish work than portrait painting,” he told us. “One line amiss, and the whole effect is wrong.” In peace times, naval attachés sent to London from foreign countries are glad to act as leg men for “Jane’s,” writing home for whatever information the editors require. Now the dope on all new ships presumably is what the intelligence services of Britain and her allies authorize, and the book is allowed to circulate publicly on the theory that the enemy knows all the released data anyhow. The same is probably true of a companion volume called “Jane’s All the World’s Aircraft,” an exhaustive listing of the various types of airplanes.

West of Boston

WHEN the good people of Boston finally came to realize that we were at war and that they were in danger of attack, there was a regular old to-do, we learn from a correspondent. One conservative gentleman stopped in at his bank to inquire what measures were being taken to protect his securities, silver, and other tangible property he had stored there. “It’s quite all right,” they told him. “We’ve made plans to move everything to the West if there’s any trouble here.” *Where* in the West, the old gentleman wanted to know. “Springfield or Hartford,” they told him.

Ylla

THE Weyhe Gallery has a show this month called “Animals,” featuring twenty-nine animal photographs by Ylla, a beautiful young lady with an international reputation as a photographer of pets and zoo animals. Ylla’s name is her own prankish abbreviation, used only for professional purposes, of Camilla Koffler. She was born twenty-nine years ago in Vienna, of a Rumanian father and a Yugoslavian mother, spent her childhood in Hungary, and settled in Paris nine years ago. She fluffed along for a while, studying sculpture and getting nowhere in particular; then, while vacationing in Normandy, she took some pictures of farm animals that delighted her friends. Shortly afterward she set up shop in

Paris as a photographer, and as Ylla, with a studio at 37 Rue Desrenaudes, and proceeded to photograph, for picture magazines, advertising agencies, and pet owners, such disparate beasts as cats, dogs, birds, monkeys, lions, tigers, giraffes, llamas, turtles, tapirs, elephants, kangaroos, penguins, pandas, gazelles, swans, wart hogs, and asses. Before the camera nuts start getting fidgety, we'll tell all we know about her technique: She uses a Rolleiflex and gets her best results with shutter speeds of 1/100 of a second for indoor work, 1/300 for outdoors.

Ylla has never done a portrait of a human, and doesn't intend to, ever. "Animals are easier to get in contact with," she says. She has a different method of establishing contact for each animal. "With dogs, I cluck, bark, weep, and scream," she told us. "Cats are difficult. I tickle their noses with a feather. I poke them with a stick." One way of arousing even the most world-weary cat, Ylla has found, is to make it fast for twenty-four hours, then let it smell food. Once a lady showed up at her Paris studio with eight cats. Ylla managed to group them and make a couple of pictures. These pleased the patron so much that she showed up later on with the rest of her feline ménage, twenty-nine in number. Another time Ylla lost a commission because she refused to kiss a chimpanzee. The owner said the chimp would do anything Ylla liked in the way of posing if she kissed him. Ylla said nuts, or whatever Central Europeans say under such circumstances.

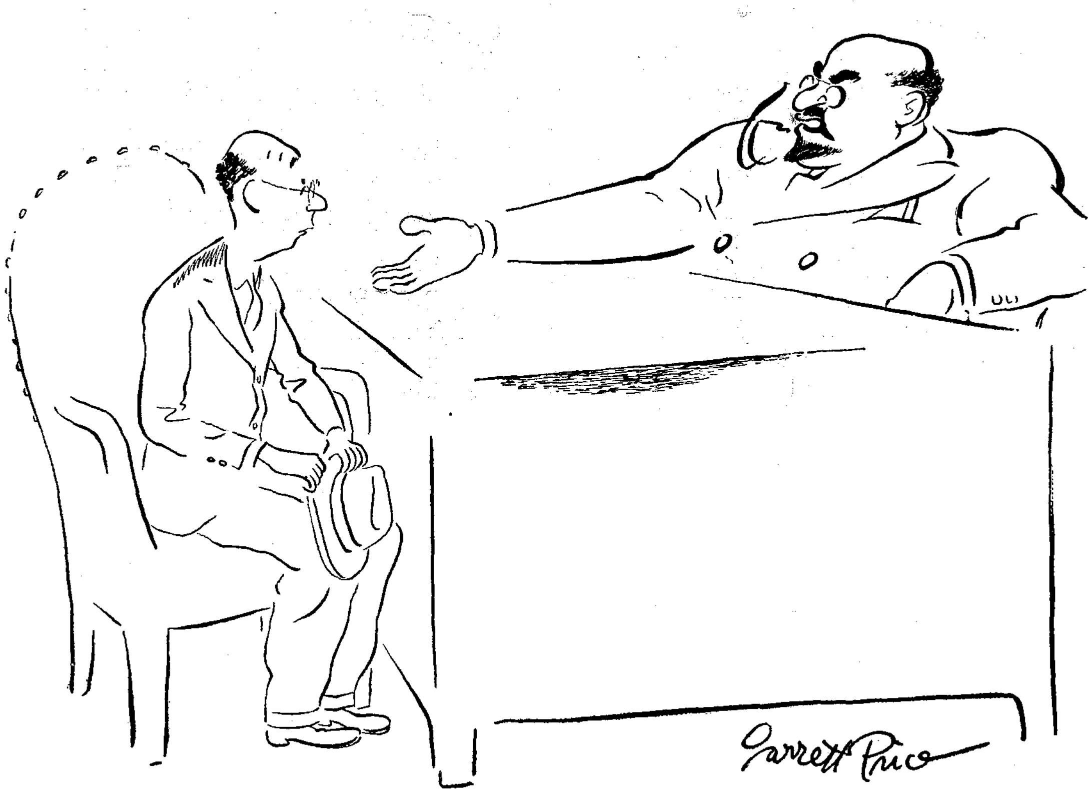
Ylla got out of Paris the night before it fell to the Germans, taking all her equipment and fifteen thousand negatives with her. She doesn't consider this much of a narrow escape, preferring to tell about the time she spent the afternoon in the water-buffalo pen at the Vincennes zoo. She was engaged in making pictures of a mother water buffalo with her baby while the father water buffalo affectionately licked the back of the mother's neck. A keeper came running up, full of alarm, and made her get out. "They're dangerous when they have young," he told her. "Nonsense," Ylla said. "They're as gentle as cows." She revised this opinion two days later when she heard that the keeper who warned her had been gored to death by the water buffaloes. She has found that zoo photography isn't on such a free-and-easy basis over here. A while ago, strolling with her Rolleiflex in the Central Park Zoo, she saw a mother and baby seal lying together in an appealing pose. She asked the keeper if she could get out on the rim of the pool and take a closeup. He sent her to the head keeper, and the head keeper advised her to write to Robert Moses; if Moses said O.K., he told her, the trustees of the Zoo would hold a meeting to consider her request. Ylla said never mind; the seals would probably have moved by that time.

Happy Landings

A UNIT of our armed forces was recently introduced to the technique of landing on a beach from boats under conditions simulating actual warfare. They all made out O.K., as far as we know, except a lieutenant in charge of one launch, who, as soon as he felt the keel scrape bottom, leaped overboard, shouting, "Follow me, men," and disappeared in twenty feet of water. Later they figured out that the keel must have hit a sandspit. The soldier who made out best was undoubtedly a certain corporal who, for a charge of twenty-five cents a head, agreed to carry the men of his squad to the shore, pickaback, so they wouldn't get their feet wet. He made three trips before his sergeant caught him.

Till It Hurst

HAVING received a letter from the New York Defense Savings Staff to the effect that Miss Fannie Hurst had been drafted by the Treasury Department to make a shopping tour of some of the less obvious places in town which sell defense stamps and bonds, and thus help educate the public, we were glad to be among a small, select group of journalists who accompanied her on her journey. This began at Miss Hurst's apartment house at 1 West Sixty-seventh Street. Our fair draftee, wearing a standard Hurst uniform of black hat and mink coat, met us in the lobby. "I am going to show you how easy it is to buy defense stamps in this city," she said, and marched through the door with fine leadership, followed by us all. We taxied around to an A. & P. store and a Woolworth's, at both of which Miss Hurst bought nothing but defense stamps and established the fact that the clerks were crazy to sell them. Then we drove to a post office, where Miss Hurst turned in $18.75 in stamps and received a bond which will be redeemed for $25 at maturity. "You see how simple it is," said Miss

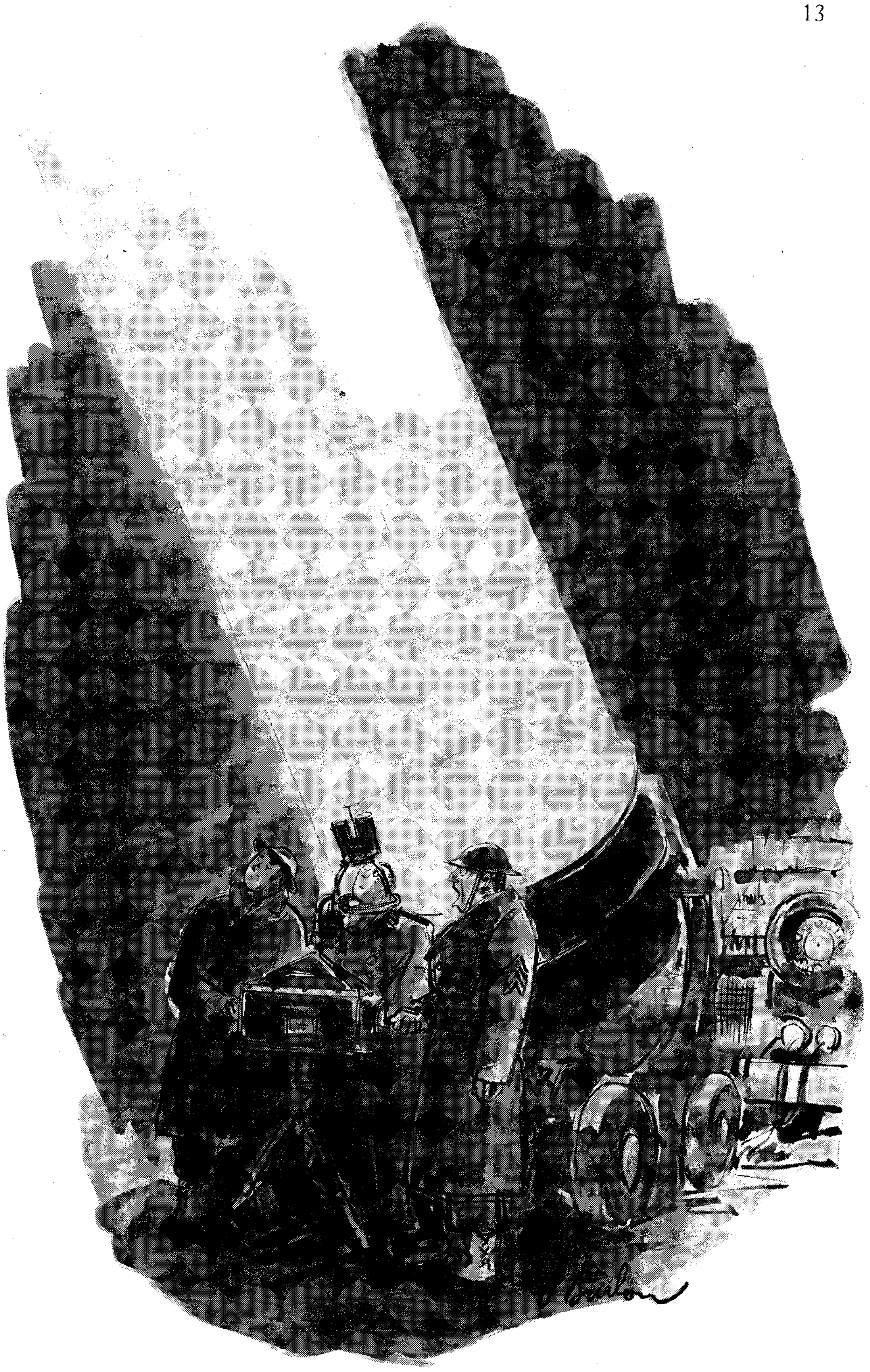


"Don't let it worry you. You should have an inferiority complex."

Hurst. "This marvellous city of ours!"

We then penetrated slightly different territory and entered Jay-Thorpe. A model strolling about chose to wait on Miss Hurst, who purchased a handbag before springing her government business. She picked out a bag, gave the girl a bill, and said she wanted five dollars of the change in defense stamps. "We don't have foreign stamps," the lovely creature said, but at this moment a watchful floor manager rushed up with sheet after sheet of them. Miss Hurst had her bag sent home, received the stamps, which she took with her, and the party repaired to the Hotel Plaza, where Miss Hurst had an appointment with William Van Horn, aged five, of the Children's Aid Society. He was waiting in the cocktail lounge with his escort. Miss Hurst stood treat for a dish of vanilla ice cream, and while William was relaxing over it, she explained to him that the partially filled stamp card which she was about to give him was valuable. "I know that," said William. "I'd just as soon have had some more stamps in it than this ice cream. I *love* money." "How knowing these children are!" said Miss Hurst. As she paid the refreshment bill, she requested her change in defense stamps, a trick which the Plaza was up to handily. The waiter brought back the proper number of 10c, 25c, 50c, and $1 denominations on a tray, and behaved with complete conventionality when Miss Hurst tipped him two twenty-five-cent stamps.

William and his monitor then departed, presumably for the Children's Aid Society, and the rest of us flocked across the street to the Central Hanover Bank & Trust Co., where Miss Hurst does her banking. Here she turned in what remained of her day's purchases and ordered the sum applied to the purchase of $29,000 worth of defense bonds. She made out a check for the difference. This completed her 1942 quota of $50,000 worth, all one citizen may acquire in a year. Through Miss Hurst's efforts, we got the impression that it's awfully easy to buy defense stamps and bonds around New York, and, come to think of it, that's what you probably ought to be doing right now.



"Now what the hell kind of talk is that—'pierce the gloom'?"

• •

Good Job

THE painter arrived early in the morning to do the apartment of two little career girls we know. They weren't dressed yet, so he started in on the living room. They scuttled out at eight-thirty, leaving him hard at work and the place in pretty much of a mess. When they got back that evening, they found he had completed the job neatly. He had also tidied up the bathroom and made the beds.

GO FIGHT A BROKEN-DOWN GYPSY!

I WAS working in my office on the Majestic Pictures lot when the door flew open and Benny Greenspan breezed in.

"Don't lemme inarrupt you, Artie," he said, heading for the telephone on my desk. "I just wanna call up my awfice to check up are there any messitches."

Before I could protest he was at the instrument, spinning the dial. "Go right ahead with your work, Artie. Make believe like I'm not even—hello!" he suddenly barked into the mouthpiece. "Gloria? . . . This ain't Gloria? Who is this? . . . Oh!" He turned to me and made a face. "The relief operator," he said. "A regella cluck fomm Cluckland.

"Listen," he said into the phone again, "any calls fa me?" There was a brief pause and Benny nodded. "O.K.," he said. "Now you can tell that Remkus he's a pest and he should stop botherin' me. I told him two weeks ago I'd let him know if I got news. Songwriters right now are a drudge on the market. Tell him to keep pluggin' away on his national anthem along the lines of 'God Bless Americar.' . . . About Mitchell, when he phones back tell him you been tryin' to contack me but I'm tied up someplace, you dunno where. . . . About Monty Portnow, you tell that cut-rate Shakespeare that they're still considerin' his original over at Regal but I can't get them to definitize a commitment. O.K., that's all."

Benny replaced the receiver and shambled over to my big chair, burying himself in it so his tiny feet dangled a few inches above the floor. "Y'know somethin', Artie?" he said. "I wisht I owned some aspirin stock. I could make a fortune just fomm my own headaches alone. This agency business!" He sighed and shook his head. "I'll give it back to the Indians."

I HAD heard these complaints too often to believe they were sincere. "You do all right," I said. "Why, I read in the *Reporter* about a month or so ago that Unity had signed one of your clients. Her fourth year with Unity, Benny. Ten per cent of Radie Robin's salary for four solid years ought to cure a little of that headache."

"Please, Artie!" he screamed, bouncing out of the chair. "I don't want you should even mention that name to me, Miss Radie Robin." He walked over to my desk, noticed the open cigarette box, and helped himself. "Miss Radie Robin!" he said, his lip curled in scorn. "A beaudyful dish, that I admit. A first-class singin' verce, that I don't deny. But fundamentally she's a prize jerk. Artie, I give you my solemn word, if she was starvin' right now and I had my house loaded with rye bread and bumpernickel, even the guest rooms, and she came arounn beggin' me I should give her a measly slice bread, I'd say to her, 'Radie, I'm sorry. I can't hear you so good. I happen to be deef in both ears alluva sudden.' Artie, if there's one thing I'm rabbit about these days, it's on the subjeck fomm Miss Genevieve Barkow."

"Miss who?"

"That's her real handle. She's descended fomm a long line of Jersey City Barkows who came over on a ferryboat. Now mind you," he added hastily, "I got lotsa respeck fa her talent. She's clever and she's got ejjicated tonsils and she gives out sweet with the music. But when it comes to her, personally, I got nothin' but contempt. Honestly, Artie, you don't treat a piece of dirt like a stepchild compared to her attitude to me."

"It begins to look as if client and agent don't get on very well," I said.

"It begins to look like you been readin' my mail." By this time Benny had eased himself up on my desk and was perched on its edge.

"So you think all a person gotta do is to take a contrack over to Radie and she breaks my arm reachin' fa the pen?" He smiled sadly and shook his head. "No, Artie, unfortunately it don't function that way. I hadda open my veins fa that meat ball. My life's blood I hadda pour out beggin' her to consummate awready the deal. Honestly, Artie, fa one solid week I had nothin' on my stomick excep' chronic indigestion fomm the aggravation that lousy road-company Lily Ponce gimme!"

"She refused to sign?" I asked.

"Boy, you got a trigger mind the way you catch wise to things! Lemme tell you what happened." He moved the inkstand aside and made himself more comfortable on the desk.

"THE first thing was a couple months ago, I'm quietly sittin' in the commissary knockin' off a delicious plate chicken char mein when who should buttonhole me excep' R. D. He pads me on the back and he gives me a fine hello and he says that Radie's last pickcha is socko at the b.o. and he's ready to give her a new deal aheada time Will I please get her to sign the necessary papers.

"So along comes the necessary papers and I nosey over to Radie's dressin' room on the lot and I says, 'Honey, you're fixed fa another year. You're gettin' a hefty bump in salary, your cherce what director you want, plus complete story approval. Here's the pen, here's the papers, now lemme see your autograph, please.'

"But oh, no! She is not inarrested in no contrack. She'll do maybe two pickchas fa Unity, but with the resta the time she wants to do somethin' fa the government on account the Japs. 'I'm really serious about this,' she says. 'I wanna do somethin' in this war.' 'Finstance what?' I asts her. 'Finstance like ambulance service,' she says."

"Good for Radie," I said. "She's got the right spirit."

"You musta been eatin' outa the same bag of nuts like she ett. With the crazy drivin' people do in this town, your life ain't worth the paper it's written on, much less havin' a buncha dizzy dames mowin' you down with ambulances yet! And that's exackly what I told her. Well, she just kep' shakin' her head like it was on a hintch. Finey I says to her, 'Radie, you gotta sign. It's a one-way option and the studio is exercisin' their rights.' Then she tells me she don't give a damn what the studio exercises and that they can suspend her fa the resta her pickcha career so far she's concerned. If R. D. wants her to do oney two pickchas a year, it's a deal. Otherwise—well, otherwise it's no soap, with a capital 'S.'

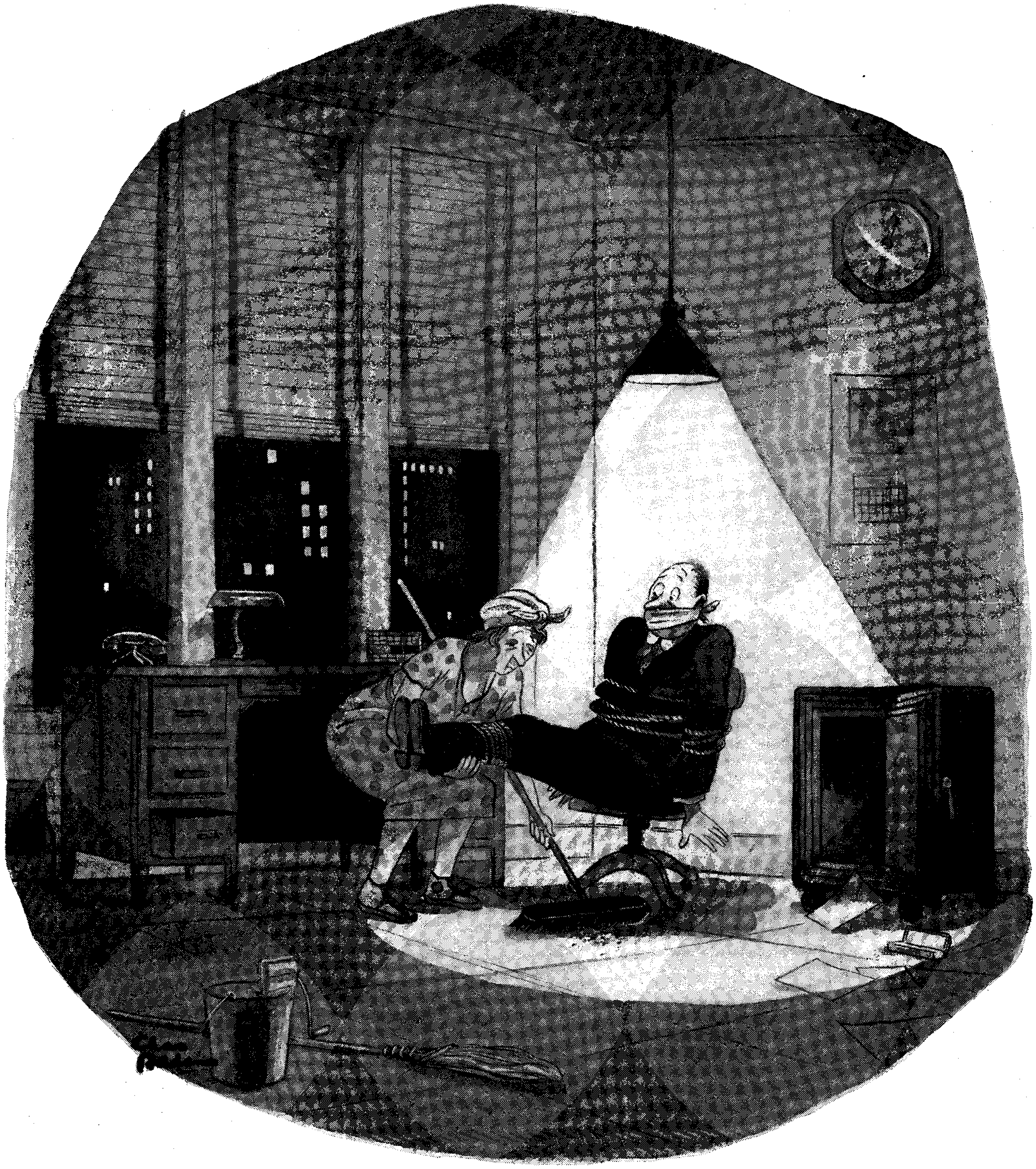
"Artie, that's the messitch I'm supposed to take back to the head of Unity Studios. So I maul it over in my mind and finey I says to myself, 'Hell, Benny, you can't tell R. D. no drummed-up story about his star quittin' to be the chauffeur of a butcher wagon. He'll beat your brains out. And furthermore, I don't blame him.' So I sit down to give the matter some heavy thinkin' and I wreck my brains worryin' what I should do when finey it comes to me."

"What's that?" I asked.

"An idear! I remember how nuts Radie is about fortune-tellin', specially the hand stuff."

"Palm-reading?"

"Yeah, that's it. Why, she's had her mitt examined in evvey langwich, in-



cludin' Braille. Then alluva sudden another thought comes to my mind. On Sunset Boulevard near the Strip there's a sign outside, it says 'Madam Zodia, Astrologist.' I musta passed that sign a hundrit times without noticin' it. 'Well, Benny,' I says to myself, 'you're gonna visit that broken-down gypsy and you're gonna have a conference with the Madam.'

"So I gets into my car and I drives to the joint. I go up one flight and I sit in the reception room and I wait. The room is very dinchy and she's got maps strewed all over the wall—like in Wall Street. Know what I mean?"

"Graphs," I said.

"I dunno. Maybe she paid for them. Anyhow, I sit there waitin' for the horse thief to come in when the curtains open and she comes in. I look her over and I'm very supprised to see how the Madam is dressed—no earrings, no red hanchikiff on her head, and no million peddicoats. She's dressed just plain American.

"So she asts me to come inside to the inside room and then she says to me I gotta fill out a blank because she's gotta know all about my birthday and—wait, I got it here." Benny dug into his inside pocket and produced a well-worn sheet of paper. "Listen to this, Artie. It says on top, 'Prenatural rectification based upon astronomical mechanics.' A jawrbreaker, ha? Then it says, 'State day, month, year, and place of birth and the time limits within which birth took place. State mother's place of residence, giving probable time of conception. State length of—' " He paused, leaned over, and indicated the phrase with his finger.

" 'Gestative period,' " I said.

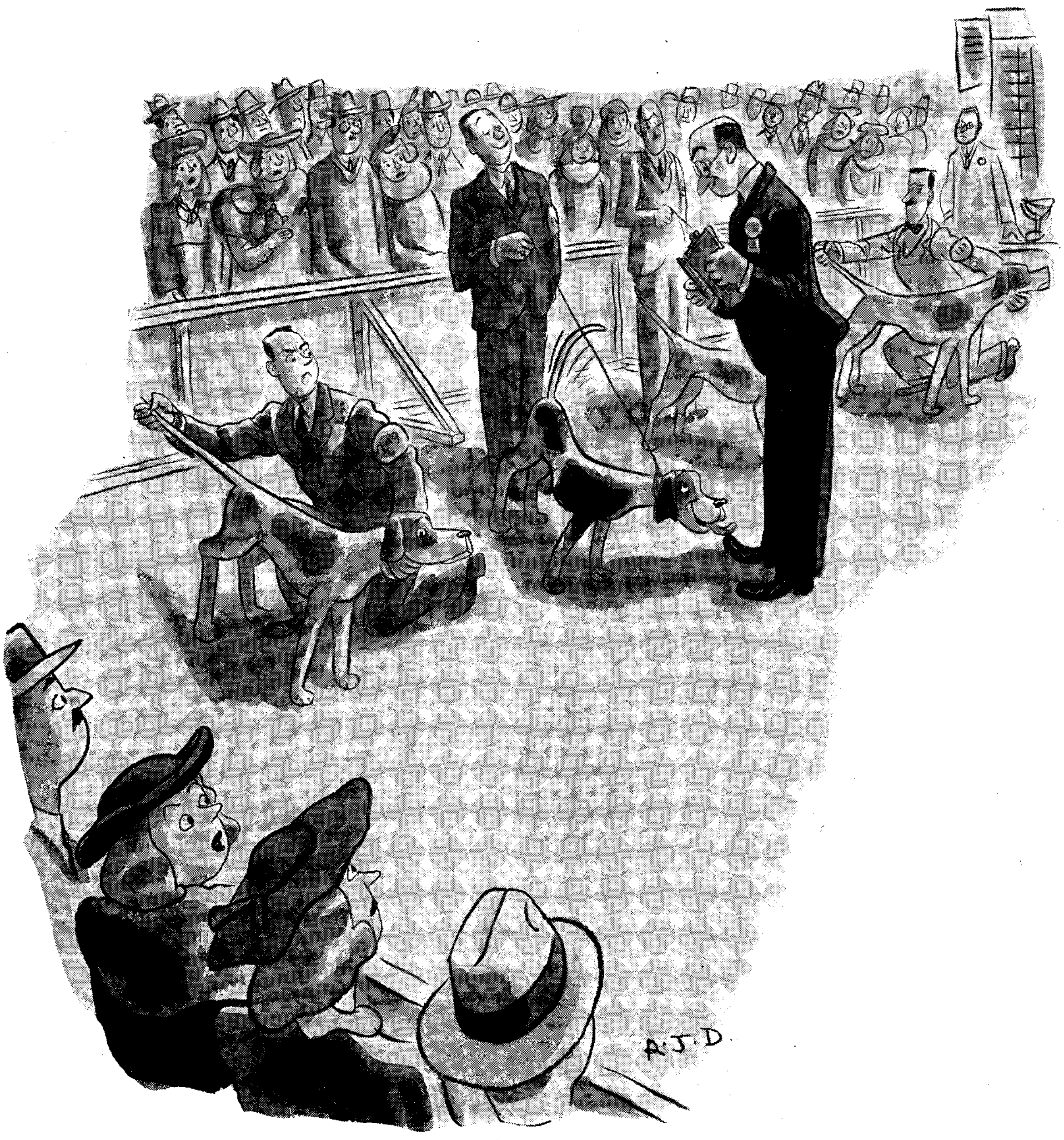
" 'Gestative period,' " he repeated. " 'State elements, items, and other information which may have influenced or helped birth conditions.'

"Well, Artie," he went on, pocketing the paper, "she tells me fa five fish I can get a personalized horoscope. When I din say anything, she then tells me if I wanna spend oney a buck she'll gimme a quick forecast based on all my nine planets. But personally, she's recommendin' the five-dollar blue-plate.

"I wait till she's finished her little spiel, then I leans over the table and I says, 'Lady, how'd you like to make a soft fifdy bucks? I'll give you twenty-five right now if you'll do like I say, and the rest when the deal goes through.'

"Well, kid, me and the Madam have a long talk and she does the listenin'. Then she tells me what I'm sayin' ain't strickly ethical. So I take out my wallet and I count out twenny-five smackers and I lays it on the table. 'Look, Madam,' I says to her, 'that dough on that there table comes from the Ethical Department of the U.S. Mint.' So finey she says O.K., she'll do like I say.

"The next step is Radie Robin. I let a couple days go by and then I drop aroun to see Radie. I says to her how I been thinkin' about the war and maybe I'm gonna do my bit fa the govemment and maybe let somebody take over the business. 'Benny,' she says, 'that's a wunnaful and patriotic idear.' 'It's not strickly my idear, Radie,' I says. 'I been goin' to a certain pardy, the best in the astrology line, and she says the stars tell me the time is rife to make some sacrifice now, it'll pay me in the long run.' 'Who you goin' to, Benny?' she says. 'Blanca Holmes? She's tops in her field.' 'No, Radie,' I says. 'This here is a special pardy. She don't charge much but she's the oney astrologer who can tell you your name, where you was born, and give you all the facks, figgers, and details without no crystal balls, tea leaves, or britch cards—just by merely lookin' at you she knows.' Nachelly, Radie is very curious and she wants I should tell her who it is. I make believe I can't give out the information, then finey I break down and tell her it's Madam Zodia, and I give her the address."



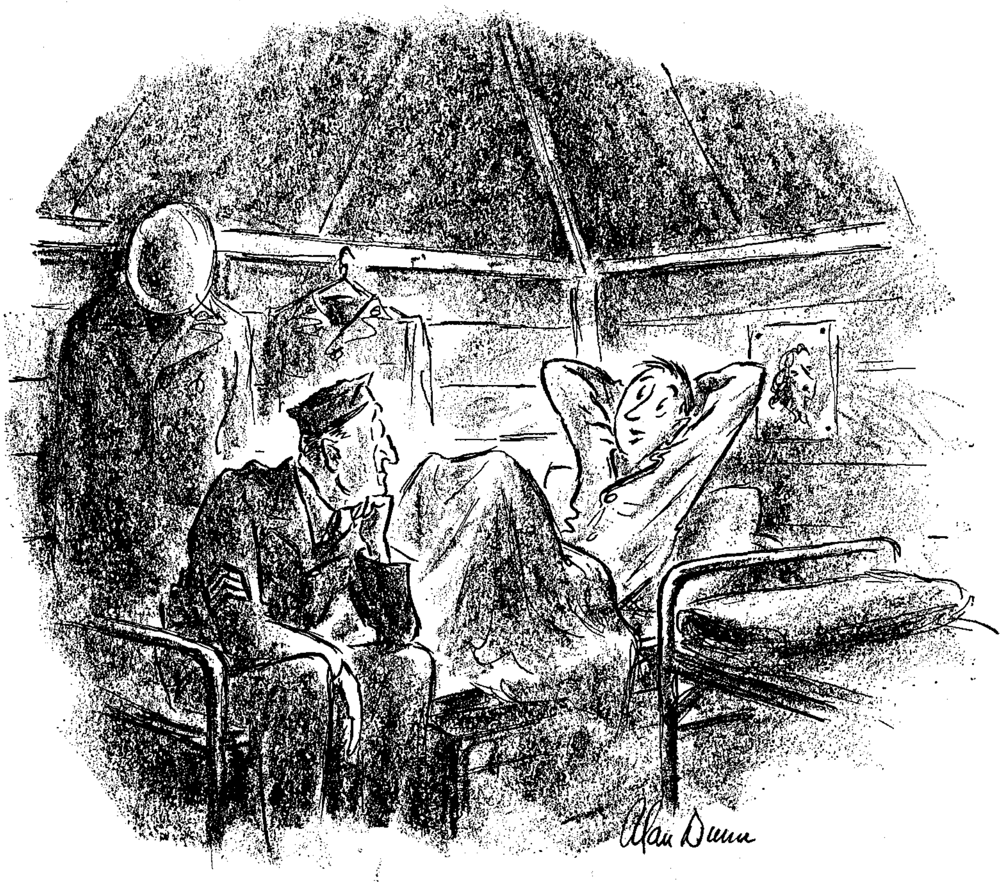
"I think it's disgusting."

"Don't tell me she fell for it!" I said.

"Like it was a slippery staircase! Awmost the next day she calls me up very excited, I should have lunch. Then she tells me it was just like I said. The Madam took one gander at her. 'Evveybody knows you are Radie Robin, the moompickcha star,' she told her. 'But I see beyond that. I see the name is Genevieve Barkow.' Then she gives her the line about herself—where she was born, hommuch she shells out each month to her old man to keep his face shut, who the music teacher is and how long it's been goin' on between them—evveything I told her.

" 'Benny,' Radie says to me, 'I couldn't hardly believe my ears.' 'Why not?' I says. 'The Madam is the genuwine article. And the beaudy part about her,' I says, 'is her cheapness.' 'Yeah,' says Radie, 'she sure is cheap—oney ten dollars a session.' 'A session?' I says. 'Yeah, I gotta go back tomorra to get my horoscope.'

"Well, Artie, that



“*And in this dream you were my orderly.*”

broomstick Lindbergh keeps Radie on tender hooks for nearly two weeks at ten bucks a visit. So just when I think I better call the Madam up to nutch her along, Radie comes to me and she says evveything is hunky-dory, she is ready to sign up with Unity on account her birthday is in Leo. Then she gives me a line of bird talk about how one planet cojunks another planet and how one house is related to somebody's fourth house till my head is awmost dizzy listenin' to so much triple-talk. Anyhow, she says that Madam told her she dassent start nothin' new or make any changes in her plans but she must keep evveything intack like it is, specially with Unity. About the war work, after she signs the contrack she must come back and Madam will see what the horoscope says about the war.”

“So she finally signed,” I said.

“Yep, after weeks of knockin' my brains out devisin' ways and means to get that cookie back to work, she finey signs. Now, Artie, you got a faint idear of how an agent functions in lookin' after his client.”

“WHAT I don't understand,” I said, “is your feeling about Miss Robin. Now that everything is set—”

“Set?” Benny fairly screamed the word at me. “Listen, you're barkin' up against the wrong tree if you think evveything is set.” He put out his cigarette on the glass top of my desk and jumped to his feet. “Lemme give you an idear of the trouble I got, all on account that phoney sky-reader, Madam Zodia.

“I figger to myself, why should I shell out twenty-five more fish after all the dough she got outa Radie? The hell with her! So I ignore her. So she keeps callin' up my awfice regella like clockwork and she bothers me via the mails, where is the money I promised.

“Finey, about a week ago, Radie comes to me and she says I should release her fomm her agency contrack, she feels she's been with me long enough and needs a change in representation and hommuch I want she should buy me off. ‘Radie, honey,’ I says to her, ‘what is this? You can't brush me off like this after all the years we been together. You just can't do this to me, Radie.’

“Then it comes out there's nothin' personal about it. It's just her horoscope says she should make some changes, specially in her private business relations—that's me. Well, I see the fine-feathered hand of that Madam Zodia. But she's got me over a barrel. I'm afraid to tell Radie the truth on account maybe she'll be a little sore about how I got her to sign the contrack.

“So I figger to myself, ‘Why should I go fight that broken-down gypsy? It's better to pay the sneak thief her dough and get rid of her.’ So I sent her a check in the mails and a couple days later I phone her. ‘Look, Madam,’ I says, ‘you got your dough, now lay off tellin' Miss Robin she should change agents.’ ‘I'm very sorry,’ she says to me, ‘but the circumstances no longer come in my control. Miss Robin is actin' accordin' to her planetary conditions and I got no influence over her horoscope.’ You hear?”

“So what happened?” I asked.

“What should happen? R. D. sends fa me and he's ravin' mad. He tells me Radie is a sick girl, she won't leave the house on account she's afraid somethin' terrible is gonna happen, and it's all my fault. I must tear up the agency contrack or else I can't do no more business with Unity!

“Hoddeya like that! A dame I picked up in a Jersey City dive where she was yellin' her lungs out fa a spit and a cuppa cawfee, and I come along and develop her to a star whose name is a household word on evveybody's tongue, and now she brushes me off! Honestly, Artie, it's a wonder I'm not a nervous wretch wearin' a double-breasted straitjacket!

“Yeah,” he went on, “I let her go aw right, after we made a settlement. What else could I do? But before I released her I called up Jerry Ferber and I tipped him off he should grab her fa a client. So now she's signed with the Ferber agency and we're splittin' the commission. But what burns me up is how I'm double-crossed all on account a measly fortune-teller who, if she's any good, why ain't she on the groun' floor, where she can get a drop-in trade, insteada people climbin' up one flight?”

He sighed once more and headed for the door. “This agency business—honestly, I oughta quit right now and enlist.”

—Arthur Kober

SMALL ELEGY

For your sake
we shall not break
the winter ground.
The flesh of the dead
is fishes' bread.
Sleep a deep sleep,
O valiant drowned!
Sleep sound.

—Dilys Bennett Laing

DAYS OF INNOCENCE

A DIP INTO STATECRAFT

SOME time ago, in writing a book for the edification of the young, I let fall the remark that in the now forgotten year of 1912 I was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Vice-President of the United States. It is almost incredible that an author of my experience should have made such a slip. I must have been very well aware, even in the cachexia of composition, that the only effect of my statement would be to provoke a storm of snorts and get me classed among the damnedest liars on earth. That, indeed, is exactly what happened, and during the month after the book came out (it had a very fair sale) I received thirty or forty thousand letters full of hoots and sneers. Nevertheless, my statement was true in the most precise and literal sense, and I hereby reiterate it with my hand upon the Holy Scriptures. I was actually a candidate, as I said, but I should add at once, before historians begin to rush up with their proofs, that I did not get the nomination.

Perhaps the best way to tell the story, which is mercifully brief, will be to start out with a cast of characters. Here it is:

The Honorable J. Harry Preston, Mayor of Baltimore, and a man of enterprising and relentless bellicosity.

Charles H. Grasty, editor of the Baltimore *Sunpapers*, an enemy to Preston, and a sly and contriving fellow.

H. L. Mencken, a young journalist in the employ of Grasty as columnist and trigger man.

Scene: Baltimore.

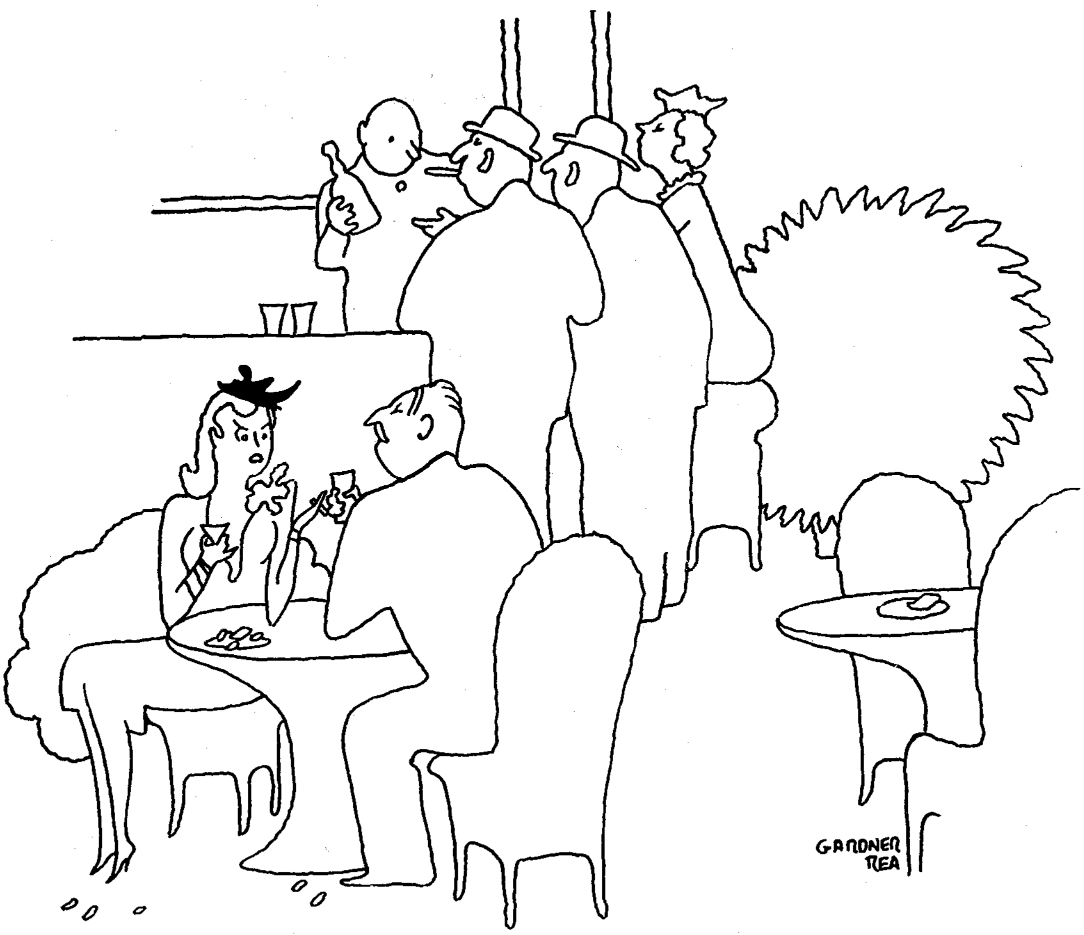
Time: The weeks preceding the Democratic National Convention of 1912.

That was the year Woodrow Wilson was nominated and so began his dizzy rise to Valhalla. Grasty was for him, but Preston was against him and in favor of Champ Clark of Missouri. This difference was only one of hundreds that lay between them. They quarrelled all the time and over any proposition that could be dissected into alternatives. If Preston, as Mayor, proposed to enlarge the town dog pound, Grasty denounced the reform in both morning and evening *Sunpapers* as an assault upon the solvency of Baltimore, the comity of nations, and the Ten Commandments, and if Grasty argued in the *Sunpapers* that the town alleys ought to be cleaned oftener, Preston went about the ward clubs warning his heelers that the proposal was only the opening wedge for anarchy, atheism, and cannibalism. It was impossible to unearth anything against Preston's private character, though every *Sun* reporter, under Grasty's urging, made desperate efforts to do so, for he was a respectable family man, a vestryman in an Episcopal church with a watchful rector, and a lawyer of high standing at the bar. But in his rôle of politician, of course, he was an easier target, and so his doings in the City Hall were gradually assimilated (at least in the *Sunpapers*) to those of Tweed in New York, the *ancien régime* in France, and the carpetbaggers in the South.

Grasty, on his side, was vulnerable in the reverse order. That is to say, he could not be accused of political corruption, for it was notorious that he had no party influence or ambitions, but in his private life there was more encouraging material, for several times in the past he had forgotten himself. The dirt thus dredged up was gradually amalgamated into the master charge that he had been run out of Kansas City (where he formerly lived) for a series of adulteries of a grossly Levantine and brutal nature. This charge Preston not only labored at great length in his harangues to the ward clubs; he also included it in his commencement addresses to the graduates of the Baltimore high schools and his speeches of welcome to visiting Elks, Shriners, Christian Endeavorers, and plumber's-supply dealers; moreover, he reduced it to writing, signed his name to it with a bold flourish, and printed it as paid advertising in the *Sunpapers* themselves.

SE HABLA ESPAÑOL
SHINE 5¢
Whitney Darrow Jr.

The revenues from this advertising were gratefully received by Grasty, for the *Sunpapers* in those days were using up almost as much red ink in the business office as printer's ink in the pressroom. But against that pleasant flow of the wages of sin there had to be set off the loss from the municipal advertising, which Preston, though a Democrat, diverted to a Republican paper. It took him a long while to clear it out of the *Sunpapers*, but clear it out he did at last. Any City Hall functionary who, by force of old habit, sent in an announcement of a tax sale or a notice of an application for a permit to open a hat-cleaning parlor was fired forthwith, and to the tune of loud screams of indignation. To meet this devastating attack, the whole staff of the two *Sunpapers* spent half its time in concocting reprisals. No story against Preston was too incredible to be printed, and no criticism too trivial or irresponsible. If the blackamoors in the death house at the Baltimore City Jail had signed a round robin accusing him of sending them poison in cornpone, turnip greens, or snuff, it would have gone into type at once.



"Once and for all, Mr. Stotter, I am not *the kind of girl who goes to Atlantic City in the wintertime!"*

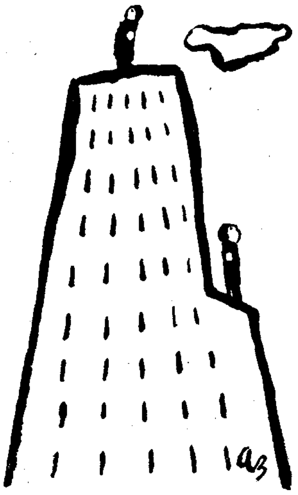
• •

MY own share in this campaign of defamation was large and assiduous. In my daily column on the editorial page of the *Evening Sun*, I accused Preston of each and every article in my private catalogue of infamies. Once I even alleged that he was a Sunday-school superintendent—and was amazed to discover that it was true. I had nothing against him personally; on the contrary, I was fond of him, thought he was doing well as Mayor, and often met him amicably at beer parties. But in his character of enemy of Grasty, and hence of the *Sunpapers*, I was bound by the journalistic code of the time to deal him a lick whenever I could, and this I did every day. On some days, in fact, my whole column was devoted to reviling him. Why he never hit back by accusing me of adultery, or, at all events, of fornication, I do not know, but no doubt it was because he was too busy amassing and embellishing his case against Grasty.

The plain people of Baltimore naturally took his side against the *Sunpapers*. They are always, in fact, against newspapers, and they are always in favor of what reformers call political corruption. They believe that it keeps money in circulation and makes for a spacious and stimulating communal life. Thus they cheered Preston every time he appeared in public, and especially did they cheer him every time the *Sunpapers* published fresh allegations that he and his goons, having made off with everything movable in the City Hall, were beginning on the slate roof and the doorknobs.

This popularity had a powerful effect on the man himself, for he was not without the vanity that afflicts all of us. He began to see himself as a great tribune of the people, ordained by God to rescue them from the entrapments of a dissolute journalism, by libel out of crim. con. More, he began to wonder if the job of Mayor of Baltimore was really large enough for his talents. Wasn't there something grander and juicier ahead? Didn't the Bible itself guarantee that a good and faithful servant should have a reward? What if the people of Maryland should decide to draft the man who had saved the people of Baltimore and make him their Governor and Captain General? What if the people of the whole United . . .

But this last wayward thought had to wait until, early in 1912, the Democrats decided that Baltimore should be their convention city. Preston, as Mayor, had a large hand in bringing the national committee to that decision. He not only made eloquent representations about the traditional delights of the town, especially in the way of eating and drinking; he also agreed to raise a fund of $100,000 to pay the costs of the show, and made a big contribution to it himself, for he was a man of means. During the spring the wild fancies and surmises that were devouring him began to emerge. One day the Republican paper which got the city advertising suggested that he would make a magnificent candidate for the Vice-Presidency, the next day he received hundreds of spontaneous letters and telephone calls from his jobholders, urging him to accept the plain call of his country, and the third day his campaign was in the open and throwing out dense clouds of sparks and smoke. It soon appeared that he had an understanding with Champ Clark. Clark had already rounded up a majority of the delegates to the coming convention, but he needed more, for the two-thirds rule still prevailed. Why couldn't the Baltimore gallery, packed and fomented by Preston, panic enough waverers to give Clark the nomination? It seemed an enlightened trade, and it was made. If Preston delivered the goods and Clark became the standard-bearer, Preston would have second place.



IT was at this point that Grasty conceived his hellish plot, and the rest of the story is soon told. Under the Presidential primary law then on the books in Maryland, every candidate for the Presidency who itched for the votes of the state's delegates had to file his name "before the first Monday in May preceding the convention," and with it deposit $270 in cash money. Under the same law, candidates for the Vice-Presidency lay under the same mulct. If no candidate submitted to it, the state convention was free to instruct the delegates to the national convention to vote for anyone it fancied, but if there were two who had paid up, it had to make its choice between them, and if there was but one, it had to instruct the delegates to vote for him. The agents of Wilson, Clark, and all the other contenders for first place on the ticket had entered their names and paid their fees, but no candidate for the Vice-Presidency had been heard from. Preston, of course, knew the law, but he was a thrifty fellow and saw no reason to waste $270, for he figured with perfect plausibility that he would be the only aspirant for second place before the state convention.

Grasty's sinister mind grasped this point a day or two before I was sailing for Europe on a holiday. Summoned to his office, I sat enchanted while he unfolded his plan. It was to wait until the very last minute for filing names of Vice-Presidential candidates, and then rush an agent to Annapolis, properly equipped with $270 in cash, to file *mine*. "Go back to your office," he instructed me, "and write a letter of acceptance. Say in it that you are sacrificing yourself to save the country from the menace of Preston. Lay it on with a shovel and take all the space you want. To be sure, you'll be in the middle of the Atlantic when the time comes to publish the letter, but I'll send you a wireless, so you'll know what to say when the New York *Herald* reporter meets you at Cherbourg. The joke will wreck Preston, and the shock may even kill him. Imagine the scene when the state convention is forced to instruct the delegates to the national convention to vote for you! Here is the law; read it and laugh. It is really too rich, especially this point: the delegates to the national convention will have to vote for you *as a unit* until 'in their conscientious judgment' you are out of the running. That may not come until days and even weeks after the convention starts. All the Wilson men will throw you votes to annoy Clark. Now get busy with your letter of acceptance before I laugh myself to death."

On the fatal evening I was aboard ship in lat. 50 N., long. 15 W., gulping down beer with my travelling companion, A. H. McDannald, another *Sunpaper* man, and keeping a sharp lookout for a pageboy with a radio envelope. McDannald was in on the plot and helped me to itch and pant. We got through beer after beer—one, two, three, six, ten, *n*. We wolfed plate after plate of sandwiches. We returned to beer. We ordered more sandwiches. The hours moved on leaden feet; the minutes seemed to be gummy and half dead. Finally, we were the only passengers left in the smokeroom, and the bartender and waiters began to shuffle about pointedly and to douse the lights. Just as darkness closed in on us the pageboy came at last. He had two messages for McDannald and three for me. Both of McDannald's read, "Sorry to have missed you. Bon voyage," and so did two of mine. The third read, "Everything is off. Say nothing to anyone."

IT was not until I got home, four weeks later, that I found out what had happened. Grasty, it appeared, had been so taken by the ingenuity and villainy of his scheme that when he went to the Maryland Club the next afternoon for his daily ration of Manhattan cocktails, he couldn't resist revealing it—in strict confidence, of course—to one of the bibuli there assembled. I should say that the bibulus was normally a very reliable man and carried in his breast a great many anecdotes about Grasty that Preston would have given gold and frankincense to hear, but this time he was so overcome by the gorgeousness of the secret that he took a drop too much, and so blabbed. This blabbing was done in the sanctuary of the club, but Preston had his spies even there. Thus, when Grasty's agent appeared at the office of the Secretary of State at Annapolis, at the very last minute for filing names, with $270 in greenbacks held tightly in his fist, it was only to find that Preston's agent had got there two minutes before him and was engaged, with snickers and grimaces, in counting out the same sum.

It was in this way that I missed my purple moment, and maybe even immortality. Now that the facts are before a candid world, let the publicists of the *Nation*, the *New Masses*, and the *New Republic* speculate upon the probable effects upon history—nay, upon the very security and salvation of humanity—if Grasty's scheme had worked. I offer them the job without prejudice, for no matter how powerfully their minds play upon it, their verdict will be only moot. It was not until years later that I discovered that the Constitution of the United States, Article II, Section 1, provides that no person shall be eligible for the Presidency, and *pari passu* for the Vice-Presidency, "who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years." On that July day of 1912, when the Honorable Thomas R. Marshall of Indiana got my job, I was precisely thirty-one years, ten months, and twenty-three days old.

—H. L. MENCKEN

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SNOW SONG

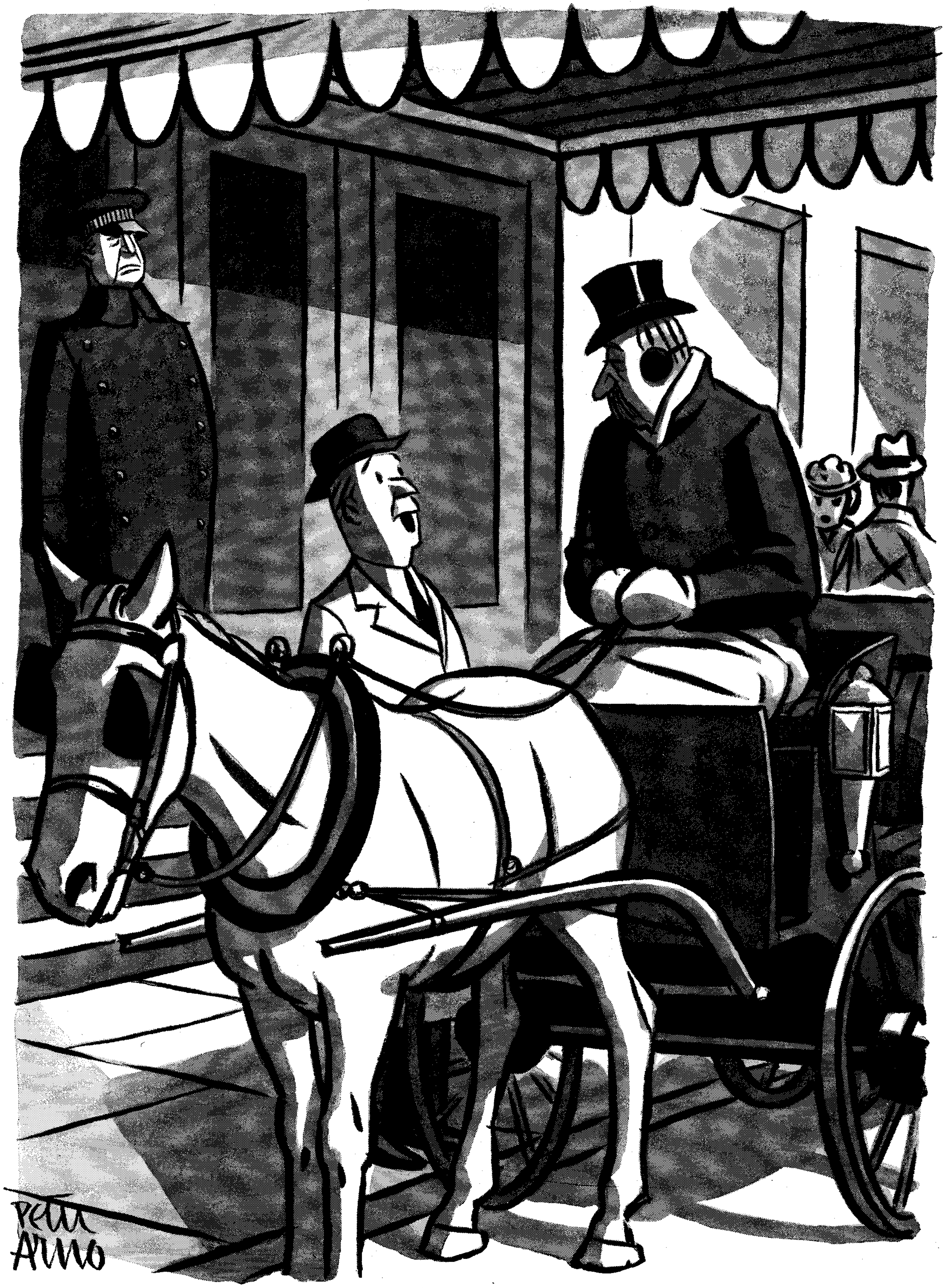
Starry the icy sky,
splinters of glass,
blackened the branches high,
broken the grass;

frosty the growing wind
stirring the vane,
glazing the river pinned
under the plain;

fleecily curtains fold
over the show;
softly come, winter cold,
gravely come, snow,

checking the water mill,
numbing all life,
stopping the city still—
still as Lot's wife.

—PEGGY BACON



"I said would you be interested in steady employment with a private family?"

PROFILES

THE HAT ON THE ROLL-TOP DESK—I

Leon Fraser

Leon Fraser is one of New York's few cases of successful reincarnation. Today president of the classically conservative First National Bank in Wall Street, he began his adult life, while a student and a member of the faculty at Columbia University, as what is now called a liberal and in those days was called, usually within quotation marks, a radical. Along with other members of the Morningside Heights intelligentsia, he used to think that bankers were vulgar. His own ambitions were vaguely literary; he wrote a number of highly unmarketable short stories and did occasional book reviews for the *World*. In addition, he was strenuously interested in political theory, including the theory that something might be the matter with capitalism. As a young political-science instructor, he belonged to the impractical, somewhat threadbare element which was intent on making the world over. His companions were men like the progressive Professor Charles A. Beard; Professor Carlton J. Hayes, who was then practically a Socialist; and Joseph Freeman, who was warming up to become editor of the *New Masses*. Late in the fall of 1916, several months before the United States entered the first World War, Fraser acquired the reputation of being one of Columbia's more vocal pacifists, and as a result was eventually eased off the faculty. For the next eighteen years, nearly all of which he spent in Europe practicing international law and digging into international finance, his Columbia friends almost lost track of him. When, in 1935, out of an apparently clear sky, he turned up in the city again, as a full-scale, gilt-edge banker at the First National, his old friends couldn't quite believe it. Neither, Fraser has said on occasion, could he. It has become quite customary, and a bit tiresome, for one of Fraser's old colleagues to look at another sadly and say, "What has become of the *other* Fraser?" Nobody really knows. However, there is no doubt that the current Fraser, during the last seven nervous years of wars, war booms, market scares, and election campaigns, has quietly established himself as one of the half-dozen key men in New York's financial community, or what is left of it.

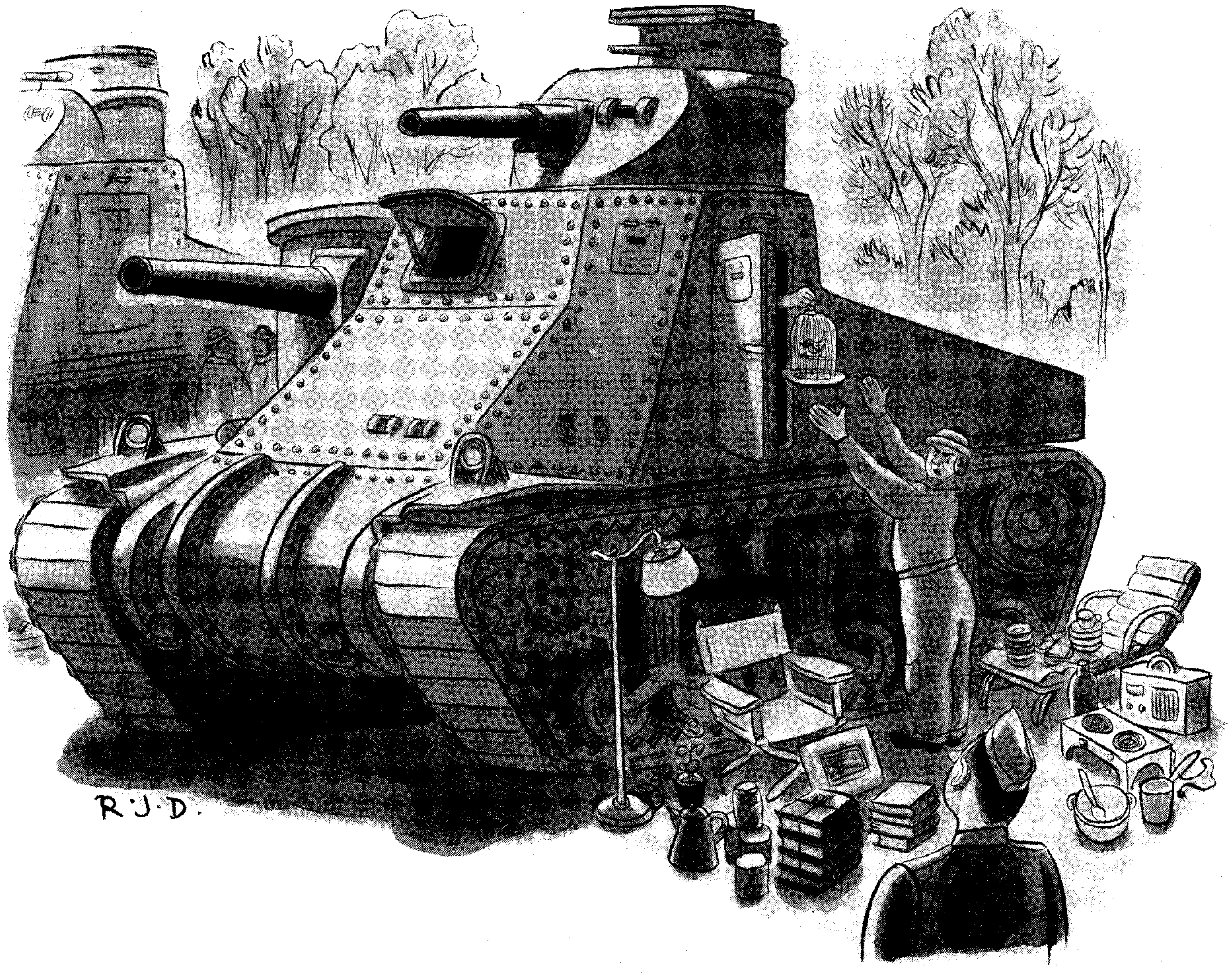
Even though Fraser's college friends, and Fraser himself, may have been surprised by his arrival in Wall Street, well-informed Wall Streeters were not. True, he had little wealth of his own, he had no conventional banking training, he had not gone to one of the prescribed prep schools, and he had unimpressive family connections. However, for years he had been known in Europe as a publicity-dodging backstage legal and financial wonder, a kind of brain guy to the international financiers. He had been the confidant and legal aide of men like Owen D. Young of General Electric; Jackson E. Reynolds, Fraser's predecessor as president of the First National; and S. Parker Gilbert, the Agent General for Reparations and later a Morgan partner. He had even given some routine legal assistance to Ivar Kreuger when Kreuger was selling bonds in America in order to make loans to the nations of Europe in exchange for match monopolies. At conferences leading up to the formulation, in 1924, of the Dawes Plan, which was intended to reduce the German debt and interest rate set at Versailles, and, in 1929, the Young Plan, which was to reduce the debt and interest rate set by the Dawes Plan, Fraser played an important part as a member of the legal staffs of the respective American delegations. Then, in 1933, he was chosen president of the Bank for International Settlements at Basel, in Switzerland. This institution was also called, rather wistfully, the World Bank. The World Bank's functions were mainly political. It was intended to make the handling of reparations smoother, to stabilize international monetary relations, and to serve at least as the beginning of a clearing house for the central banks of Europe—the Bank of England, the Banque de France, the Reichsbank, and twenty others—which, together with such private American banks as the First National, the Chase National, the National City, the First National of Chicago, and Morgan, were both its depositors and stockholders. Its funds and securities were banked with its own depositors and transferred, when necessary, by bookkeeping. Its total resources were slightly under $500,000,000, all of them on paper. According to one theory of the time, the World Bank was an experiment by men of good will who saw in it the hope of permanent peace. It was also, in a way, a dream bank. Occupying a small, almost dainty building made over from a hotel, it contained no money and not even a vault. Journalists called it "the bank without a safe."

The bank Fraser heads today, the First National of New York, is far from dreamlike. Besides having tangible resources of approximately a billion dollars, more than twice those of the World Bank, it is a local landmark, like the Stock Exchange, or the Sub-Treasury Building, or the neighboring Trinity Church. Its financial prestige has been awesome for at least sixty years. Like an exclusive old club, it has always limited its patrons; it has only about twelve hundred and fifty accounts, the world's richest and soundest individuals and corporations. Among them are General Electric, American Telephone & Telegraph, and United States Steel. It never solicits accounts and has never advertised. Its ponderous, austere character has not changed much since the day in 1863 when George F. Baker, Sr., one of the founders and the man who for over a half-century *was* the bank, helped open its doors for business. Since 1881 the First National has been at 2 Wall Street. Until 1931 the bank occupied a creaky old ten-story building, which in that year was condemned by the city as a firetrap, torn down, and replaced by the present quarters, a twenty-one-story gray-granite skyscraper. The spacious counting room on the mezzanine floor reveals a few spry decorative touches, but the officers, including Fraser, still sit in the open around the rim of the room at Victorian roll-top desks, as they always have. Although one building has given way to another, the president's desk is placed, as it has been since the elder Baker's time, at the southwest, or Broadway-Wall Street, corner of the counting room. Another custom which dates back to Baker is that the president keeps his hat on top of the desk, so that everyone can tell when he is in. The hat on the roll-top desk, once Baker's square derby, is today Fraser's equally impeccable gray fedora.

In 1913, a congressional committee

investigating Baker, Sr., reached the not very original opinion that he, the elder J. P. Morgan, James Stillman of the National City Bank, and a few other bankers dominated the "money trust," which in turn dominated much of America's finance and industry. Even though the influence of the great private banks has declined since those happy-go-lucky days, it is still a long way from negligible. The First National, under Fraser, continues to play at least a fatherly part in the policy-making of several of the blue-chip corporations with which it has intimate financial connections. In addition, Fraser, as head of the bank, which is a trustee for a number of trust funds set up by George F. Baker, Jr., who died in 1937, has a good deal to say about the management of between forty and fifty million dollars. Then, too, he has to give some thought to the affairs of American Telephone & Telegraph, in which the Baker heirs are large stockholders. He is also a director of his own bank, of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of General Electric, and of United States Steel, in which concern he is also a member of the powerful finance committee. These directorships give him a major rôle in America's financial and industrial system, the sort of rôle usually identified with old-time money lords who had several hundred times his means.

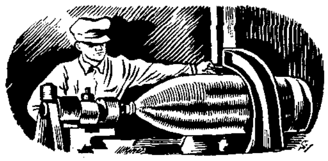
In Wall Street, though a generation of money lords has been dying out, the masses of capital they accumulated live on, in institutional form, in the big banks and insurance companies. The banks, with all their complaints of low interest rates and therefore low profits under the New Deal, have been more liquid and have had larger reserves than ever before. Concomitantly, they have been faced with the problem of what to do about their excess reserves, but as we get deeper into the war this may solve itself. During the past three years their deposits have piled up to new highs, owing to the government's lavish spending and the flood of gold and securities from Europe. Old-school financiers have been able to make little sense of such whimsical times. Unfortunately, they have been able to turn neither to the government for consolation, because they were unpopular with politicians, nor to the public, because in the public mind the suspicion has remained that they did not manage their business brilliantly in the nineteen-twenties. During these hard times for money lenders, something of a talent search has been in progress downtown. There has been a steady call for modern managerial geniuses, for new faces. A few years ago the New York Stock Exchange took a president from so youthful an age group that he qualified for the draft and had to resign. The same movement brought Lewis Douglas, young head of McGill University, to the presidency of the Mutual Life Insurance Company; W. Randolph Burgess, Ph.D. in education, to the vice-chairmanship of the board of the National City Bank; and Wen-



"We just get settled and they transfer us to anti-aircraft!"

dell Willkie, the boy lawyer, to the head of the Commonwealth & Southern Corporation. It also snatched up Fraser, the still youngish Ph.D. in political science and the ex-Columbia liberal, and set him down at the roll-top desk of old George F. Baker.

Fraser's is one of the strongest new faces on Wall Street. His head is round and exceptionally large and his face is ruddy. His jaw is wide and massive. The features you are apt to notice first are his high, square forehead and his big, dark-brown eyes. He has a very bright but controlled smile. Though he is only of medium height, he has powerful shoulders and a deep chest, and nowadays carries himself with a No. 2 Wall Street dignity. His manner is one of easy, polished, sympathetic restraint and is completely without the crustiness that some of the older bankers in the neighborhood once considered indispensable. George F. Baker, Sr., used to say that what he wanted in a man who worked in his bank was "character," and his heir, George F. Baker, Jr., who had the same idea, often said he admired Fraser as a man of character. The younger Baker, who died at the age of fifty-nine, was chairman of the board for only a few years after his long-lived father died. During his last two years, Baker, Jr., who was in delicate health, was more or less inactive. A rather gentle soul, he became quite attached to Fraser, who visited him almost daily for a friendly business conference either at his home on Long Island or on his 1,300-ton yacht Viking. Fraser had the full confidence of the dying man, who made him, in effect, the steward of his vast estate.



For about a year and a half before Fraser became president of the First National, he was broken in as a vice-president by his predecessor, Jackson E. Reynolds. For Fraser, the lower rungs of the practical-banking ladder, from the teller's cage up, were omitted. Reynolds, too, had known almost nothing about practical banking when he had joined the First National in 1917; he had been a professor of law at Columbia (he never, however, met Fraser there) and a corporation lawyer. When he pointed this out to Baker, Sr., Baker said, "You don't have to know anything about banking. Just don't do anything unreasonable." Reynolds gave this same advice to Fraser, who has coolly followed it.

Old Columbia acquaintances who drop in at the First National nowadays are amazed to find how serenely Fraser runs a billion-dollar institution. To those who, to make conversation, remind him of the time he flunked in mathematics, he says that he no longer worries about big numbers. "You merely have to lose your fear of the zeros," he says. "After that it's just a question of addition and subtraction." Some of his friends are bewildered by the aplomb with which he sits in the same boat with the Morgans and Vanderbilts and the grace with which he has lined up with the conservative interests. Sometimes they ask Fraser himself, rudely enough, what has become of the other Fraser. He usually laughs drily and says, "I got tired of playing the gay reformer." In the old days, he explains, he was just an impressionable young man who fell under the influence of the campus evangelists; then, after the war, like many other intellectuals who were disappointed in the peace treaty and the postwar return to "normalcy," he became disillusioned. "I thought, after that," he says, "that I would work with things as they are."

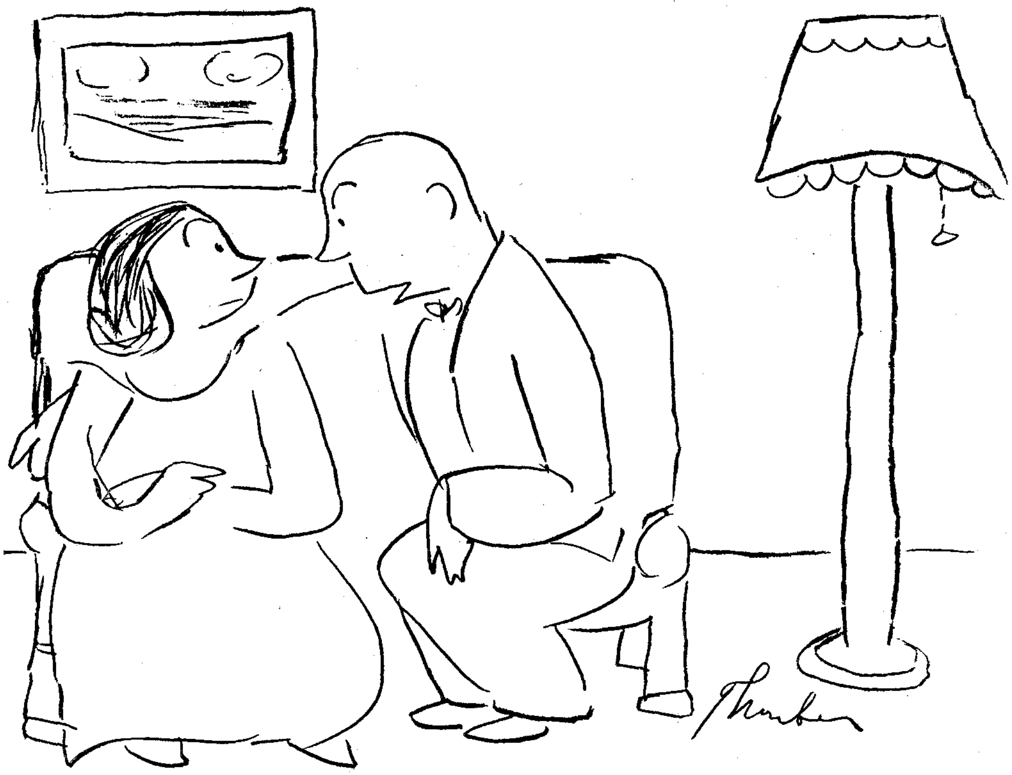
Fraser was born in Boston on November 27, 1889, the only child of John Fraser, a Scottish immigrant, and Mary Lovat Fraser, who was partly of French-Canadian descent. Owen D. Young, an old friend of Fraser's, has ascribed to his mixed heritage "a perfect cross of the intellectual clarity and realism of the Frenchman and the objectivity of the Scot." His mother died at his birth. His father, a poor and lonely man, turned the child over to a friend of his, a fellow-Scot named Ronald E. Bonar. Later, Bonar and his wife, who were childless, adopted him. The father, who had been a travelling shoe salesman, was seldom heard from after that. He wandered about the country for a few years and later headed for the Klondike, where he disappeared forever.

Bonar was a well-to-do New York hat manufacturer. The family spent a good deal of time on a farm it owned at North Granville, New York. There young Fraser grew up, attending a village school and arising at 4 A.M. to do farm chores with the hired hands. He rode horseback a great deal and acquired a love of the outdoors. At the age of thirteen, he entered Trinity School in New York, and two years later, in 1905, he somewhat precociously started his long career at Columbia.

In Fraser's student days, Columbia was one of several universities which claimed to be the Athens of America. Life was innocent on Morningside Heights, and there was much high thinking and intense conversation. Visiting dignitaries made pilgrimages uptown to see President Nicholas Murray Butler, John Dewey, Brander Matthews, James Harvey Robinson, Charles A. Beard, and other noted members of the faculty. Fraser, who is remembered as seeming more mature, though actually he was younger, than most of his classmates, found himself greatly stimulated. From his instructors he picked up what his friends considered a severely rational and idealistic point of view. He did not, however, become a Socialist, although at the time Socialism was stylish among earnest undergraduates everywhere. He classified himself politically as an internationalist who opposed, among many other things, war.

During Fraser's junior year his stepfather met with business reverses and Fraser had to bestir himself to earn the rest of his way through college. Among several odd jobs he did were tutoring some Columbia students in English and working as a bookkeeper in his stepfather's hat factory. Around this time he slipped into an easygoing state of mind in which, he recalls today, he was thoroughly unambitious and was content to follow "a policy of drift." He kept late hours, studied no more than he was forced to, and acquired a deep if fickle interest in a number of extracurricular activities. At Trinity he had played guard on the football team, but at Columbia his favorite sports were, as they still are, the lonely ones of swimming and riding. Otherwise he was extremely sociable. He devoted a good deal of time to his fraternity, Phi Kappa Psi, and to the Boar's Head, the college poetry society. In his senior year he was elected editor of the *Columbia Literary Monthly* and president of Philolexian, the literary and dramatic society; he was also president of the Politics Club and captain of the varsity debating team. He dressed with a certain grand negligence; his suit was always rumpled and his socks were always falling down.

His classmates thought of him as an exceptionally poised young man who concealed a lot of competence under an air of studied nonchalance, which happened then to be the fashionable manner at Eastern universities; he was, as they said at the time, debonair. At midnight,



"I wonder what dark flowers grow in the mysterious caverns of your soul."

after meetings of the Boar's Head, the members used to go to the Lion Café at 110th Street and Broadway, where they hung around for hours battling over problems of prosody and drinking beer. On these occasions Fraser, the man of the world, ordered whiskey-and-soda. Even his professors were sometimes impressed by his air. One day, as he was walking across the campus, carrying some books under his arm, he met Professor John Erskine. Erskine, who was already something of a celebrity, went out of his way to put the students at their ease. "Hello there," he called to Fraser, doubtless feeling that he was being distinctly democratic. "Let me see what you're reading these days." "Oh," Fraser said, "just some things I have to review for the *World* over the weekend," and, politely asking to be excused, he hurried on.

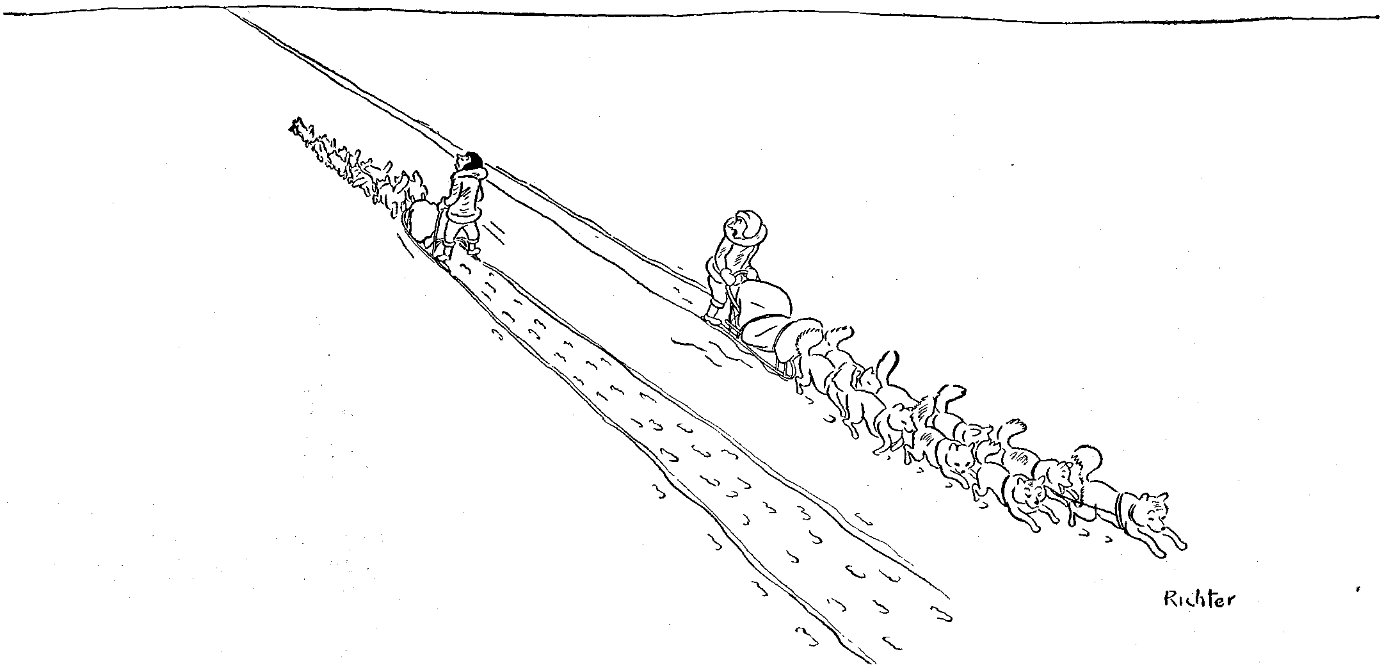
Another time Fraser demonstrated his unshakability was the day William Jennings Bryan turned up as a lecturer at a meeting of the Politics Club, over which Fraser presided. Introducing Bryan, Fraser announced that the subject of the orator's talk would be "What Is the Difference Between a Democrat and a Republican?" Something bland in the way he said it must have suggested he didn't think there was much difference. When Bryan arose to speak, he turned to Fraser and put him through a cross-examination in an effort to prove that even the cynical young chairman was, in his heart, either a Republican or a Democrat. After Bryan had confronted Fraser with several supposedly devastating questions and Fraser had several times dodged out of making clear-cut answers, Bryan abandoned the fight, lamely remarking that it was a sad thing such a clever young man as Fraser was not a good Democrat. Even today no one but Fraser knows which party, if either, he belongs to.

IN his studies, Fraser became a sort of intellectual rolling stone; he concentrated his interest on one subject at a time and skipped from one to another. He went from Elizabethan literature to languages to history to politics, and made a good showing in all of them. However, he did this at the expense of mathematics and the sciences, subjects which bored him, and he flunked out in his senior year. The next semester he went back to college determined not only to get his B.A. degree but to pick up some prizes and a few higher degrees as well. Within two years he had earned his B.A. and an M.A., had won the Chandler Historical Prize for an essay on "The Early Settlement of the Northwest Territory," and had started to study law. Shortly afterward he went to work as a cub reporter on the *World* at ten dollars a week.

Since he worked at night, he was able to take some daytime courses at the newly founded Columbia School of Journalism, which gave him a B.Litt. in 1913. The next year he passed his New York bar examinations. He also managed, with a little juggling, to handle a job as a paid assistant secretary and organizer for the Association for International Conciliation, a peace society, of which Nicholas Murray Butler was president. As a representative of this group Fraser was sent abroad to make a study of student peace movements in Europe and to establish relations with them. For a few weeks he attended a peace seminar in England conducted by Norman Angell, one of the world's leading pacifists, and then proceeded to Berlin. He was still in Germany, talking to students there about their plans for a peaceful world, when war broke out. That fall he joined the Columbia faculty as an assistant in politics under Professor Beard, at $1,000 a year. In 1915 he received his doctorate in political science and was made a lecturer in politics, and the year after that he became an instructor.

Fraser was able to lecture by the hour without notes. His students considered him reasonably entertaining because he had a full set of the standard academic gags, vintage 1915. For instance, among the students were some who were enrolled in the School of Journalism, so Fraser would open his class by saying, "Ladies, gentlemen, and journalists." One sunny spring afternoon, while he was explaining, about halfway through class, how the French parliamentary system worked, he said, "When the President of the Chamber of Deputies wishes to adjourn the session, he simply puts on his hat." With this he put on his hat, picked up his walking stick, and sauntered out of the room.

Fraser had rather definitely decided that Columbia was like a home to him and that he belonged among the men of learning rather than among the men of affairs when, in 1916, the World War touched the Columbia campus itself. Among the students and faculty a large faction began to agitate for preparedness and the Plattsburg training-camp movement, and held numerous rallies on the campus. Fraser, an earnest pacifist, went into action and organized several counter-rallies. Soon the leaders of the



"Damn snob!"

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war faction among the students, including Frederic R. Coudert, Jr., today a state senator, issued protests denouncing Fraser as a dangerous pacifist who used inflammatory language. In January, 1917, as the country approached war with Germany, the university board of trustees, including Frederic R. Coudert, Sr., summoned Fraser to a hearing and charged him with having said, among other inflammatory things, that anyone who went to Plattsburg was "a benighted fool." Fraser testified that he had spoken in the haste of the moment and didn't remember exactly what words he had used. The trustees decided to take no action, at least for the time being.

After the country's declaration of war in April, the more militant of the trustees set to work to purge the university of all opposition. Butler himself jumped into the war party. Late in the spring the trustees decided they would avoid the publicity that might accompany a dismissal of Fraser, who, after all, had been Butler's protégé, and recommended to the political-science department merely that it should not reappoint him at the end of the college year. Although Professor Beard, then acting head of the department, favored America's entrance into the war, he rejected, with the approval of his colleagues, the board's recommendation, on the ground that the right of free speech at the university ought to be preserved even in time of war. The trustees nevertheless went ahead and warned Fraser that he would not, owing to wartime retrenchment, be reappointed. Among themselves the trustees said they hoped that Fraser would save them the embarrassment of carrying out their threat by getting drafted. Shortly afterward, Professor Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana and Professor James McKeen Cattell were fired for pacifism. Early that autumn Morningside Heights was the scene of a brief though historic fight for free speech. Professor Beard resigned from the faculty after writing a letter protesting the dismissal of Dana and Cattell as well as the enforced departure of Fraser. Beard argued that Fraser had been unfairly dealt with, since President Butler himself had first preached pacifism to him and then let the university authorities punish him for following his principles. There were indignation meetings on the campus and a few fist fights, and when the air cleared it was apparent that the issue of free speech in wartime was tidily settled not only for Columbia but probably for most other universities—there wouldn't be any.

MEANWHILE Fraser found himself, if not exactly fired, at least on his way out of an academic career just as he was getting into his stride. He was downhearted and no longer made his customary classroom jokes. When the time came for him to register for the draft, he momentarily considered claiming exemption, since he was helping to support his stepmother, his stepfather having died a couple of years before. Dean Frederick P. Keppel of Columbia urged him to take his chances along with everyone else, unless, if his conscience demanded it, he wished to claim exemption as a conscientious objector. After carefully examining his conscience, Fraser concluded that, with the country already at war, he wasn't enough of a pacifist to object to serving. With a sudden impulse, which he has never been able wholly to explain, he then decided to enlist in the Army. He has since said, "Many of our best families of leopards were changing their spots, and I wanted to be in fashion." He has also recalled that a strange mood of indifference came over him and that he felt he no longer wanted to swim against the tide. Acting upon his beliefs had proved an uncomfortable practice. He was then only twenty-seven, but he felt he had few illusions left. Just before getting into uniform, he wrote the Columbia trustees, on military stationery, what he regarded as a crisp letter, saying he thought it very amusing that they wanted to get rid of him because he was a pacifist, inasmuch as he was enlisting in the Army. With this statement he sent in his resignation, and softly shut the door of the cloister behind him.

—MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Fraser. The second will appear next week.*)

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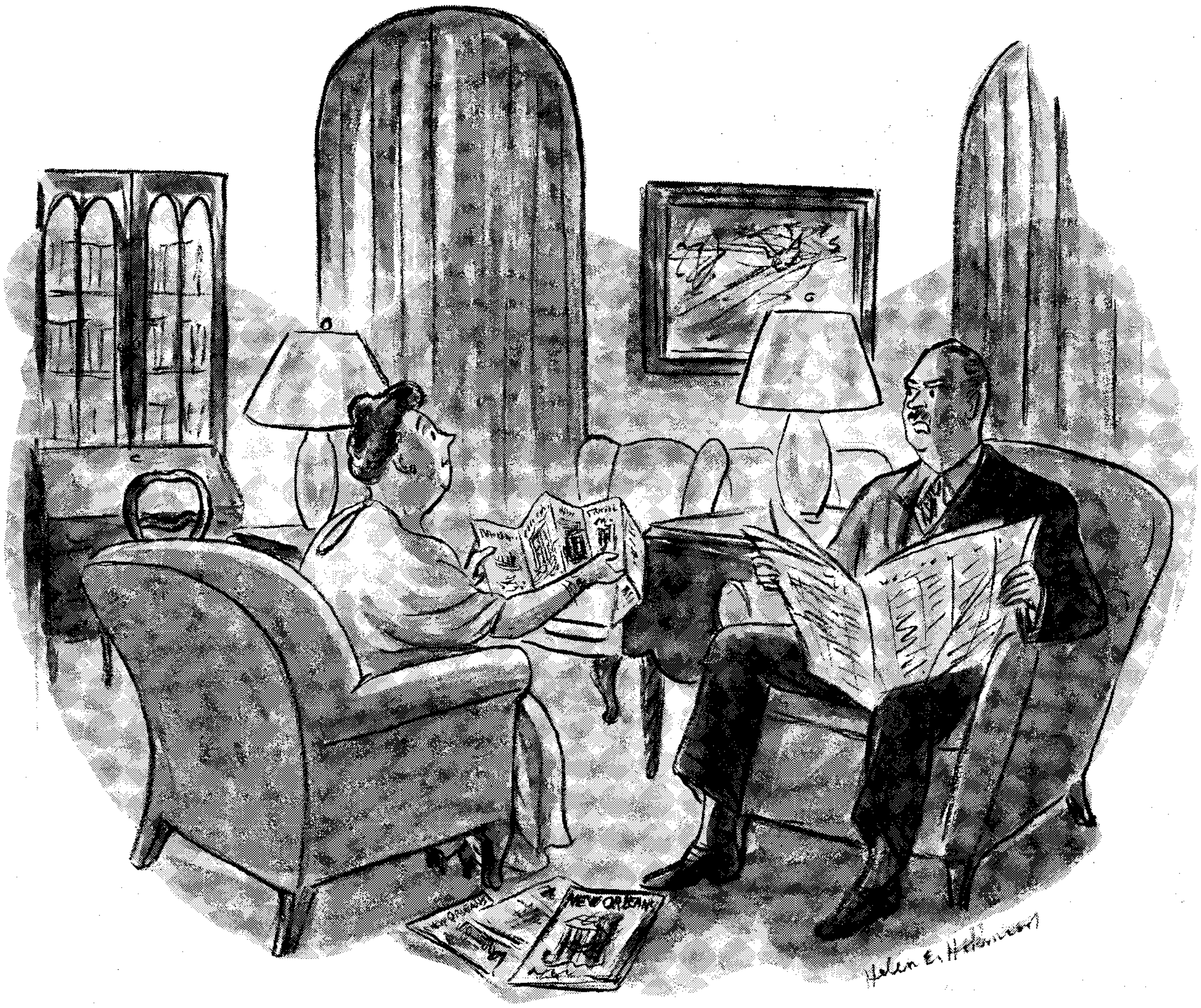
BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the New Republic*]

He properly casts Patrick Henry as the kind of ball of fire who waits for public opinion to jell, then jumps onto the band-wagon—but into the driver's seat.



"What's New Orleans got that we haven't got?"

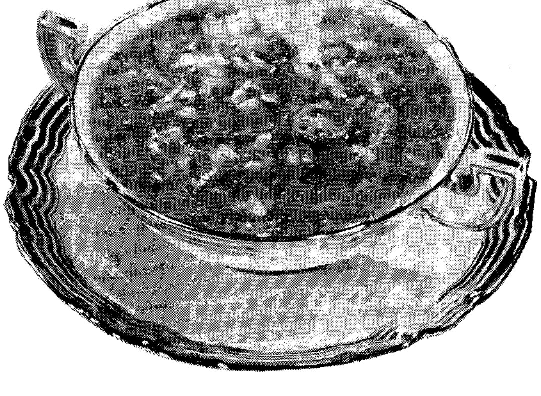
Tut, tut, Herbert! Perhaps the little woman is merely tired of the home scene—or it may be that she yearns to sample for herself the widely heralded culinary triumphs of Old New Orleans. In any case, steaming cups of Campbell's Chicken Gumbo Soup will bring a touch of the romantic city of the Deep South right to your own dinner table.

In making their chicken gumbo soup, Campbell's keep faith with Old New Orleans tradition. Into a pure chicken stock go red-ripe tomatoes, rice, celery and tender young okra, along with pieces of chicken—while a seasoning of fragrant herbs points up the excitingly different flavor.

Yes, for those "sit-by-the-fire travelers" we enthusiastically recommend—

Campbell's CHICKEN GUMBO

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

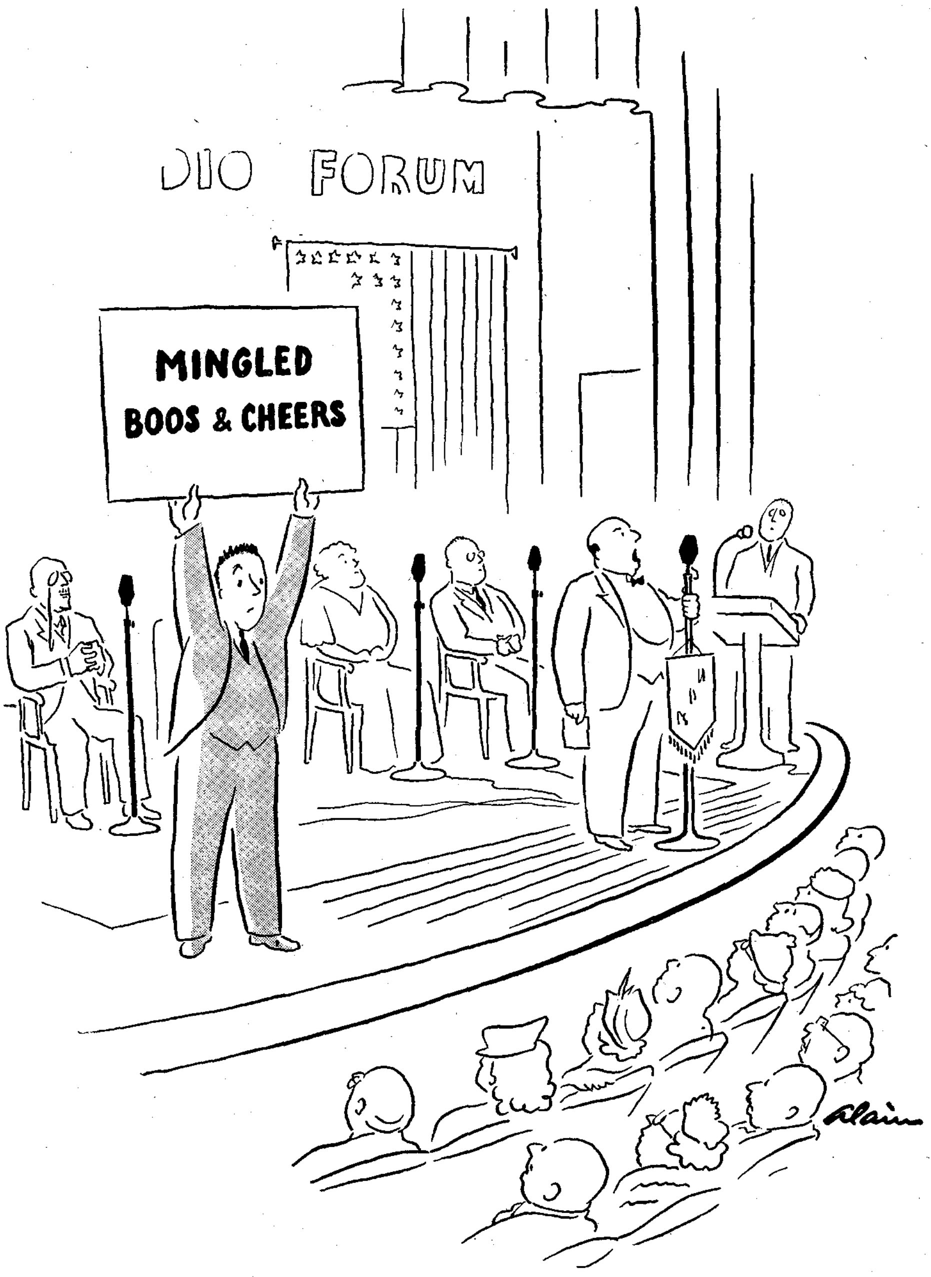


THE THEATRE

CIVILIAN CASUALTY

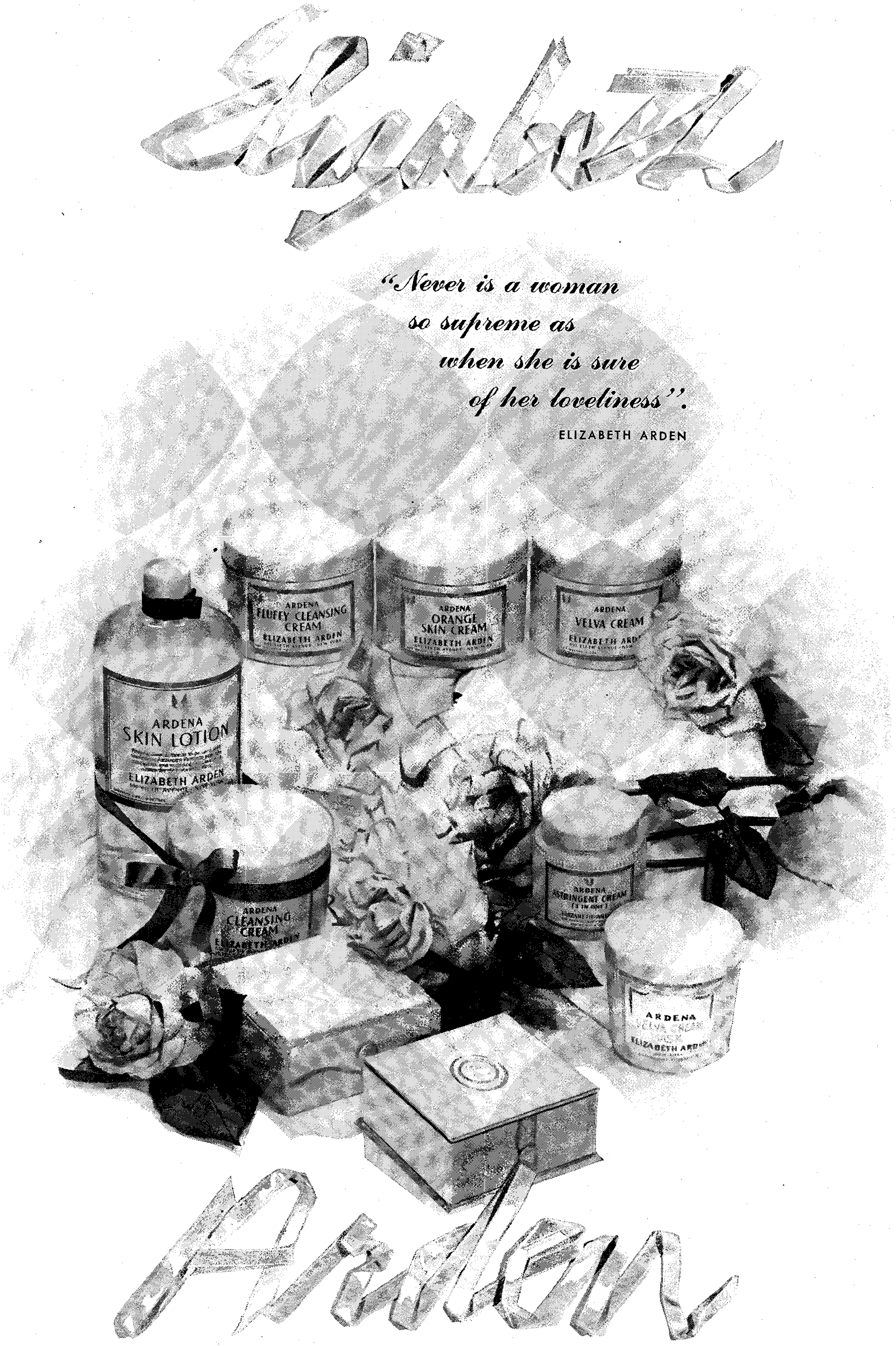
THE latest playwright to yield to the temptation to study the world dilemma in miniature is Marc Connelly, whose drama called "The Flowers of Virtue" survived only four performances at the Royale. Mr. Connelly chose Mexico as his locale and he invented some moderately unusual characters, but essentially he wrote the same old play we have been considering on an average of once a month since Munich. It probably belonged somewhere in the upper half of its class—not as good as some, but quite a bit better than most. The occasional humor was superior, as might have been expected; the plot and the message were perhaps a little elementary. There seemed to me to be several yards of superfluous conversation.

One of the perils besetting a critic in judging this special form of entertainment is that he is apt to get sidetracked into a sort of game, which might be called Identifying Symbols. "Well, well, here comes Troubled American Youth, striving to adjust itself to a world in transition," he is likely to find himself murmuring as the juvenile and the ingénue come bouncing on the stage. Or "Ah, Little Miss Scatterbrain, the unconscious Fascist," or "Damned if it isn't Old Enlightened Liberal Opinion, the hope of civilization." Mr. Connelly had all these standard models on display, not to mention Persecuted Idealism, Exploited Innocence, and, of course, Incipient Dictatorship itself, complete with Storm Troopers. I am proud to say I had them all spotted long before the first-act curtain fell and was, in fact, a good half-lap ahead of the field all night.



The quality which kept "The Flowers of Virtue" from being just another play against Fascism was, as noted above, its comic invention. Quite a few of Mr. Connelly's characters, especially the less admirable ones, managed to be funny and original creations, in spite of all the political type-casting. The lady with the fuzzy sympathy for totalitarian principles had a suggestion of the exalted Mabel Dodge about her and a scene in which she read her latest Indian love lyric aloud to her guests was fine literary comedy. Her native spouse, looking astonishingly like Victor Mature in a Navajo blanket, was also a very nice piece of work, and he made me laugh a good deal harder with a sweet smile and a vocabulary of four words than Eddie Cantor did a while ago with a whole musical comedy at his disposal. Mr. Connelly's best inspiration, however, was the local Hitler, a genial assassin, whose political idol was none other than the late Calvin Coolidge, whom he credited with clearing the way to the throne in accordance with the best Nazi technique. "What you tink *really* happened to that Harding, eh?" he asked darkly. These were all fascinating people—a good deal more fascinating, I'm afraid, than the more virtuous members of the cast, who had a sad tendency to be stuffy—but there weren't enough of them. They were also seriously handicapped by the plot, which had something to do with sabotage in the power plant and a timely miracle accomplished by good Saint Something-or-Other, the patron of all young lovers, and which struck me as being a little ramshackle, to put it mildly. On the whole, while I enjoyed the lighter parts of the evening very much, I found the more earnest portions of it fairly hard going, and so apparently did everybody else.

The actors, I thought, did very well, although Mr. Connelly's direction was so restrained that they were sometimes rather inaudible. I especially liked Frank Craven, whose baggy tweeds, as usual, concealed a golden heart; Isobel Elsom, as the lady of beautiful letters; and Vladimir Sokoloff, as Mr. Coolidge's most enthusiastic disciple. Donald Oenslager designed a handsome patio, bright and airy. —WOLCOTT GIBBS


Elizabeth
ARDENA
FLUFFY CLEANSING CREAM
ELIZABETH ARDEN
ARDENA
ORANGE SKIN CREAM
ELIZABETH ARDEN
ARDENA
VELVA CREAM
ELIZABETH ARDEN
ARDENA
SKIN LOTION
ELIZABETH ARDEN
ARDENA
CLEANSING CREAM
ELIZABETH ARDEN
ARDENA
ASTRINGENT CREAM
ELIZABETH ARDEN
ARDENA
VELVA CREAM MASK
ELIZABETH ARDEN
Arden

"Never is a woman
so supreme as
when she is sure
of her loveliness".
ELIZABETH ARDEN

691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

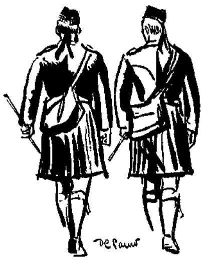
LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 7 (BY CABLE)

"OLD MOORE'S ALMANAC," which has been scanning the heavens for the British since 1700, recently predicted with, unhappily, a good deal of accuracy that in February, 1942, Japan would be about the only nation not under the influence of the "malefic" planets. Having announced that conditions in eastern Europe would be rendered even more miserable by widespread "attacks by wolves," it went on to say that at home the stars indicated that "the government will be unpopular." Here the almanac seems to have been right to the extent that both press and public are showing themselves to be remarkably unimpressed by the list of ministerial changes announced this week, which seem to most people to be largely a routine reshuffle of low cards rather than the bold new deal which had been hoped for.

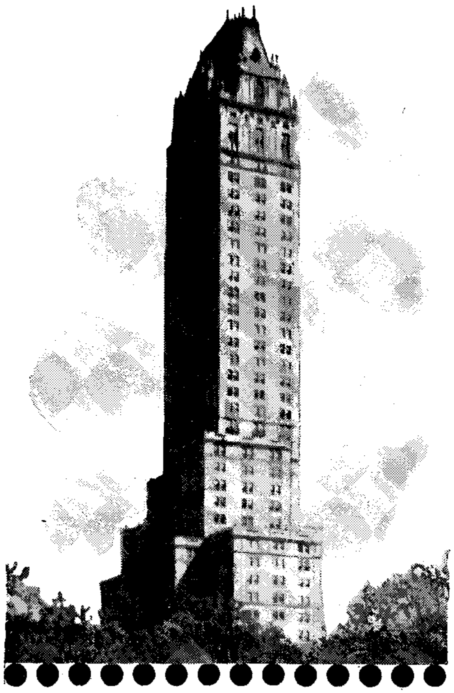
Without pretending to be Old Moore, amateur prophets had been tipping Lord Beaverbrook to become Minister of Production, but now that he has the job there's a tendency to reserve enthusiastic comment until it is seen exactly what powers the appointment carries. All that uninformed but perturbed Britons hope is that the new Minister of Production will have Cabinet backing; he will certainly have the ruthlessness needed to make short work of any obstacle in the way of maximum production. The recent criticisms of production made by the Russian Trade Union delegates after their tour of several factories may have been a surprise to some of Britain's more exalted homes but certainly weren't to working-class households, almost any of which could have supplied the facts as pungently as did Mr. Shvernik. Because it is plain that shortage of the right sort of munitions is responsible for the wealth of the wrong sort of news from Malaya and Libya, it is felt that the question of how far the Minister will be allowed to go is one which may settle how far the war will go too.

After last week's storms in the House of Commons, this week's breeze over the selection of a committee to inquire into welfare conditions in the women's services seemed almost playful. Women M.P.'s were disgruntled at finding that their sex was not represented on the committee, which consists of four under-secretaries, to whom Mrs. Beatrice Rathbone, M.P. for Bodmin, referred indignantly as "these four young men." This turned out to be only a relative way of speaking, since three of the juveniles are in their forties and the other is sixty-two, at which avuncular age one can presumably inquire, without feeling foolish, into the mysteries of a lady corporal's bower. Mrs. Rathbone's remark gave a fine impetus to an *Evening Standard* writer, who suggested that calling the committeemen young only pointed out how elderly everyone else in authority is and that a few generals in their thirties, after the example of Russia, might not be a bad idea. The criticism which the women members made of the investigators didn't so much concern their age, however, as it did their sex and the stupidity of having the inquiry conducted by members of the government, which is responsible for the allegedly bad conditions into which they're inquiring.



Some investigation is certainly overdue, judging by what is regularly said in private about the services and as regularly contradicted in public. The Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service in particular has suffered from a persistent defamatory campaign, which has accused its members of pretty nearly every sort of misbehavior, from not washing enough to becoming pregnant too much. Maybe the committee, assuming it will be reformed to include a sensible proportion of women, will clear up these and other matters to the satisfaction of anxious parents.

THERE is unfortunately no clearing up of the unhappiness over the news from the Pacific, where General MacArthur's magnificent stand has provided the only note of cheer. It is generally accepted by raging retired sahibs, who know what the fall of Singapore would mean to British prestige in the East, as well as by Englishmen who have never got nearer to the place than seeing its name on a can of pineapple, that the naval base has been lost and that the continued Japanese assault there is only a matter of stealing the belatedly locked stable in addition to the horse. Having conceded this severe loss, the public is turning its concern to the possibility of holding Burma and Java, and is debating once again what new unpleasantness spring will offer. Plenty of people now think that an invasion of this island is unlikely, while others feel that, however badly the war may be going for Ger-


Fillip

A stimulating winter vacation at the Pierre! Forget the headlines, your business, your servants . . . find relaxation and enjoyment in the Pierre's thoughtful service and superb cuisine. Suites by the day, week, month or season.

Hotel Pierre
Fifth Ave. at 61st Street
Harold L. Rowland, Pres.

Cotillion room

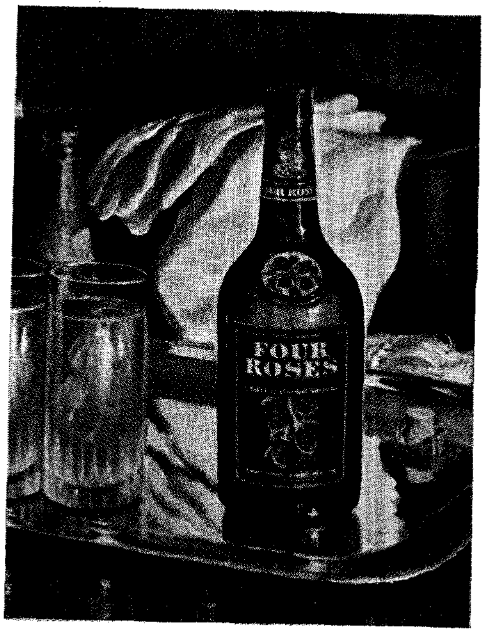
ELLA LOGAN
comedienne star of "Sons O' Fun"
sings at 8:00 and 12:00 p.m.

STANLEY MELBA
and his orchestra
No cover, minimum of $2.50 after 10:00
Saturday $3.50. Dress optional.

Cafe Pierre
Cocktail dancing from 5:30 till 7:30
No cover or minimum

JOHN FALTER

A brief conversation with a man going places



US: Sir, we don't know where you're bound, but we presume that sometime in the course of the evening, you'll have a drink.

MAN: Yes, I probably will.

US: Then we'd like to ask you a question. Have you tasted *today's* Four Roses?

MAN: Come to think of it, I don't believe I have.

US: Then we'd like to urge you to try it tonight. Because until you taste *today's* Four Roses, you can't possibly know what wonderful things have happened to this superlative whiskey. In fact, we're certain you'll agree that *today's* Four Roses is better by far than any other whiskey you've ever tasted.

MAN: That's a rather broad statement.

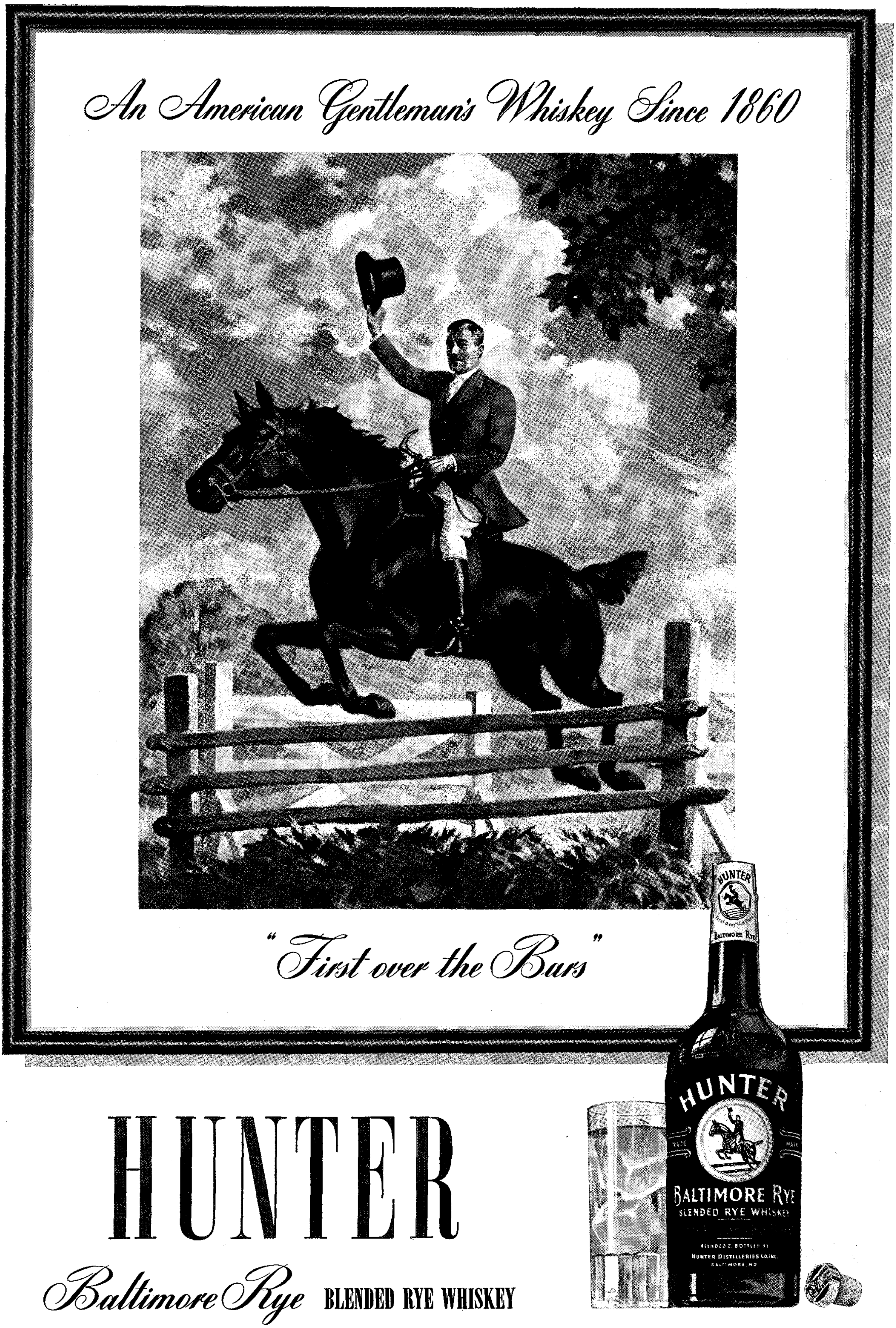
US: We're aware of that. But, you see, we've been making fine whiskies for 77 years. And we sincerely believe that in all that time no whiskey we have ever made or known could match the flavor-rich magnificence of *today's* Four Roses. You'll find it everywhere. Won't you try it?

MAN: I most certainly will.

US: Thank you, sir. And a pleasant evening to you!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies —90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S **FOUR ROSES!**



An American Gentleman's Whiskey Since 1860

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MARK
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BLENDED RYE WHISKEY
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
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HUNTER

Baltimore Rye **BLENDED RYE WHISKEY**

HUNTER DISTILLERIES CO., INC., BALTIMORE, MD. • 86.8 PROOF • 49% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS many, Hitler will risk everything to bring off such a desperate last move. Those who anticipate an invasion weren't particularly encouraged by the peer who recently recommended that pikes be issued to the Home Guard. They were handy things, he said, though he didn't specify how handy they'd be against a tommy gun.

WHATEVER may be going to happen in the spring, it doesn't feel like spring yet. After a recent spell of record wintry weather, the newspapers were allowed to overlook the no-weather-news embargo, with the result that Englishmen who had just finished mopping up and paying plumbers' bills were officially let in on the secret of what unusually low temperatures had unofficially but thoroughly burst their pipes. The only sort of springlike sign which shivering Londoners could discern last week was a little preliminary talk about the budget, which at this time of year begins to throw its long shadow over the unhappy taxpayer. A couple of signs that upper-class pocketbooks are shrinking and will probably have to shrink a good deal more were among the minor news items. One was an announcement by two of the public schools—Haileybury and the Imperial Service College—that they had joined forces, pooled their dwindling lists of boys, and trimmed their fees to suit hard-up parents.

The other sign of the times was the sale of the cellar belonging to the restaurant at the Glyndebourne Opera House in Sussex, where Mr. John Christie, the founder of the Glyndebourne Festival, used to dispense choice Mozart and Moselle to lovers of music and good living. The wines fetched £17,000, and Mr. Christie explained that the sale was by way of outlining the more proletarian program which the Festival planned to offer after the war, when patrons will be "encouraged to order iced beer without any feeling of embarrassment." With things shaping up the way they are, most people feel that it will be a miracle if they're still able to pay for beer.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

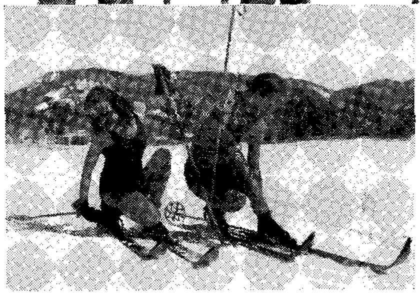
In the current *New Yorker* there's a drawing by Alan Dunn showing a pair of naval officers looking at the code flags of a warship. One of the officers says: "By George, I wish I had said that!"

You can stop worrying. A couple of Navy friends tell us the flags don't spell a thing.—*PM.*

That's what *you* think.

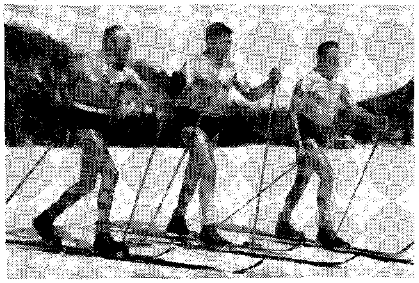
A Welcome to GOOD NEIGHBOUR SKIERS *that's more than Skin Deep!*

COME TO CANADA NOW! Shed your cares and your clothes and get into the sun! Pick up a tan as you enjoy the kind of sugar-snow Canadian Spring skiing gives you.



BRING YOUR SUN GLASSES. Here the sun sparkles on a million snow crystals, the sky overhead is the bluest you ever saw, and fast, firm-packed snow puts wings on your feet.

NO TRAIL-BREAKING TODAY! You travel free and far, through evergreen woods, over rolling open slopes. The gentlest dips are good for a run . . . the big ones for real high-speed slaloming.



JUST FEEL THAT SUN! Hard to believe summer's still months away. In this bright sunshine you'll turn a full shade darker in one week-end, while your pale-face friends turn green . . . with envy.

IT'S GRAND SKI COUNTRY, this Canada, with its thousand miles of trails through glorious ski terrain . . . with its gay resorts complete with tows and instructors and smart, friendly crowds.

THERE'S A SKI TAN DE LUXE FOR YOU IN CANADA RIGHT NOW!

Come and get it . . . it's an easy hop by train, 'plane, bus and even by car to many of Canada's famed ski grounds. You'll find no trouble at all at the border, and just across it waits a whole white world that's yours to explore . . . yours to enjoy. Come along, good neighbour . . . we're expecting you!

Write for interesting Ski Booklet
Address: Dept. T-20
EATON'S OF CANADA
Montreal - Toronto - Winnipeg

Photos courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway

LUNCH ON THE TRAIL, plus a brief sunbath, makes a pleasant interlude on warm spring days. Winter is in a gentler mood and longer days mean precious extra hours of skiing.

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The Nation-wide Organization with Department Stores in the Leading Canadian Cities
WRITE FOR THIS ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET:—
"GOOD NEIGHBOUR SKI TIPS ON CANADA"

SKI TIPS
ON CANADA

Theatre Guild Productions

PAPA IS ALL!
Patterson Greene's Riotous Comedy with
JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS
CARL BENTON REID
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way

★ MARY BOLAND!
★ BOBBY CLARK!
★ WALTER HAMPDEN!
in SHERIDAN'S Greatest Comedy
THE RIVALS
SHUBERT THEATRE, 44th St. W. of B'way

BOTH PLAYS
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

"As deft, malicious and fascinating a comedy as you could hope to see." —Wolcott Gibbs
John C. Wilson presents
Clifton WEBB ★ Peggy WOOD ★ Leonora CORBETT ★ Mildred NATWICK
BLITHE SPIRIT
A Farce By NOEL COWARD
MOROSCO THEA. 45th St., West of B'way • Circle 6-6230
Eves.: 8:40. Mats.: Wed., Sat. & Feb. 23 at 2:40

"A PERFECT COMEDY"—ATKINSON, Times
LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY
EMPIRE Theatre

"Miss George is a joy."—BROWN, World-Telegram
"Mr. Smith is a rare delight."—WATTS, Her. Trib.
GRACE GEORGE and C. AUBREY SMITH in
Spring Again
PLAYHOUSE THEA. 48th St., E. of B'way. BR 9-2628
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs., Sat. & Feb. 23—2:40

EDDIE CANTOR
in the New Musical Comedy
BANJO EYES
HOLLYWOOD Th., B'way & 51st Cl. 7-5545. Eves. 8:30.
Mats. Thurs., Sat. & Feb. 23
Performance Sunday Nights

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
George Gershwin's PORGY AND BESS
MAJESTIC THEA., West 44th St. Cl. 6-0730
EVES. 8:30. MATS. WED., SAT. & FEB. 12

SHEPARD TRAUBE, in association With Alexander H. Cohen, presents
ANGEL STREET
By PATRICK HAMILTON
Vincent PRICE • Judith EVELYN • Leo G. CARROLL
GOLDEN Theatre, W. 45th St. Cl. 6-6740.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Feb. 12 & 23

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S NEW PLAY
WATCH ON THE RHINE
with
LUCILE WATSON • PAUL LUKAS • MADY CHRISTIANS
Definitely closes February 21
MARTIN BECK W. 45. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

OF ALL THINGS

OUR losing streak in the Pacific islands has at least had the good effect of destroying our smug, boastful overconfidence. America's large supply of complacency is now exhausted.

•

A study of the Führer's anniversary talk gives no clue to his next move. A Hitler speech is so full of contradictions that one never knows what part to disbelieve.

•

The Nazis are evidently rushing a lot of soldiers to the Soviet front. Maybe the boys are just being put into cold storage for use in the spring.

•

For the sake of uniformity, all official speeches are to be cleared through the office of Archibald MacLeish. As a result, statesmen may even talk a little less. But that probably is wishful thinking.

•

At the moment, the ceiling situation is mixed. Apparently we are to have a low one on sugar, a high one on wheat, and none at all on the national debt.

•

Our soldiers have coined the phrase "Jeep, the Jap." That is their crude, disrespectful way of referring to Heaven's youngest boy, Hirohito.

•

Kimmel and Short have simultaneously asked for retirement at $6,000 a year. This time, at least, they seem to be working together pretty well.

•

Representatives of New York organizations have had no luck in getting nonwar federal agencies moved here from congested Washington. The Capital might at least send us a nice load of parasites.

•

The Indiana congressman who suggested a ten-o'clock curfew for Washington women workers said nothing about the night life of the men. He forgot that what is sauce for the gander should be sauce for the goose.

•

Those Spokane humorists have dropped their idea of sending a truckload of comic bundles to congressmen. It was feared that the joke was too weak to stand the journey.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

MAX GORDON HITS
"A HONEY OF A SHOW" —Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
SECOND LAUGH YEAR!
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"Buoyant, giddy & funny" —Atkinson, Times
JUNIOR MISS
LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

"A CASCADE OF COLOR, MUSIC AND THEATRICAL DELIGHT!"—Lockridge, Sun
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in the Musical Hit
"LADY IN THE DARK"
ALVIN, 52 St. W. of B'way—Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Mail Orders Promptly Filled

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN
Presents
Solitaire
PLYMOUTH, W. 45 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

ROBERT BENCHLEY says:
"I am still laughing"
TOWN'S NEWEST COMEDY HIT
CAFE CROWN
CORT, 48th St. E. of B'y. BR. 9-0046. No Mon. Perf.
Evs. Incl. SUN. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Sun. 55c-$2.20

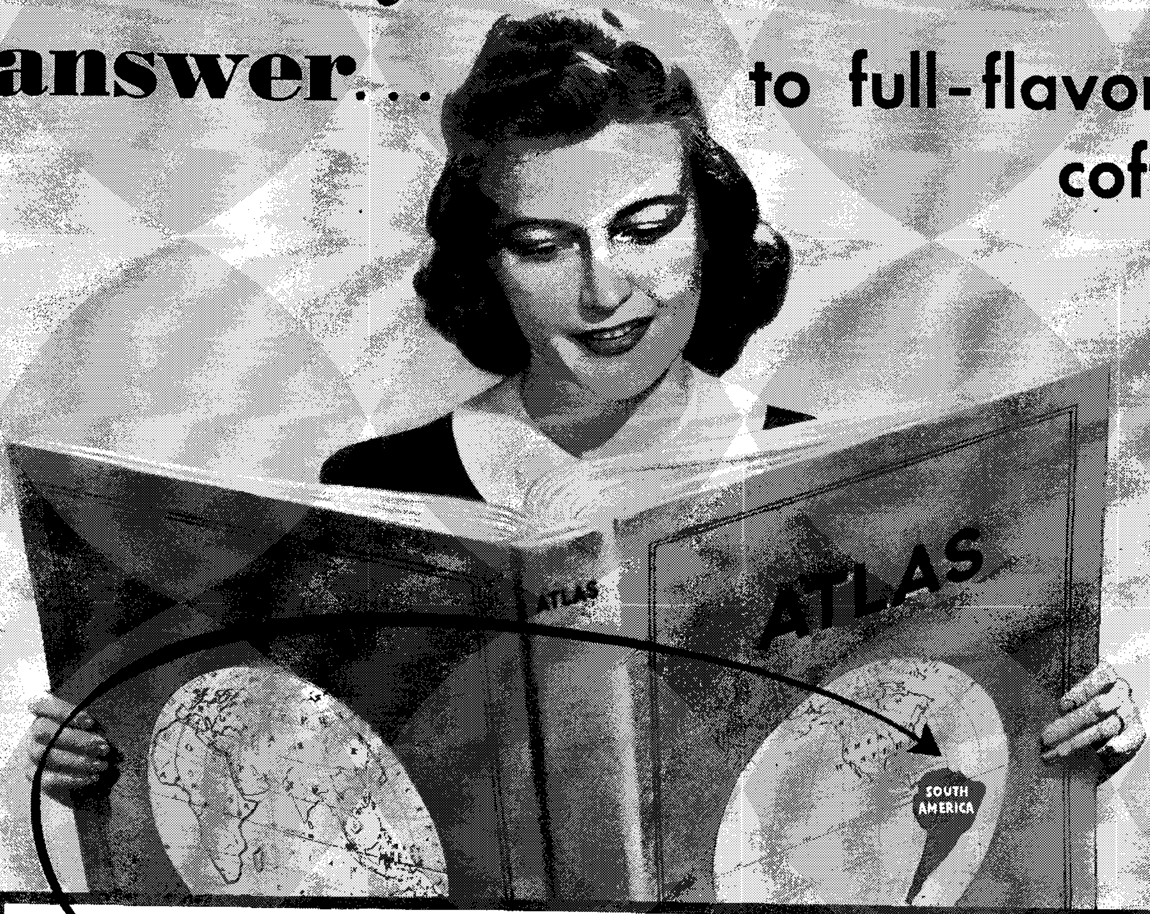
HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Feb. 23

Last Weeks!
Positively closes February 28
MAURICE EVANS and JUDITH ANDERSON
MACBETH
NATIONAL Thea., W. 41 St. PEnn. 6-8220
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Feb. 23

"A honey for your money."—Winchell
GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical hit
BEST FOOT FORWARD
with ROSEMARY LANE
Book by JOHN CECIL HOLM • Music & Lyrics by HUGH MARTIN & RALPH BLANE
BARRYMORE Thea., W. 47 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

OLSEN & JOHNSON
In Their New Crazy Musical
SONS O' FUN
CARMEN MIRANDA • ELLA LOGAN
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Mats. SAT. SUN. & Feb. 23. Mat. & Evg. perfs. SUNDAY

Look in your atlas for the answer... to full-flavored coffee


ATLAS
ATLAS
SOUTH AMERICA

THE MELLOW FLAVOR ZONE

HIGH UP

in South America's Mellow Flavor Zone

Fine coffee flavor is a matter of geography. 3000 miles away, high up on the sunny slopes of the Mellow Flavor Zone, grow the world's finest coffees.

To other choice coffees, Beech-Nut adds a generous extra helping of those precious mountain-grown beans . . . to make a coffee that's really a great experience in flavor. Try Beech-Nut Coffee soon.

It's easier to make fine coffee with Beech-Nut

You can't go wrong with Beech-Nut because of that extra measure of flavor in every cupful.

Get more out of life with COFFEE

DRIP GRIND
Beech-Nut
Coffee
STEEL CUT
FOR COFFEE POTS AND PERCOLATORS
Beech-Nut
Coffee

IN 2 GRINDS:
Drip Grind—Steel Cut
VACUUM-PACKED

Beech-Nut COFFEE

The fine-flavored coffee . . . at the moderate price

SPORTS Calendar

FEB. 15 TO 22

SUN. 15
HOCKEY
RANGERS vs. AMERICANS
Afternoon-Amateur Hockey

MON. 16
BASKETBALL
L.I.U. vs. SETON HALL
BKLYN.COL. vs. WESTMINSTER

TUES. 17
HOCKEY
RANGERS vs. CANADIENS

WED. 18
BASKETBALL
FORDHAM vs. CITY COLLEGE
ST. JOHNS vs. TEMPLE

THURS. 19
HOCKEY
AMERICANS vs. BOSTON

FRI. 20
BOXING
RAY ROBINSON vs. MAX BERGER

SAT. 21
N.Y.A.C.
TRACK MEET

SUN. 22
HOCKEY
RANGERS vs. CHICAGO
Afternoon-Amateur Hockey

Ticket reservations for Garden events may be obtained at Western Union offices in the Metropolitan area at box-office prices.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN

MOTION PICTURES

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
Spencer TRACY Katharine HEPBURN
"WOMAN OF THE YEAR"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
GALA STAGE REVUE ● SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved Circle 6-4600

ROBERT LANA
Taylor 'N Turner
"JOHNNY EAGER"
M-G-M Hit!
Capitol
B'way & 51st Street

SERVICE MEN
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BROADWAY STAGE PLAYS AND FIRST RUN MOTION PICTURES
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You have a secret passion for home-cooked American dishes—for charcoal-broiled steaks and chops, come today to
Luncheon 45¢ to 75¢
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THE HOOP

When the little boy came by, Truda was sitting on her usual bench, with only an iron seat partition separating her from the tight row of American nursemaids. Not having much to do, because her Jackie always slept placidly most of the morning, she had watched innumerable older children playing. This little boy, Truda saw immediately, was dressed all wrong, not like an American little boy at all. Voluminous knickers flowed out from his thin calves, and he had high suède shoes on, a stiff shirt with a four-in-hand, and an overcoat styled like a man's. But his hair was the worst. It was cut off in a straight line just below his ears. On his head, tilted to one side, was a large, floppy beret.

"The *Mutter* should not let him so," Truda thought. "Though I know how it is." She shook her head compassionately. "They have not been long in the country and the cloth is yet good, but they should not let him so."

Truda herself took tremendous pains to look exactly like the American nursemaids. Her madam had supplied the white uniforms and paid for the buckskin oxfords, but it was Truda who bought a camel's-hair sports coat. Also, no matter how sleepy she was at night, she did up her neat back curls in trick devices which she bought in Woolworth's. Correctly dressed, she always wheeled her ten-month-old charge to this bench, hoping stubbornly that the Americans would one day include her in their conversation. "To improve the English," she told herself. But what Truda wanted from them, what Truda wanted from everyone nowadays, was approval. They were so generous with it among themselves.

"You're perfectly right," they kept assuring each other. "That's just what I would have told my madam."

She sighed with pity as she watched the little boy, because he was different.

He was rolling a colored hoop down the cement path, starting it off expertly and keeping it going with a thin wooden wand. He was enjoying himself. And so polite! When his hoop inconvenienced anyone, he bowed and said, "Excuse, please." Truda had known many little boys like that in Hamburg.

Then she saw the gang of American kids come climbing over the crest of a rocky hill near the playground. The first to come was taller than the rest and wore a navy-blue lumberjacket with a camp monogram. He spied the boy with the hoop. "Looka! Detlef!" he shouted and, waving to the others to follow, plunged down over the grass. "Hey, Detlef!" he called. "Hey, c'mon here!"

The German boy, with a timid side glance at the "Keep Off the Grass" sign, lifted his hoop with his wand and stepped over the low railing. "Do you like to roll my hoop, Ritchie?" he asked ingratiatingly.

Ritchie pushed it away. "Only girls roll hoops," he said. "Don't you know it? We're gonna wrestle. You wanna wrestle me, Detlef?"

The German boy shook his head, but Ritchie ignored that. "I already put down all the other kids, so you come next. Here, Martin, hold my watch."

A boy with silver-rimmed glasses stepped forward obediently, stretching out his grimy hand for the watch. The rest formed a loose ring around Ritchie and the German boy, who had not moved.

"Come on," Ritchie said impatiently. He pulled down the zipper on his lumberjacket. "Get your coat off. You can't wrestle with your coat on. I'll give you ten." He lifted the German boy's beret off his head and handed it to the waiting Martin. "Count ten, Martin," he commanded.

Martin started solemnly, "One . . . two . . . three . . ."

The German boy's hand fluttered. "I do not like to wrestle," he said timidly.

"Aw, he doesen like anything," Ritchie said.

"That's right," agreed a small, fat boy. "Detlef doesen like anything. He doesen like football or swimming or anything. Say"—he winked at the others—"say, Detlef, I'll bet you don't like the United States."

The German boy did not answer.

"See?" the fat one said, throwing up his pudgy hands in an absurdly mature gesture. "I'll bet he doesen like Roosevelt, even. I'll bet he likes Hitler better than Roosevelt."

Detlef shook his head violently. Ritchie stepped closer to him and took hold of his coat sleeve. "O.K., O.K., so you don't like Hitler. But you like Germans, I'll bet!"

The fat boy giggled. "He's gotta like Germans. His mom's a German, his pop's a German. He's gotta like Germans."

Ritchie considered that for a moment. "Excepting them. I mean German Germans. Do you like German Germans?" He thrust out his jaw.

Detlef tugged at his sleeve grimly, as if freeing his coat from Ritchie's grasp was all that mattered.

"C'mon, answer!" Ritchie said.

When Detlef found he was unable to pull himself loose, he burst into tears. "I do!" he screamed. "I do like Germans. There are some Germans good as Americans. There are some Germans better than Americans!"

Ritchie whistled, a thin, piercing sound. "That's a lie," he said. "I'm gonna kill you for that lie!"

Truda drew her breath in sharply. "*Komm' hier, Kleiner!*" she called out. "*Setzt Dich hier zu mir.*"

The German boy gazed wildly around. Truda pointed to the empty seat on her left. Gasping, his face convulsed, he broke loose with one tremendous lunge and ran to her. Truda could feel him trembling as he tumbled into the vacant seat. Without thinking, she turned to the American nursemaids. "The poor *Kleiner*," she said, patting the child's shoulder. "The poor *Junge!*"

The girl nearest Truda leaned forward. "Don't let him get away with that," she said. "He deserves all that's coming to him!"

The nursemaid sitting next to her jerked her head toward the American boys, who were standing just beyond the low railing. "They should give him a lesson he won't forget!"

"*Bitte!*" stammered Truda. "*Bitte!*" She looked at their faces, hard and ugly under their white caps.

One of the nursemaids formed a word with her lips. "Ger-man," she said soundlessly to the others.

Truda's heart knocked in her breast. She stared stupidly at the cold faces. Fear was all around her again. She breathed it in as she had breathed it those last years in Hamburg. As she jumped from her seat, she could feel the little German boy's bony hand restraining her. She held her wristwatch in front of her eyes. "Almost twelf," she announced in a loud, false voice. "It iss almost twelf. Time for the *Bub* to haf his lunch. Yes. *Also.*" With a jerk Truda released the brake on the baby's carriage and moved off.

She kept her eyes away from the little German boy, but she knew that the circle of boys, held at bay by her presence, was closing in on him. She pushed at the carriage frantically, shoving it up the hill.

When she did turn to look, she could not see the little German boy at all, only the backs of the others, but she saw the hoop. Someone inside the circle gave it a vicious push and it rolled out into the cement path a way and clattered to the ground. It rocked drunkenly from side to side, and then it was still.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

DUE CREDIT TO HULL

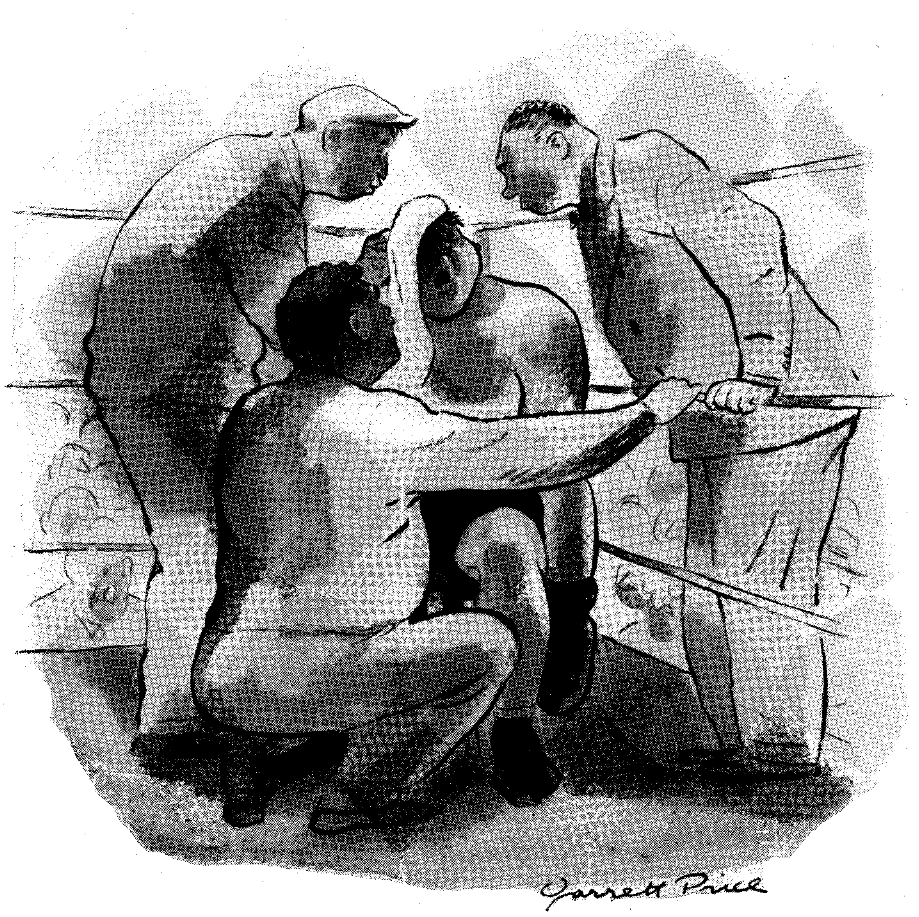
KINGSTON UPON HULL, generally known just as Hull, is an east Yorkshire city about as big as Providence, Rhode Island. Like most cities of that size, Hull has great civic pride, which has been increased by the circumstance that it firmly believes it has had more bombing than any other place in England. Describing bomb damage is nowadays a great outlet for municipal enthusiasm in Britain. Towns want it to be known that they have suffered as much as their neighbors in the common cause, and their inhabitants enjoy reviewing past crises much as convalescents enjoy discussing their operations. It is incautious to arrive in a medium-sized city, the centre of which seems unscarred by bombs, and say to your hosts cheerfully, "Why, this town is practically as good as new." They will look at you with icy eyes and say, "You haven't had time really to see what's what. There is a place a hundred yards square in back of the jam factory that we have been told is quite as bad as anything in Plymouth." When you get to Hull you are not likely to be guilty of any such *gaffe*; one look out of the train window and not even the president of the Coventry Rotary Club would deny that Hull has had a bit of a do.

This state of affairs, however, does not nearly satisfy the loyal citizens of Hull. They want fair recognition from the outside world. All through the past summer and fall, while the rest of England was learning to take quiet nights as a matter of course again, Hull had intermittent air raids. After each of these, London papers would announce, under a small heading, "Enemy raiders were again reported over a northeastern port last night," generally adding, "Bombs were dropped. There were some casualties." It was a little convention of the censors which almost all newspaper readers understood. A contractor named Robert G. Tarran, who is sheriff and chief air-raid warden of Hull and the city's most articulate civic booster, used to fly into a rage whenever such a report was printed. "It is bad enough to be bombed," Mr. Tarran would write to the authorities in London, "and anybody who says he likes it is a liar. But we ought at least to get credit for it." I did not learn about this grievance of Mr. Tarran's until I went up to Hull, but I had heard about the repeated German raids over the city.

Hull is situated near the mouth of the Humber in what is called a protected area, which means that an alien cannot go there without a permit. As an American journalist, I got a permit through the good graces of the Ministry of Information, which notified its local representative of my coming. The Ministry of Information man in Hull, a Mr. Peddie, was waiting at the reception desk of the Royal Station Hotel when I registered there, and he had a municipal councillor and an A.R.P. deputy controller with him. "At least they haven't hit the hotel," I said, without intending any reproach, after we had introduced ourselves. "Aye, but did you note the great department store across from the station when you came from the train?" Peddie asked defensively. He sounded like a Californian who hears a complaint about the weather in his state. "A complete ruin, that is. And a stock that must have been worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Perhaps you'd like to have a look at it before we take you for a drive about in a motorcar." I said, naturally, that I would like a look, and so I checked my bag and walked across the station plaza with Peddie and the others to the shell of what, for a provincial city, had evidently been a very large store. "It happened at night," Peddie said, "so there were no casualties—the fire watchers got out all right. But it was very inconvenient. You see, every large draper's shop in the city had been blitzed, and a great many families had lost their houses, too, and all the clothing in them. Well, when this store went the ladies had no place to go to buy new clothes. To hear them, you would have thought it was worse than if they had been killed."

"Aye," said the Councillor, "it hurts everyone in a different spot. I remember meeting a chap I know named Harrison, and 'Oh,' he says, 'did you hear? The Grapes is gone, and the Mitre, and the Marquis, and the Farmer's Glory, and the Spread Eagle, and the Shakespeare's Head'—all pubs, you know. 'Oh, the good beer,' he says, 'the crying, wasteful shame of it.' "

"It didn't put the shops out for long, though," Peddie assured me. "The government paid them out for what they'd lost and allowed them to restock. This big firm here is in operation again



"Look, fellows, will you please just let me forget him between rounds?"

Guy Kibbee gives 4-star rating to RHEINGOLD the DRY beer!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HESSE

1. "**Working in movie studios** under the lights all day," says Guy Kibbee, famous Hollywood character actor, "creates a terrific craving for something refreshing.

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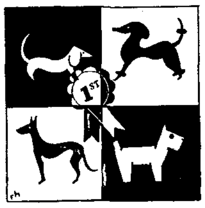
around the corner. They've taken a whole street of small shops and set up in them." I said I would like to see that, and we walked to a side street which ran behind the wrecked building. Each department of the firm was housed in a separate shop; instead of a single store there was now a whole shopping district. Only two of the old tenants in the long row of individual shops had stayed on. One ran a pub, which snuggled between children's overcoats and the knit-goods department, the other was a fishmonger, appropriately sandwiched between perfumery and delicatessen. Women shoppers were fighting their way in and out of the narrow doorways, which became relatively narrower as the customers accumulated packages. Bombing does not seem to dull a woman's appetite for bargains.



"I'll wager you haven't seen anything like that in London," the Councillor said, and, when I admitted I hadn't, everybody smiled.

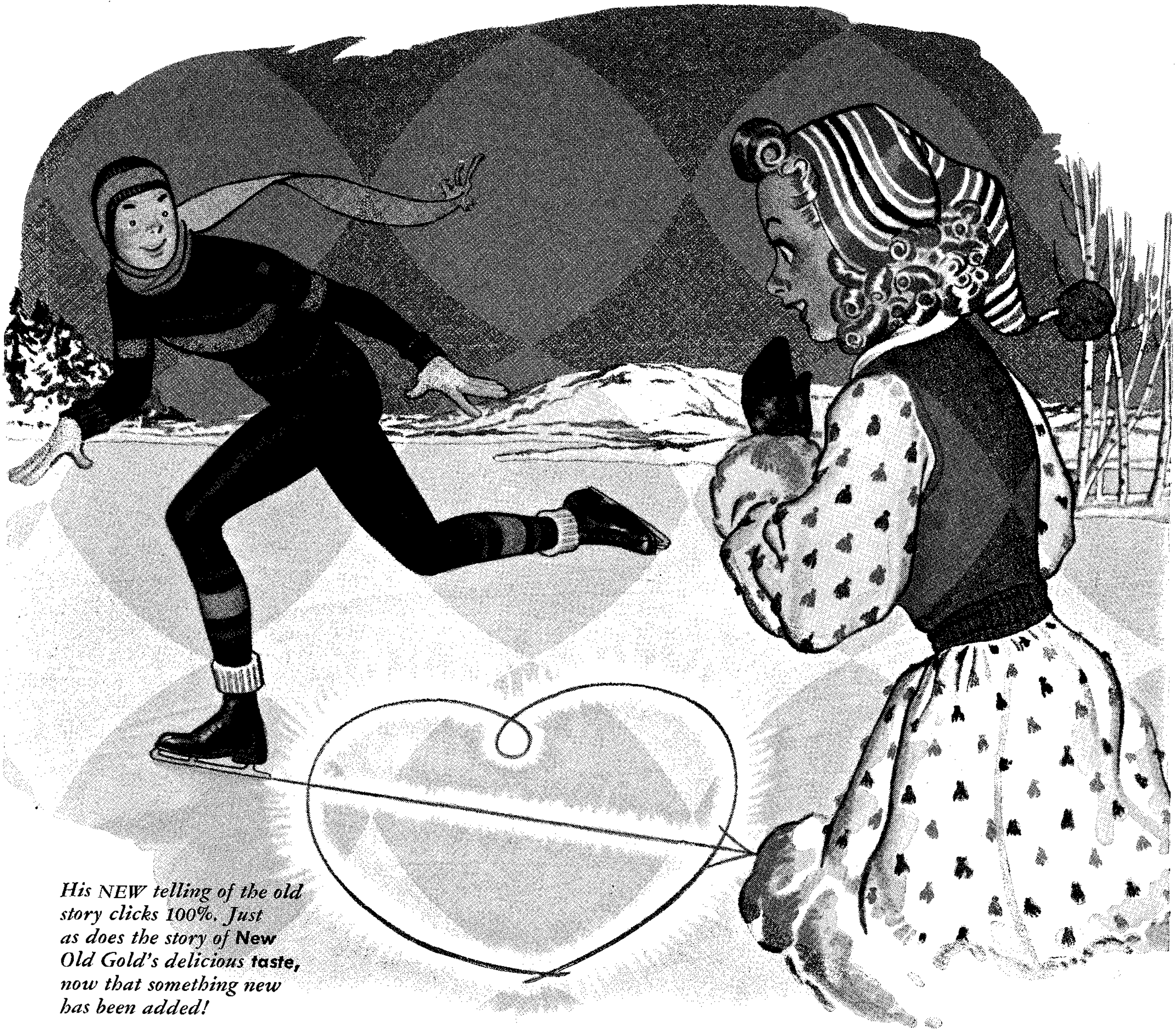
"I can't understand why the hotel hasn't been hit yet," Peddie said, musingly. "Maybe they'll hit it tonight."

The Controller interrupted Peddie's reverie. "Now," he said, "we'll just run you around in the motor and give you a general idea of the damage." We walked back to where they had left their automobile in front of the hotel. I got in the rear seat with Peddie, the Controller drove, and the Councillor, who wore a bowler hat and a chesterfield, just like a municipal statesman at home, sat in front of me and waved his arm at points of interest. "If you could publish the number of buildings we've had hit," he said solemnly, "it would put Coventry's eye out."

The number of buildings, which I knew he was right in assuming the censor wouldn't pass, was impressive, but the number of people killed in Hull since the beginning of the raids is, as is true all over Britain, amazingly small compared to the property damage. Naturally, many of the bombed buildings that normally would have had people sleeping in them were empty at the time they were hit, because the occupants had moved to shelters. Others were business structures, mostly empty at night. The number of casualties was also limited by the circumstance that working-class houses in Hull are small affairs of one or two stories. Even when an occupied house is hit, my guides reminded me, the possible number of casualties is slight compared to what it is in the boxlike four-story tenements of Glasgow, or, as I reflected, to what it would be in a six-story old-law Manhattan walkup. Hull is a horizontal rather than vertical town.

IT was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and I said I would like to see some of the boys on the local paper. Since the war started I had often wondered what it would be like to work for years as a reporter in some quiet town, grousing time and again that "nothing ever happens in this burg," and then suddenly to have the biggest stories in the world start popping all around: local characters killed by bombs or making heroic rescues, enemy planes crashing in the back yards of prominent citizens, fire and slaughter in familiar buildings everywhere. The entrance to the editorial rooms of the *Daily Mail*, the Hull paper, reminded me so much of the setup of a newspaper on which I once worked in New England that I half expected to recognize the elevator man. "What is the circulation of this paper?" I asked Peddie, who accompanied me into the building, and when he said "Eighty-seven thousand," I answered absently, "Ours was eighty-eight thousand." Peddie looked startled.

Mr. Robinson, the *Mail's* editor, a lanky man with a mop of dry hair, had a pinched appearance, reminiscent of New England too. I said I was curious as to how a newspaper covers a continuous blitz on its own town, and Robinson replied that it was a difficult problem but he'd be glad to try to explain. The worst feature of blitzes, from the point of view of an editor in a bombed town, he said, is that nothing specific may be printed about them. Even though half a dozen of the city's best-known buildings may have been knocked down and all the citizens may be gaping at the wreckage, the newspapers are not permitted to identify the structures, since doing so might acquaint the enemy with the effectiveness of his bombing. Newspapers are not even allowed to publish the names and addresses of casualties. Lists of these are posted inside the doors of police stations as soon as compiled, and the townspeople go there to read them. Newspapers can prepare a vivid but indefinite account of a blitz, but this must be passed by the censorship office in London before it is published; it is generally read to a censor over the telephone. Sometimes the censor "embargoes" the news of a raid, and then for the time being nobody is allowed to publish anything about it at all.



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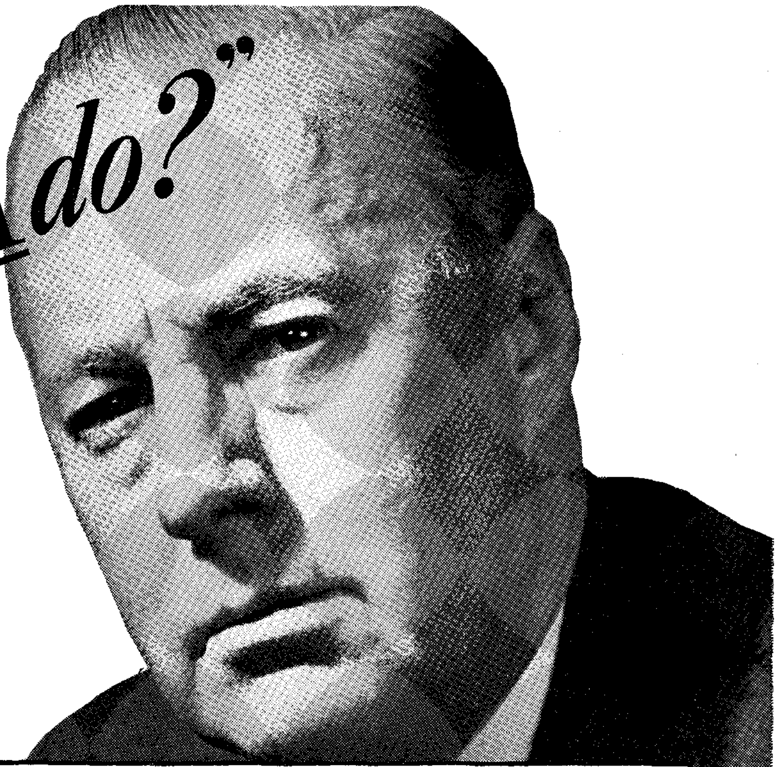
"What can I do?"



"LIKE millions of other Americans, I've asked myself one question repeatedly ever since these fateful words popped out of my radio:

"'Japanese planes have bombed Hawaii!'

"Daily, nightly, I've turned this question over and over in my mind—with the reading of every news bulletin on the air and the appearance of every epic headline.

"What can I do—here at home?

"What can I do — while Americans are fighting and dying in the far reaches of the Pacific for freedom and for me?"

"What can I do?

"I've looked in my shaving mirror for an answer—and found none.

"I've seen only the perplexed face of a middle-aged man—a man too old to bear arms.

"I've glanced at my hands, too, a thousand times, only to learn a brutal truth.

"They are soft and white—strangers to the production line where only skilled hands are wanted now."

"What can I do?

"Only last night I found the answer as my eyes fell on my wife's knitting bag and my ears caught the click of her knitting needles.

"I could give to the Red Cross. I could answer its urgent call for funds, now so sorely needed.

"I could give to the limit of my means to aid and comfort those who are giving so much more.

"Yes—I could do something. Not much—but something.

"And I have—today."

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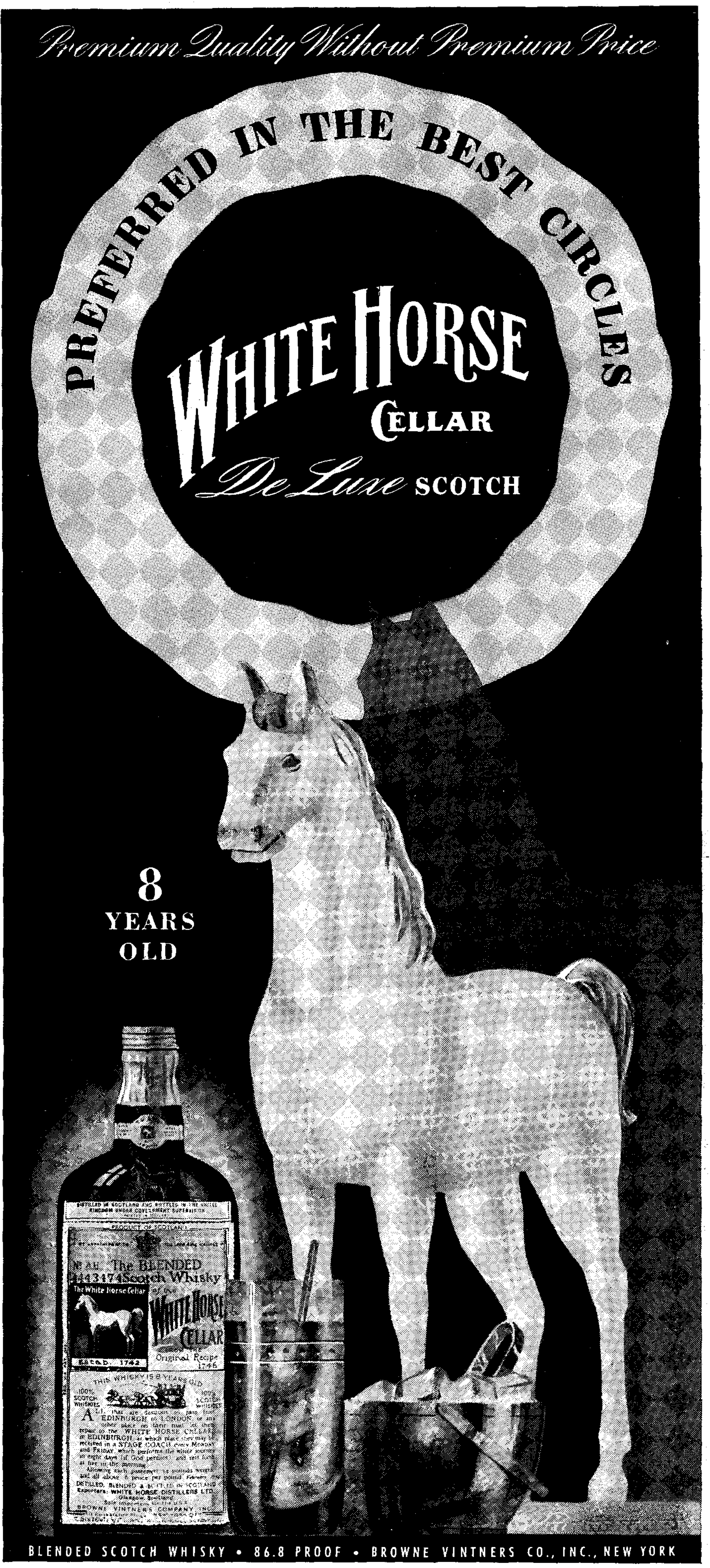
The *Mail* is part of a chain, I was told, and arrangements have been made to print it in some other plant of the same ownership, at Leeds or Manchester or Grimsby, if it is bombed out in Hull. So far, Robinson said, it hadn't had a serious hit. Peddie looked a trifle embarrassed at that.

WE left Robinson, who I could see had a lot of work to do, and went down to the street to rejoin the others. The Councillor was just suggesting that I might like to visit some more ruins when we heard a long wail, less strident than that of a New York police-car siren and not so dramatic as the *alertes* I remembered in Paris. It was polite but insistent. All three of my hosts seemed pleased, as if the sound justified the reputation of Hull as the air-raid metropolis of England. "This would be a fine chance to go over to the control centre," the Controller said. "We'll show you just how the Civil Defense machinery works during a raid. We have plenty of time, as that's only the first alarm. People in the factories go right on working until they get a second alarm, which we call the industrial. I'll drive around slowly for a few minutes so you can observe the reaction of the populace. You will please notice how Jerry has got our wind up." This last remark was Yorkshire irony, which has the same gossamer quality as Yorkshire pudding.

We drove to the control station through a number of streets with wonderful names; one, I recall, was Land of Green Ginger. Nobody seemed to have paid the slightest attention to the siren. The bicyclists, of whom there are more, proportionately, in Hull than in any other British city, because the terrain is so flat, continued to glide along at practically nothing an hour. People standing in queues at bus stations continued to read their newspapers while they waited for their conveyances. "Buses to the suburbs run right through the blitz," the Councillor said. "Those women bus conductors are wonderful." When we arrived at the control station, which had served as some sort of municipal building before the war, the Controller led us inside and down a long corridor to a room which is the brain centre of the city during attacks. One of his assistants was in charge. It was an unexciting sort of place, with several large maps on the walls, among them one showing Hull, the Humber, the North Sea, and the rest of eastern England. The Controller glanced at it hopefully; if there were planes around, he said,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GOURIELLI

markers on this map would show us their position. There were no markers to be seen. He looked let-down as, turning to the man in charge, he asked in a vexed tone, "Where did they go?" The assistant, who didn't know how disappointed his superior would be, said happily, "They skedaddled. There were only a couple of them, and they crossed the coast here." He put his finger on a point about twenty-five miles north of Hull. "They just turned around and went back without dropping any bombs. Probably just a training flight. There goes the all-clear now." We could hear the wobbling voice of a siren as the assistant went to write something in a ledger that lay open on a desk. "I always record the time of the first alert and of the all-clear, even when they don't drop anything," he told me.

"How many alerts does that make altogether, George?" Peddie asked, and the assistant mentioned a figure well up in the hundreds.

"Hull is the nearest English port to Germany," the Controller said. "We're straight across the North Sea from it, about three hundred miles apart. And the Humber, which is three miles across at its mouth, makes a good signpost, except on the darkest nights. So their young pilots learn navigation by bombing Hull. And after all, it's one of the great ports of England, and the Germans know that even if they just chuck out a few bombs at random from a great height, they may hit something interesting. I think that's why we get all these little raids. We got it even in the last war, being where we are, only then it was mostly Zeppelins. So we're used to raids." Motioning toward the map again, he said, "The sound of enemy planes is picked up by our observers and their positions are relayed to anti-aircraft headquarters here, which passes the information on to us. Of course, we don't send out an alert unless the planes seem to be definitely headed for Hull. By moving markers on this map, we keep track of the position of each plane, or each group of them, until they get here and pass over or turn back. The markers have different denominations, depending upon their color, like poker chips—one plane, five planes, ten planes, and so on."

Next the Controller led me over to a large-scale map of Hull that was almost covered by pins with heads of various colors. At the bottom was a neatly printed explanation of what the colors stood for—incendiary bombs, oil bombs, parachute bombs, high-explosive bombs, and a few others. "The idea at first was to

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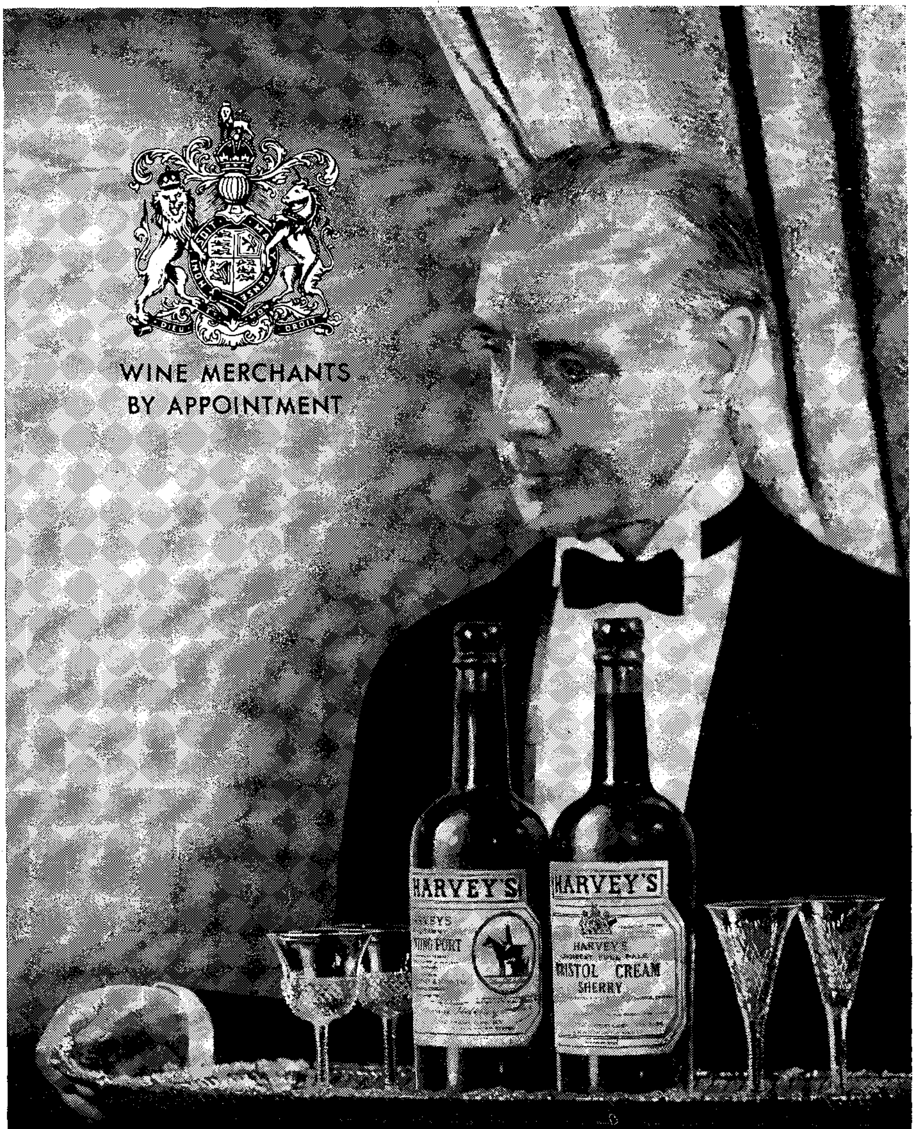
mark every site of bomb damage," he said, "but along about last March we found that there were places where we had no room to stick in another pin and, besides, the supply of pins was getting to be a problem, so we gave it up. That was before the really heavy raids on Hull began. Some of the heaviest we had came in late July, while London was enjoying that lull we read so much about in their papers."

Another large-scale map showed every block in the city, with all its Civil Defense arrangements. On it the city was divided into about thirty districts, each with a warden's post, and the districts grouped in four areas, each with a central office known as a report centre. I was told that when a bomb drops, the warden in whose district it falls telephones the details to his report centre. A standard form is used for taking down these details; it calls for information under such headings as "Position of occurrence," "Type of bombs," "Casualties (approx. number, whether any trapped under wreckage)," "Fire (if reported, write word 'Fire')," "Damage to mains (water, coal gas, overhead electric cables, sewers)," "Names of any roads blocked," "Position of any unexploded bombs," "Time of occurrence (approx.)," and "Services already on the spot or coming." On the basis of this information, the officer in charge of the report centre notifies whatever services seem needed—rescue, stretcher, fire, and so on—picking the squads nearest where the bomb fell. "When there are so many incidents that the services inside a report centre's area can't handle them," said the Controller, "the officer calls on the control centre—that's here—and we shift services from quiet districts to the places where they're needed. It's like the G.H.Q. of an army during a battle. Sometimes, in very heavy raids, our telephone communications are damaged. Then we use small boys on bicycles as messengers. We've had kids of fourteen riding through the barrage all night."

IT was dark by now, and Peddie suggested that I might like to visit some shelters. Shelters, it turned out, were the Councillor's specialty, just as air-raid precautions were the Controller's. "I'll take you out to a group of shelters where we are sleeping twelve hundred people every night," the Councillor said, when we were back in the car. "You mustn't think that bombing has no effect on morale. People react wonderfully during a blitz; they've plenty of



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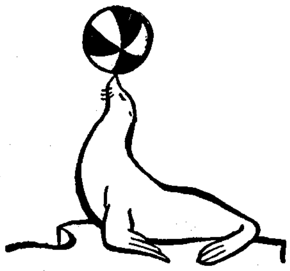

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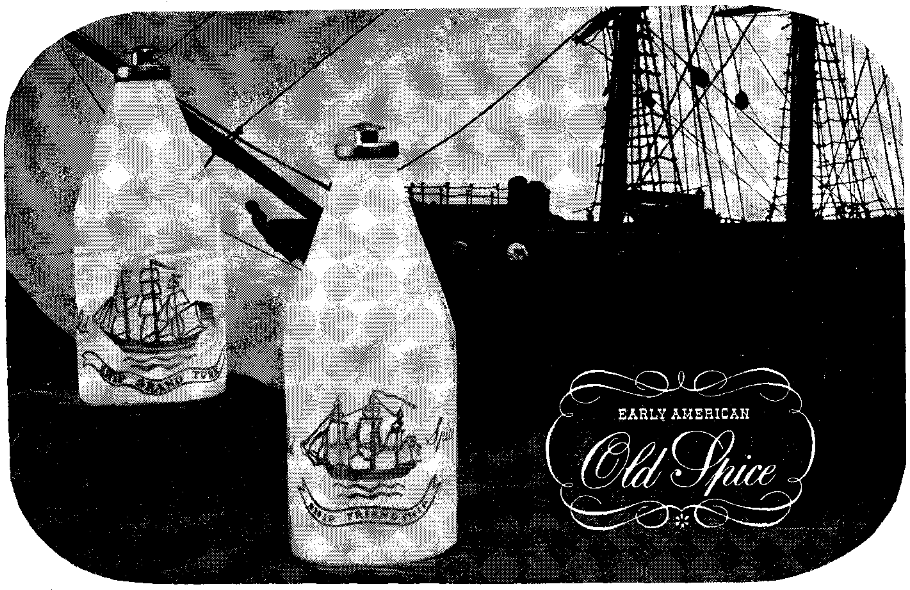
A Luxurious After Shaving Lotion



It's a real pleasure to use Old Spice After-Shaving Lotion! You will revel in its tingling freshness . . . . its clean, tangy scent. This soothing bracer tops off your daily shave with a sense of luxurious comfort and flawless grooming.

The handsome, sprinkler-top pottery containers are decorated with authentic reproductions of historic early American trading ships.

Old Spice After-Shaving Lotion, Shave Soap (in pottery mug), Shave Cream, Talcum, Bath Soap, and Cologne may be purchased individually. Also, attractive combination gift sets . . . $1.75 to $5.00.

After-Shaving Lotion — 4 oz., $1.00 8 oz., $1.75

A SHULTON ORIGINAL

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, Inc. • 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

pluck then. The trouble comes later, when they haven't got a roof over their heads and when for nights on end they can't get a decent night's sleep. A chap can't put in a real day's work at the docks if he's been trying to sleep in a half-blitzed house with shrapnel falling around him and maybe his old lady or his mother a bit on the windy side—there's usually one nervous one in a large family—and wondering whether it was a sin not to have sent the kids into a safe area. At least where we're going everyone has a clean bunk to sleep in and before long we'll have a heating appliance in each shelter and some shower baths in a school nearby that they can all use. We've got several places of this type going, and we'll soon have more." When a family starts coming to a shelter colony every night, the Councillor said, it is assigned to some particular shelter. Each shelter has a kind of house committee made up of women who see that it is kept clean; the men share the odd jobs. There is thus no need of a permanent staff.

We drove for a while in the darkness and then turned down a side road, bumped briefly along it, and stopped. A man carrying a flashlight, which he kept trained on the ground, came up to the car. The Councillor introduced him as the superintendent of the shelter colony. Behind the superintendent I could make out the silhouettes of some of those permanent surface shelters you find these days in any city in England—rectangular, narrow structures, about eight feet high, with flat roofs. They are always built of yellow brick and look rather like the New York comfort stations of the unimaginative pre-Mosaic era. My companions led me inside one. There were two tiers of bunks along each wall, with wooden frames painted bright red, which gave the place a touch of kindergarten gaiety, but otherwise it was as bare as you might anticipate from its exterior. There were a number of people already in the bunks and others preparing to go to bed. I have been in shelters on several occasions and I have always felt like an intruder. The English working people are incredibly patient about this; if I had been bombed out of my house and someone woke me up in a shelter to ask me how I was getting on, I am afraid I should try hard to punch him in the eye, but not these English. The Councillor, announcing me as a gentleman from America, asked a woman with a cold in the nose how she liked her new billet. "It's champion," she said, without conviction. "Better than sleeping on the floor, eh?" the Councillor insisted. The woman said, "Yes." That sounded reasonable.

Peddie said, "The mobile canteen should be here by now, shouldn't it, Councillor?" The Councillor said he thought it should, so we went out to look. Canteens, each of which carries enough hot soup and tea and bread to feed several hundred people, visit all the clusters of shelters every evening, in addition to feeding people in bombed areas immediately after a blitz, which is their primary function. The municipality furnishes the food at nominal cost—a penny for tea and twopence for soup with bread—and the Y.W.C.A. provides attendants. My companions were right; a canteen had arrived, as we discovered by the faint glow of its shielded lights. It was built on a Chevrolet chassis, which its driver, a city employee, called "a swell crate." "Having a left-hand drive makes me feel like a real he-man," he said in a matter-of-fact way, as if a left-hand drive were all it took to make a man feel up to churning around through the Hull blitzes for three quid a week. He said that his machine had been donated by a Chevrolet dealer in Oneonta, New York—a fact written in chalk under the hood. The surrounding darkness must have been full of children, for they swarmed around the faintly illuminated serving end of the canteen like May bugs pressing to a light. It was not cold; there was a clinging, steamy mist, the sort they call in Hull a sea roke. One boy, with a penny in his hand, wanted soup and was told by the Y.W.C.A. woman that soup cost twopence. "That's not right," the Councillor said. "They should sell a half-portion of soup for a penny. I'll take it up with the Council." The driver didn't say anything but slapped down another penny on the counter, and the boy got the soup.

We returned to the car and drove back toward the centre of town. Before we had gone a quarter of a mile the sirens began blowing again. The Controller drove with his usual unconcern. It was eight o'clock by now and I was quite hungry, but my hosts insisted we stop off at a pub on our way to the hotel. "The finest sight in Hull is the froth on a glass of beer," Peddie remarked. We stopped unerringly in front of a pub, even though it showed not even a glimmer of light, and went in and ordered four pale ales. The pub was a large, bare place with a few chairs and a cheap wooden counter and none of the pseudo-Tudor woodwork and pseudo-pewter ornamental mugs that English brewers give most retail establishments;

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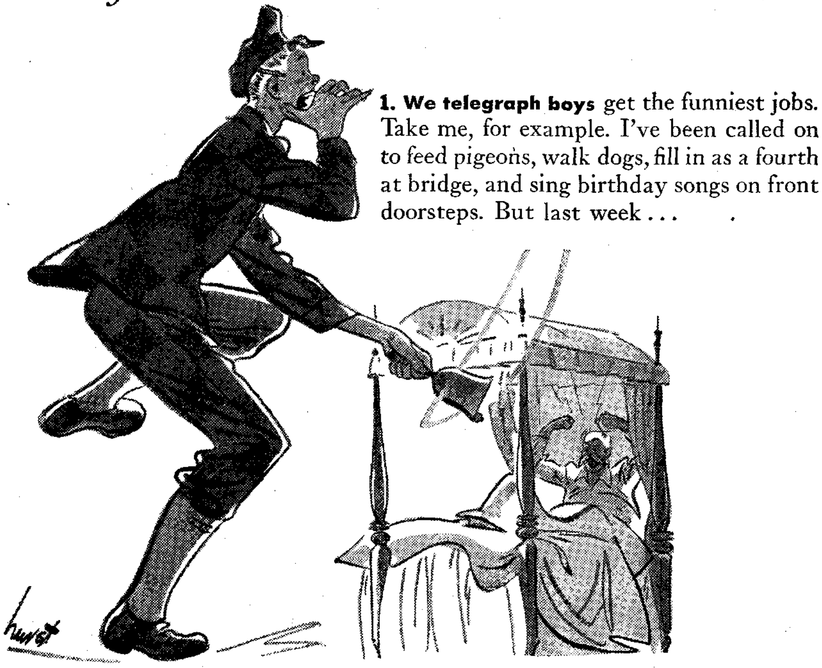
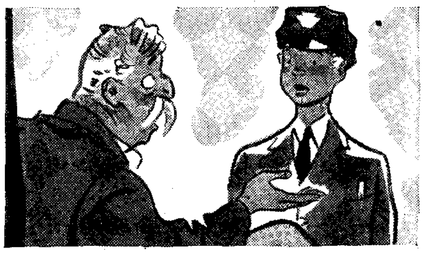
"*Have you ever been an alarm clock?*"

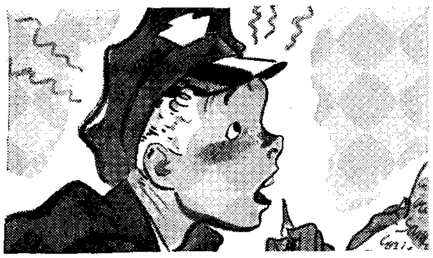


1. We telegraph boys get the funniest jobs. Take me, for example. I've been called on to feed pigeons, walk dogs, fill in as a fourth at bridge, and sing birthday songs on front doorsteps. But last week . . .

2. I got the freakiest job. I'm a human alarm clock! Every morning, I go to this rich guy's apartment and yell: "It's bright and early, sir, get up!" Until he comes out and throws something at me!

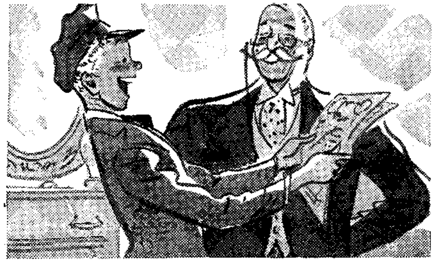


3. Finally, I asked him why. He explained he loves coffee, but the caffein in it keeps him awake. He *won't* give up coffee, so he spends most of the night counting sheep. Then someone has to get him up.



4. "That's awful!" I muttered. But next morning, I sent him a day letter. It read: "Try Sanka Coffee . . . it's 97% caffein-free, can't keep you awake! Drink it every meal. I know you'll like it, because . . .

5. "The caffein is removed from Sanka Coffee so carefully that none of its rich flavor and satisfying goodness is disturbed. Sanka Coffee is *all* coffee . . . *good* coffee . . . nothing but coffee!"



6. And look what I got now . . . for being coffee-smart! A share in the Government! Defense Savings Bonds . . . *two* of 'em, because Mr. Rich Guy says Sanka Coffee is *twice* as swell as I claimed!

REGULAR GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE
DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Make Sanka Coffee *strong*. Use a *heaping* tablespoon per cup. If percolator is used, "perk" Sanka Coffee a little longer.

TUNE IN . . . . . . two great radio shows are now on the air for Sanka Coffee: *Tuesday night:* **"We, the People"** ● *Sunday afternoon:* News by **William L. Shirer,** the famous author of "Berlin Diary." See your local newspaper for times and stations.

it looked like a converted store, which Peddie said it was. The original premises had been fifty feet down the street and, owing to enemy action, they no longer existed. Two soldiers were playing a game of darts at a board over which was a sign reading "Game Postponed at Gunfire." The barmaid, a substantial middle-aged woman in a black woollen dress, knew my guides and asked them if they had read the latest snub to Hull by the London press.

At that moment all the anti-aircraft artillery in eastern Yorkshire opened up simultaneously, or so it sounded. The two soldiers went on with their darts game, heedless of the sign. The barmaid, who was mopping the counter, looked worried and glanced at a shelf on which a number of glasses were jigging up and down. "I know they won't fall off," she said. "The shelf is quite wide enough, but sometimes a glass cracks with the vibration. Down in the old place I lost two that way in one night last winter. And you know how hard they are to buy nowadays." The Councillor finished his ale and said, "Well, we may as well stay until it blows over. Have another. Funny, but every time I go out without my tin hat we get shrapnel." We had another round of drinks and the firing died away. Mr. Peddie winked. "Brief but sharp," he said. Ten minutes later the all-clear sounded.

THE next evening, back in London, I was looking through a newspaper and happened to notice a short communique from the Ministry of Home Security. "There were a few raiders over a northeastern port last night," it read. "Bombs were dropped and there were some casualties."

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

Tyrone Power, who up until yesterday was scheduled for the starring role in the re-make of "Down to the Sea in Ships," has withdrawn from the cast, Twentieth Century-Fox announced today. His role will be played by George Montgomery. The part was played in the original version by Clara Bow.—*The Herald Tribune.*

In the days when women were women.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Bill Cunningham in the Boston Herald*]

And in the matter of memorable feats, how about Ted Williams' home run that sewed up the All-Star baseball game in Detroit? Seldom has an onion been kissed so solidly in the clutch in a battle where the chips were really blue.

PELIGROSO WUTHERING

(A DEHYDRATED HISTORICAL NOVEL FOR BUSY PEOPLE)*

BOOK I (1722-1738)

CHAPTER I

PELIGROSO was born in an orphanage in Tweetley, Sussex. He was the son of a local squire who had been thrown in jail for simony. The boy stayed in the orphanage until he was four and then escaped in a haywain with a discharged orphanmaster named Merlin.

CHAPTER II

He lived with Merlin in a fence's den in Whitechapel until he was eight. Merlin had a mistress called Tailfeathers Maggy. Peligroso realized early the stirrings of sex when he experienced, one day, an irrepressible desire to stick pins into Maggy. She knocked him cold. He came to and escaped to Bristol in a brickwain.

CHAPTER III

In Bristol, Peligroso shipped as junior cabin boy on the brig Half and Half for Tobago. It took six years to get to Tobago, during which time he experienced 4 monsoons, a simoom, 2 battles with Algerine pirates, 2 attacks by killer whales, and a successful affair with the captain's wife, Reba, a handsome Levantine *mestizo.*

CHAPTER IV

When they got to Tobago, the captain found out about Peligroso's affair with Reba and came at him with a cutlass. Peligroso seized another cutlass. The veins in his neck got thick, a red mist swam before his eyes, and he killed the captain. He escaped to Maraca in a coalwain.

BOOK II (1738-1760)

CHAPTER I

PELIGROSO found Maraca a beautiful, exotic place and settled down as a marijuana planter. To do this he borrowed 87,000 *mazumas* from Dolores Zambesi, a lovely mulo-octoroon, the star of the local opera company. In Maraca he fought 4 duels, killed 3.

CHAPTER II

The War of the Outer Antilles interrupted Peligroso's prosperity. A force of three regiments of British Marines invaded Maraca and burned his marijuana warehouse. He and his valet, Varadero, a quadro-mulatroon, killed about half of the Marines and escaped to the mainland in an oilwain.

CHAPTER III

In New Orleans, Peligroso found a job as cordwainer in a jute walk. A buxom madam called Bella Ouatling paid for his meals. One day the lovely Galantine de la Fourragère, the jute-walk owner's daughter, visited the plant. She and Peligroso were married a week later. Bella vowed revenge and had her erstwhile ward deported for subversive barratry. He told some lie about Bella to Galantine, and she followed him to England.

BOOK III (1760-1775)

CHAPTER I

ON his return to England, Peligroso found that his father had died in the simony jail and that he himself was now Lord Wuthering of Pilfer. He and Galantine immediately took up residence at Pilfer, where they lived the life of typical English country gentlefolk for fourteen years. They had six children, and Peligroso had five additional ones by various maids and tenants' daughters.

CHAPTER II

In the fifteenth year of their residence at Pilfer, Galantine was discovered shot through the heart, nude, in the apartment of the tenantmaster, who could not be found. This caused Peligroso to entertain suspicions about his wife's fidelity. His hair turned gray. He became embittered and changed his name to Doloroso.

BOOK IV (1775-1815)

CHAPTER I

ONE stormy night a uniformed messenger rode up to the gates of Pilfer with a scroll from the King. It was a request that Doloroso accept a commission in the Army to direct a campaign against the Spaniards, who had taken Maraca away from the English.

CHAPTER II

Doloroso reconquered Maraca (where he carefully avoided Dolores Zambesi, to whom he still owed 87,000 *mazumas*) and then served in Flanders, Egypt, Spain, Trinidad, Silesia, and the Crimea. It was his strategy and not the Duke of Wellington's that defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. The fact that the authorities refused to give him credit for this further embittered him. His

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*Concocted from memories of "Anthony Adverse" and a hasty dip into "The Sun Is My Undoing."

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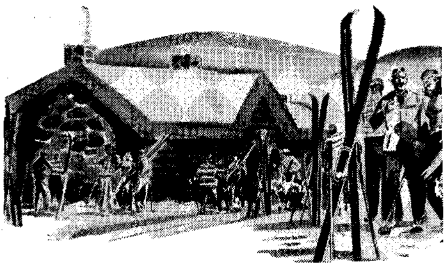

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"if it didn't have that peat smoke taste!"
Well, then, gentlemen you should like OLD BUSHMILLS– IRISH WHISKEY because it's made like Scotch except for the peat smoke taste.
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EST. 1784
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hair turned snow white, and he changed his name to Superdoloroso.

BOOK V (1815-1840)

Chapter I

Superdoloroso retired to Pilfer and spent his days brooding by the fireplace and drinking mulled Madeira. He did this for about seven years, and then got tired of it and went up to London for a spree. While on it he met a lovely eighteen-year-old dancer named Madge Bagster-Totheradge. They loved, he was happy, his hair turned black again, and he changed his name back to Peligroso.

Chapter II

Peligroso bought a fine post chaise for Madge and they went off to Pilfer to get married. When they got there they found, lined up in the great hall, in chronological order, Tailfeathers Maggy; Reba, the captain's wife, holding by the hand an old man with sideburns; Dolores Zambesi, with assorted quasi-octoroon children† and a bill for 87,000 *mazumas* plus accrued interest; Bella Ouatling, with a bill for meals; and the five maids and tenants' daughters, with their respective offspring. Madge screamed and got back into the new post chaise. Peligroso rushed into the butler's pantry and took a swig from a bottle of what he thought was cold mulled Madeira. It turned out to be silver polish.

Chapter III

They buried Peligroso in Westminster Abbey, his pall draped with his hatchments and armorial bearings. All London attended, mostly to stare at his erstwhile uninvited guests, who were seated in a special gallery. So passed a great English gentleman and soldier.

The End (Guaranteed)

—Frederick Packard

---

†"Children" here used in purely genealogical sense. Dolores' children would be pretty elderly by now.

•

THE UNCHARTED

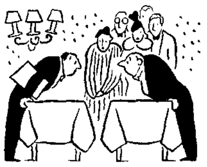
The boundaries of heaven may be
Less wide than night's immensity,
Less high than snowy peak or spire.
A lamplit pane, a kindled fire,
A room, an acre, or a mile,
Or the brief space it takes a smile
To cross the threshold of a heart—
These no cartographer may chart,
Or instrument have power to give
The latitudes by which we live.

—Rachel Field

RESTAURANTS

Just for a Pause

THESE being days when you can do with a soothing moment every now and then, I've been looking at restaurants from that point of view. Some on my list are new, some are not, a few are rather plain, the others less so, but all of them greet you quietly, feed you straightforwardly, and send you out into the maelstrom feeling a trifle better than you did when you came in.



Le Gourmet, at 49 West Fifty-fifth Street, is a simple little sliver of a place with as pretty a menu as you'll see around and a chef who loves his work. He has a couple of specialties to lead off with, one of them called *crêpes glacées délice.* I couldn't go into details about the *glacées-délice* part without further study, but the *crêpes* are filled with something hot and delicious. You might have snails, or a minute steak *fines herbes*, or a large sirloin with sauce *béarnaise*, or frogs' legs any style—you'll come out all right whichever you choose. The green salad is good, the cheese is carefully selected, and you can trim up the end of your meal with *meringues Chantilly* or black cherries on fire if you've a mind to.

The Café St. Denis, at 11 East Fifty-third Street, is on the plain side, too, and so popular that, at lunch anyway, it's best to stop in after almost everyone has left if elbow room helps you enjoy your food. They serve red caviar with as much deference as used to be given the pale-gray best—chopped onion, fresh toast, lemon, and all; those who don't fancy fish eggs will be well off with *rillettes*, *pâté*, smoked marinated herring, or oysters on the half-shell. Lentil soup is a sane enough project before baked oysters or some such delicate tidbit, but gluttons with venison steak and a *purée* of chestnuts in mind would do well to by-pass it. The list of agreeable desserts is headed by *pot de crème au chocolat* for the reckless and trails off into lighter things for more sensible folk.

IF you have forgotten how sturdy and yet how interesting Swiss cooking can be, the Swiss Pavilion, at 38 East Fiftieth Street, will make you cheerfully aware of it again. A long lane of banquettes up front leads to a whole flock of tables in the back room, and even so, the management has to dangle a discount in front of early lunchers so they'll depart by one o'clock. You might try the minced calf's liver cooked in white wine with shallots and a whiff of vinegar; it arrives, incidentally, with as fine a potato pancake as you ever met up with. The homely *Bratwurst* with onions, the knuckle of veal with saffron rice, and the *terrine* of goose liver with celery salad are all good for one moment or another. If you can go on to anything more substantial than sherbet after such dishes, you're a titan—or maybe just a Swiss.

A pleasant place for talking over problems is the New Weston, almost next door. The various restaurants and lounges stretch halfway through the hotel from the Fiftieth Street side, and everybody has a favorite spot; mine's one of the semicircular banquettes near the bar, which are masterpieces of privacy. There are ready dishes, of course, including a special at each lunch and dinner (Wednesday nights, for instance, it's English mutton chop with Canadian bacon), but clients prepared to squander a little time can indulge in something as airy as pompano *flambé au cognac* or as robust as grilled pigs' feet. Vegetables are cooked in their own juices and there's a stylish assortment of greens in addition to dear old lettuce. How to choose among the many desserts in between water ice and nectarines *flambés au kirsch* is your problem.

L'Aiglon, at 13 East Fifty-fifth Street, makes a great to-do about its new fountain effect at the far end of the room, but, with the familiar mile-high ceiling and lines of banquettes, you can take such scenery or ignore it. The hors-d'œuvres are good and exceedingly numerous, and those who feel wobbly between the soup and the main business can build themselves up with spaghetti. Try the frogs' legs *amandines*; if you like this delicate meat at all, you ought to like it even better with the crisp nuts for contrast. Otherwise, there's *poussin en casserole* with fresh vegetables, lobster and shrimp Newburg with rice, and veal Marsala with noodles, to mention a few of the dishes. I'll leave such things as apple *Strudel* and *profiteroles au chocolat* to you. Brie for me, please.

The Café Trouville, at 112 East Fifty-second Street, is so glittering, in a cozy way, that I'm constantly surprised to be well fed there. Of course, smoked salmon varies more than ever

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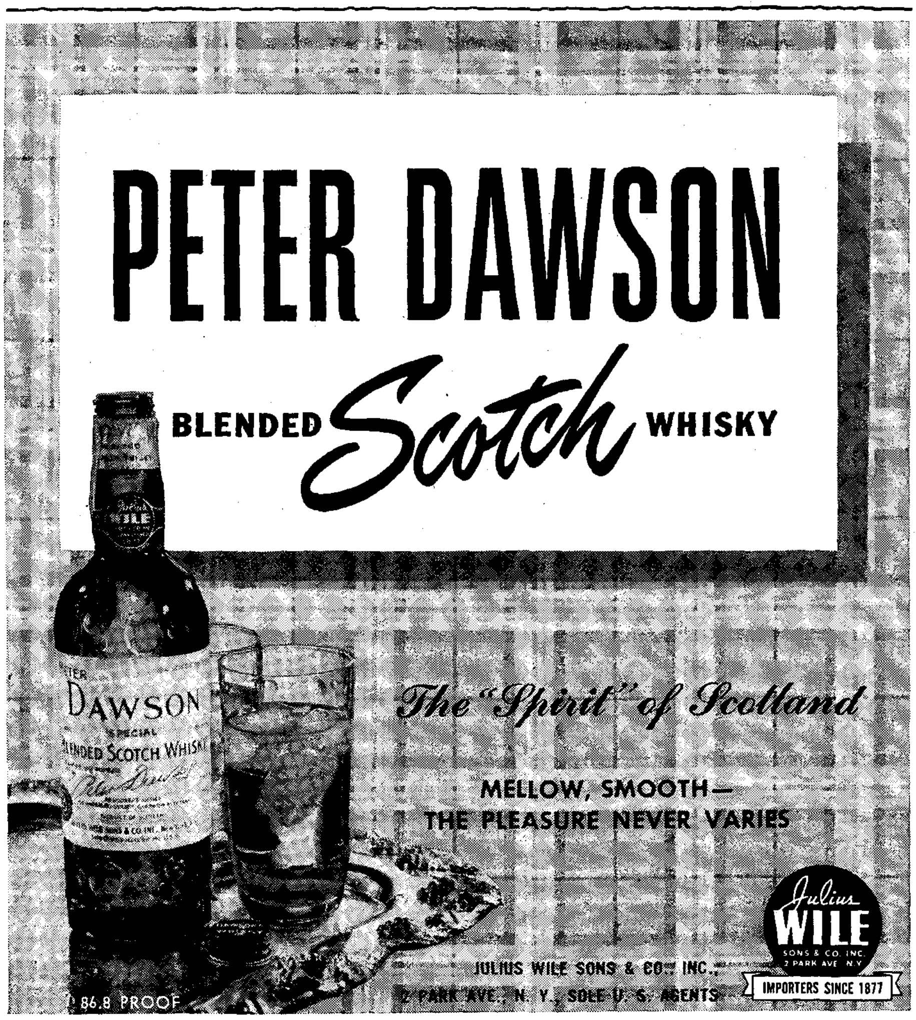
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IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

nowadays, but the Trouville's is apt enough to be right, and they give you good olive oil to dribble over it. Those who like cold soups out of, as well as in, season go for the *crème de volaille*, and others can settle for clam (as in broth) or clam (as in chowder), depending on their vigor. At lunch, you find things like *coquilles St. Jacques* made with Long Island scallops, omelet with tomatoes, and mixed grill; dinner dishes are more august, naturally. You probably know their macaroon custard pie and their way of serving brandy jelly with cream cheese, likewise their sound all-seasons suggestion of Chilean wine with seltzer.

ONE of the most satisfactory little places to open up lately is the Newport, at 18 East Sixtieth Street. The two proprietors used to bustle about the St. Regis as captains (you'll remember when you see them) and they manage to recall the friendly elegance of the large hostelry in their tiny restaurant. There's an impression of crystal and vivid green to support them in this, but the food's the thing. They'll probably try to start you off with something rich, like artichoke hearts their way, but if you manage to resist, you might try V-8 and clam juice, half-and-half. Next, there's the pilaff of duck livers *au madère* to consider, or the *omelette paysanne*, or the chicken hash, or the filet of beef *bordelaise*. Come dessert, they'll make another rush at tempting you—this time with apple or pear under a dreamy sauce—but at least once in a while you should hold out for the white-mint sherbet with liquid mint swimming on top. —SOUBISE

•

The old era of early sunrises will expire when the clocks strike at midnight, Feb. 1, it is presumed, and immediately all clocks will be turned up one hour to 1 A.M. Sunday.

Most persons will sleep through the switch-over, awakening to a late punched his clock at midnight, has four more punches before 1 A.M.—but, presto! it is 1 A.M.

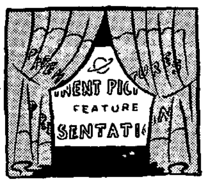
What happens to the 1 o'clock dawn. The sun will rise that morning at 8:33 A.M. (DST). But (and this is the advantage) the sun will not set until 6:59 P.M.

Among the first changes which must be made are church services. Will the published schedules remain in reality—an hour earlier? Or will the time be changed with services at the same time? See what we mean?—*Columbus (Ohio) Citizen.*

Can't say we do.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Just Fair



"DESIGN FOR SCANDAL," in which Walter Pidgeon decoratively pursues Rosalind Russell through an ingenious little plot, seems to me to hold the exact position in the world of entertainment that the skinless frankfurter holds among foods. Both represent the ultimate achievement in a highly limited field, exquisite refinement of an idea that was not much good in the first place. A set of situations just different enough from those in previous films of this type has been neatly, if flimsily, strung together; a competent director and a cast of skillful actors have squeezed a fair amount of humor from each situation; the production is sumptuous; in short, "Design for Scandal" is utterly undistinguishable from the dozens and dozens of divorce-court comedies which have preceded it. Highly recommended for what it is.

If you want to see Bob ("Robert") Taylor impersonating a gangster, "Johnny Eager" is your dish. I'm this way and that way about Robert, but I'm sure that film fans from six to sixty will share my enthusiasm for Lana Turner's subtle delineation of a débutante. She is, of course, immeasurably aided by some inspired dialogue. At one point, for instance, she is being detained in a gambling hell, her escort having got drunk and wandered away without settling his check. "He wants me to leave my jewels," she tells Mr. Taylor, pointing to the hell-keeper, "even though I have told him that my escort is many times a millionaire." At this point, with a faint cry of "Hotcha!," I swooned away. When I came to, Mr. Taylor was ordering a henchman, "Tell him we're opening this dog track Saturday night, and that his cut is ten per cent instead of thirty." All I got to say is this: my cut is forty, or the South Side ain't big enough to hold Taylor and me both. Now scram, you rat!

DROPPING in to check up on Dr. Kildare, I found him much as usual—that is to say, up to his ears in medical and surgical supplies; still being outrageously favored by kindly old Dr. Gillespie, a quack if ever I saw one; still riding the ambulance, though in the normal way of things he should long ago have graduated to private practice; and, in this particular film, called "Dr. Kildare's"—let's see now, I jotted it down somewhere—"Dr. Kildare's Victory," understandably depressed by the fact that his fiancée had been killed by a truck in the preceding "Dr. Kildare." "His natural love of medicine is pulling him through," one of his colleagues remarks. But suppose, like me, you haven't *got* a natural love of medicine; in that case, "Dr. Kildare's Victory" will prove to be no more than a light sedative.

A year ago, "Our Russian Front" would have been very dubiously received. Now, of course, its shots of Russian factory workers, Home Guard units, armaments, and soldiers make it not a propaganda film but a documentary. A good documentary, too, with a commentary delivered by Walter Huston. The profits go to Russian War Relief.

"The Prime Minister" is an impossibly stately film about Benjamin Disraeli, with John Gielgud in the title rôle. . . . "Nine Bachelors" is a French-with-superimposed-subtitles number, starring Sacha Guitry. The intention was to make a comedy, with tender overtones, about nine residents of an old-men's home who are roped into marrying nine women in need of purely nominal husbands. Delicious, *n'est-ce pas?* The result, I must report, is a highly episodic picture, a series of vignettes which, even if they were all good (and they aren't all good), would be boring. "Nine Bachelors" simply proves that pre-invasion French ham is *jambon*, no matter how you slice it. —RUSSELL MALONEY

•

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

[*From the "How He Proposed" column in the News*]

My sweetheart and I were both fond of having things to do when together. I always suggested various things to do. To most of my suggestions he'd reply, "Nuts to you!" When he moved we were unable to see each other frequently, so he often called me on the telephone. Once three days passed without a visit or a call. On the fourth day I received a beautiful package which contained walnuts and a card which read, "Nuts to you!" I started to put the nuts away, when I saw that the large one in the center was already cracked. I lifted it. A piece came out, and in the shell lay a most beautiful engagement ring.
Brooklyn. G. R.

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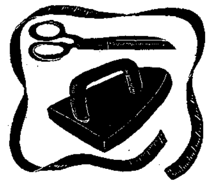
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



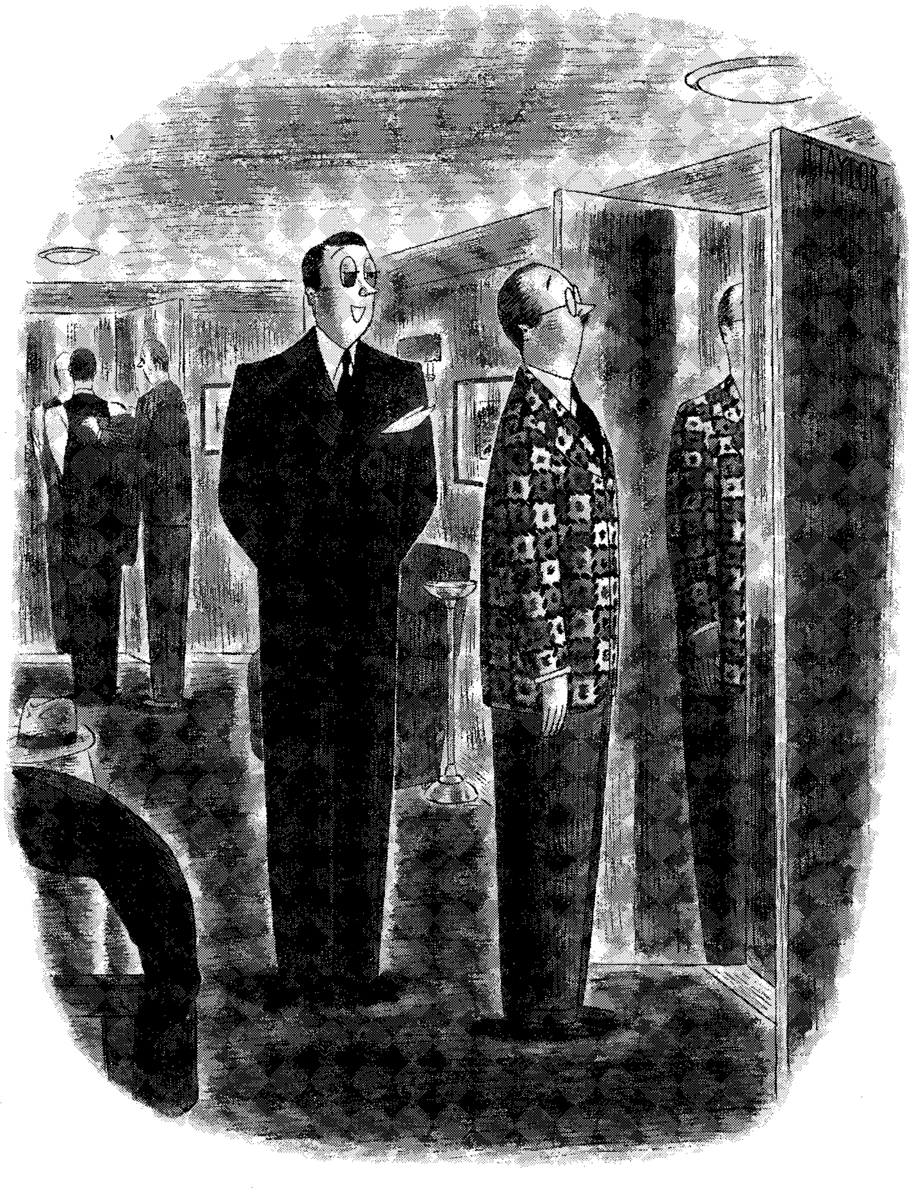
FOR those readers who have just tuned in, it is fitting that I state again that many women are not kindly disposed toward fashions which ape too closely the uniforms of men in the armed services. There is something about militarism applied to the feminine figure that suggests the first-act finale of a Shubert musical, with the chorus dressed in West Point shakos, brassières composed of brass buttons, and white drill shorts that barely cover the hipbone. There is, however, one exception—the traditional navy-blue suit, with its trim, semi-military lines, and the hat combining red, white, and blue which customarily accompanies it. After all, women were wearing this ensemble long before the war (it even got to be called their spring uniform) and they see no reason they should not wear it again this year.

Bendel's ready-to-wear millinery department has already prepared for spring by showing its part of that uniform—hats of navy-blue felt which are likely to have touches of red-and-white braid and a brass button here and there but are military-looking only in the sense that they are youthful, trim, and defiant. There are pert models, including one of the best tricorns I have seen in years, curved and easy-fitting and dipped over one eye; another hat has an exaggerated cap crown and strips of red braid above its curved visor. A cocarde appears at the side of a turned-up affair; a fez has a towering red-and-gold tassel bobbing above it. Then there is a big collection of "suit hats," each with a quill that shoots forth at a rakish angle; a favorite is a blue-green felt whose brim is turned up, Anzac fashion, on the side opposite the quill. Another is of brown felt, with a tall, twisted crown that vaguely suggests the postillion hat of other years.

Of course, there are always sailors. Among them are lots of white ones in rough straw, with fat, narrow brims and crowns that are higher than they have been lately. Most of them hug the head in a manner that is a great comfort to women who never felt secure in those tilted plaques which were in such favor a couple of years ago. There are some sailors of natural straw with bright-red cherries spilling over the tops of their crowns, and others of straw in feminine pastels with pink roses or feather flowers up their fronts.

Whether tailored or frivolous, almost all the hats here have veils, veils with specially woven dots to make them interesting. For young things with pompadours, there are caps that have a great pouf standing up at the centre-front, sometimes fashioned of a *chou* of ribbon (in pink, blue, and purple), sometimes consisting of two red poppies or of alternating red and white flowers. All the color combinations are odd and exquisite; they reach their peak in some hats for dashing matrons. In this lot a pet idea is a plaque to be worn over one eye and curled up at one side, with flowers under the turned-up part and also filling in the saucer crown—water lilies on a dusty-green straw, for instance, or lilacs and pale-pink roses on a lavender straw. Bendel's hats start at $15.

HELEN COOKMAN, long celebrated in the wholesale end of the fashion business, has a small custom shop at 48 East 66th Street, where she shows a small but lovely collection of clothes, in which green sweeps everything before it. For example, there is a green herringbone-weave tweed suit, called Tintype, with a short, boxy jacket and high, small lapels. A dinner suit combining olive and chartreuse tweed has a short, collarless, fitted jacket and a skirt that is sleek across the front and has a box pleat in the back to supply fullness. Another dinner suit, in small checks of red, navy, and chartreuse, has an evening skirt cut



"That's the last of those we're going to get. British censorship, you know."

Nº 5
CHANEL
CHANEL

PHOTO BY MUNKÁCSI

ACCENT ON ELEGANCE

For accents that harmonize supremely with the modern woman's costume, Chanel "Glamour"* lipstick and "Glamour" face powder were created in *fashion-correct shades*. The face powder, blended to match your skin-tone, is discreetly scented with Chanel No. 5* or Gardenia.

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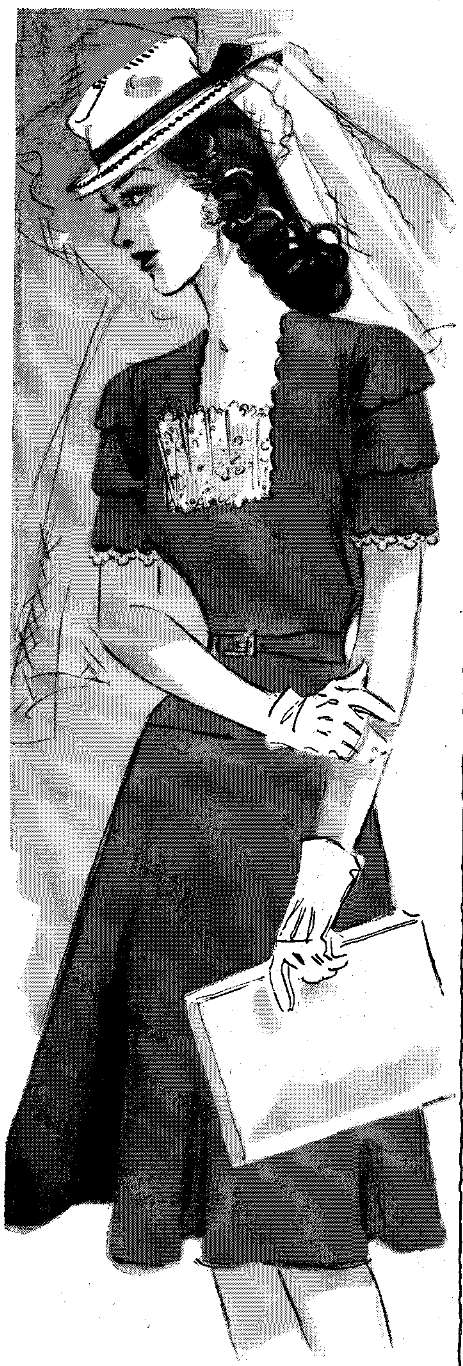

Mrs.
Pleasants Pennington
presents

dressy navy, in sheer wool, with lingerie trim at the scalloped neckline and tiered sleeves. A full flared skirt lends added chic.
$25

You will like the
hat in matching
or contrasting felt. 12.50

Chez Rosette
56th St. East of Fifth Ave.

like an old-fashioned riding habit, and its designer suggests that you pick out a day-length skirt to make the jacket of the suit serve double duty. Travellers who want their evening clothes as unmussed as possible should look at a dress of black tie silk, with a low, fitted bodice and bouffant skirt, or at a brown Celanese-jersey affair along Grecian-draped lines, with a skirt so full that you can pick the sides up in two great armfuls, cross them in back, and throw them up over your shoulders to form a cape without revealing a bit more of your pretty ankles. Prices begin at $150, and it's best to make an appointment.

PEOPLE who thought they could never be happy in inexpensive clothes are discovering that the Jeunes Filles shop at Hattie Carnegie manages to find suits and dresses that look exceptionally well at such prices as $35 and $40. They have a long, expertly cut look through the waistline; nothing appears at all skimpy. To take care of the don't-dress-for-dinner mood for the moment, there are things like a suit of black moiré, with a jacket-jumper, fastened snugly by means of three hunk buttons, and a skirt showing slight gathered fullness below its hip yoke. Another dress consists of a thin, black wool skirt and a fitted jacket of bright jersey on Schiaparelli lines, with those shiny black carved buttons of hers and all. This jacket can also be worn as a jumper or with a blouse. A wool-jersey suit comes in every conceivable color, with big gold-and-silver-metal buttons that have a costly look; a navy suit fastens with white composition hooks and eyes.

For informal dining, this shop loves big evening skirts made of lamé brocades or checked taffetas and set on wide, tight waistbands with silver-metal chains across the front. These are $25, and you can wear either an evening sweater or the frilliest of chiffon blouses with them. There are also dinner slacks of black jersey and good black or white bouclé sweaters, fastened down the front with black jet buttons and adorned with black sequins. There isn't a mass of models here; instead, there is simply a small, well-selected collection which is constantly being replenished. You won't see *anything* that even *looks* like a bargain. At least, I didn't.

ANNUAL REMINDER: B. Nelson, at 10 East 39th Street, is a master at resoling, lengthening, and refurbishing old shoes and correcting errors in new ones. He also has a new stunt of placing a narrow strip of rubber in a

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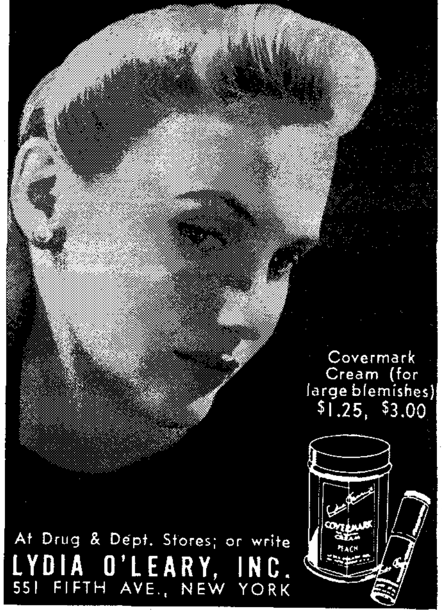

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matching or contrasting color all around the sole of a shoe to give a slight platform effect. It is intended to make you tread softly, almost noiselessly, which is probably why it has been koyly kalled the Kitt'n-Kat. The strip lends a new and decorative look to old shoes, and Nelson swears it makes them last longer. This is included in his resoling price of $3.50. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

Warden's Wardrobe

WHILE the government is trying to decide whether or not to issue uniforms to air-raid wardens, men who have volunteered as such have had no trouble deciding that it's a good idea to wear something more rugged than tails on night patrols. Accordingly, I've stopped in at a few shops to see what they have in the way of items which might make a warden's vigils more comfortable until the time the authorities speak out and end the problem. To be sure, not many of the items I've turned up were made with the needs of a warden in mind (sports like duck hunting and ice boating were uppermost in the minds of designers at the time most of these things were thought up), but I believe that all of them will fill in handily in an emergency.

First off, of course, a warm coat is essential, and a hard one to beat for the warden's assignment is Brooks Brothers' durable cotton-gabardine model, woven and treated to resist wind and rain. It has a detachable hood that zips on and off, and is lined with thick wool pile; $42. (Using the same kind of materials, this shop has also made a pair of pants which pull on over ordinary trousers and are especially comfortable on bad nights, as they can be snugly gathered in at the ankles and waist by means of drawstrings; $32.) Among other sturdy coats I noted were some sheepskin-lined ones at Lord & Taylor and some with pile linings at Altman. Both types have capacious side pockets and cost around $35.

As for smaller but equally important articles, Abercrombie & Fitch show a lightweight, down-filled, cotton-drill jacket which may be worn either with or without an overcoat and which has a surface capable of repelling its share of any squall—both wind and rain; $24.50. This shop recommends its long woollen underwear for the night trick, taking the sensible point of view that a warden trudging the streets wants to feel comfortable rather than natty; you might be interested in the exception-

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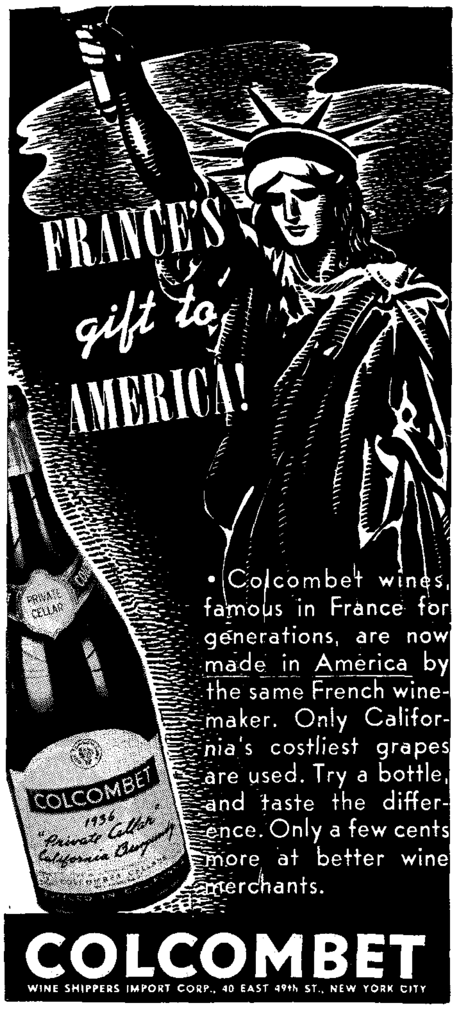
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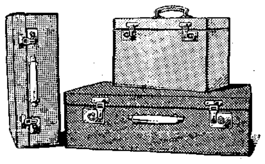

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A FRIENDLY BEER FROM A FRIENDLY COUNTRY

ally heavyweight three-button pullover shirts and ankle-length drawers. For unobtrusiveness and at the same time real warmth, there's nothing better than a hug-me-tight fleece-lined vest at Brooks. Another Brooks suggestion is fleece-lined shoes, which are just as neat in appearance as orthodox street oxfords.

Of course, no one knows whether a blackout will descend on us. If and when it does, though, some luminous cloth that I came across at Brooks ought to help prevent human collisions. It is cut into brassards and hatbands which have buttons at one end and buttonholes at the other for adjusting their size. Leaving this material under an electric light for a short time somehow renews its luminous powers. The same establishment has a similarly useful crook-handled cane, with three rings of luminous paint around it, for $5.50. A sound accessory to go with any outfit is Abercrombie's stitched cowhide case, big enough to hold a first-aid kit, a flashlight, and small tools, with a strap by which it can be slung from one shoulder.

TURNING to a less serious outdoor activity, I've discovered three new jackets that should interest men who ski. Andre, of 49 East 47th Street, realizing that zippers are scarce and getting scarcer, presents a buttoned model of waterproofed cotton, cut along the lines of a shirt but designed for wear either tucked into the trousers or hanging free. It comes in navy blue or in the off-white natural tone, and is $6.50 ready-made or $10 to order. Macy has a jacket in tan, navy, or light-blue poplin with a V-shaped piece sewed in under each arm to make the sleeves fuller; $7.47. Brooks shows a cotton-gabardine one with a zipper opening running diagonally up the front; when the jacket is closed, one of the lapels flaps over across the chest and helps keep out the wind; $10.

Saks-Fifth Avenue is one place where a skier who still prefers knickers can get the proper knee-length stockings to go with them; they are fancy-stitched and come in navy or white, and there are sweaters to match, if you like the idea. Abercrombie & Fitch have just got in some soft wool shirts in subdued plaids, which should be excellent for use without a jacket when running northern mountain slopes in the early spring.

—PLAID

•

OUR SEX LIFE. By Fritz Kahn. Knopf. Revised. $5.—*The Herald Tribune Books.*

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BEAUTICIAN AT THE BANDAGE TABLE

THE day after the bombing here in Honolulu, I went to Queen's Hospital to roll bandages. I sat next to a Portuguese girl in a white dress. She was pretty in a peasant way; you could imagine her perched between panniers on a donkey, with heavy gold earrings and a red kerchief, but actually she had a good deal of lip rouge on and her curls were straight out of Hollywood.

There were six women at our table. Not always the same six, for as the afternoon wore on, one or another of us would have to go and a new volunteer would take her seat. The Portuguese girl talked the most, and she considered herself the deepest involved in the catastrophe.

"I still haven't heard how my boy friend is," she was saying when I sat down. "I dated him Saturday night and I haven't heard from him since. He's a defense worker, you see, and he lives right next to Hickam Field."

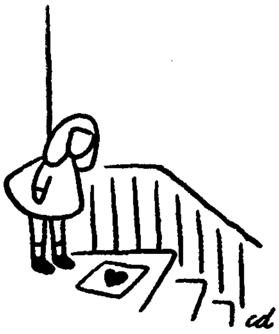
"Hickam Field!" I exclaimed.

One of the others, a pale woman in a straw hat, said that her husband was in the Navy.

The Portuguese girl considered this. "Was he on board his ship?" she asked. "Was he at Pearl Harbor?"

"We-ell, no," the woman in the straw hat said. "He was home for the weekend. It just happened, but—"

"Oh," the Portuguese girl said. "Well, my boy friend was right *there* when they was bombed. Am I worried! I wish we could smoke. I been here all day."



The room was stuffy. Its antiseptic odor was overlaid by the smell of black paint, with which a young man was darkening the windowpanes. Nevertheless, the girl's fingers moved quickly and efficiently. I watched her reach for a fresh length of gauze, tuck in the ends, crease it twice, then fold it together into a quarter-inch strip, and finally roll it up into a tight rosette.

"You're good," I said admiringly, while I tried to ease the crick in the back of my neck. "I wish I had your manual dexterity."

"My what?"

"I wish I could work more skillfully with my hands."

"Oh, I'm used to it," the Portuguese girl said. "I work with my hands all day. I'm an operator at Chez Jeannette's Beauty Salon down at Waikiki. My name's Inez. Ain't I seen you there?" She glanced toward me speculatively.

"No, I'm afraid not," I said. "How long have you been in the islands?"

"Oh, I'm just here on a vacation, really. I live in L.A. My folks been writing me for weeks telling me to come home. Gee, my mother, she'll just be crazy with me here in all this danger. But, you see, I been putting it off. I got this boy friend out at Hickam Field—"

"Yes, I know," I said hastily.

An elderly woman got up from the table and her place was taken by a Hawaiian girl, large and fat, in a red blouse and flowered slacks. Inez paused to tell her what the rest of us had already been told.

"I heard a bomb fall, myself," the Hawaiian girl said. "I was driving along in a car near Lewers Road and I heard an awful crash—"

"But you wasn't right there when the bomb fell?" Inez demanded.

"Well, no, but—"

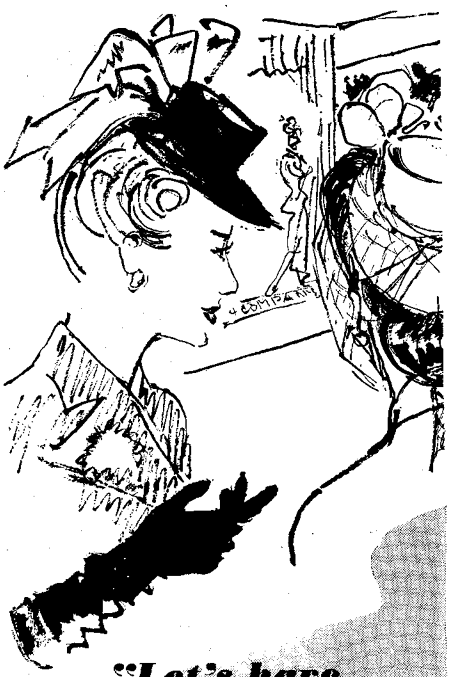
"Oh," said Inez.

A NURSE came up to see how we were getting along. She looked haggard and as if she had had very little sleep since the morning before, when "it" happened. The hospitals had run out of bandages, and it was important that they have a new supply. Under her eyes, I turned awkward, but Inez worked on as coolly as if she were winding up a lock of hair under a permanent-wave machine.

"That's fine," the nurse said. "You're doing very well."

She left us and moved over to the next table. A group of Japanese student nurses was sitting there, with green dresses under their aprons instead of white. They were wrapping absorbent cotton on wooden swabs. When they talked at all, they spoke English and sounded very American indeed.

"You know," Inez said, nudging me, "I wouldn't trust them. Not with anything to do with bandages and things. They say, out near Hickam Housing, some Japs—" She paused as someone took the place of the woman in the straw hat. The newcomer sat down with an air of importance, as if her photograph would be appearing



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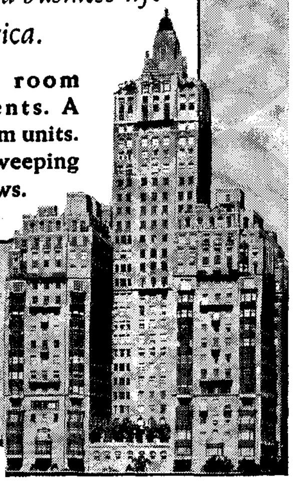

on the front page of the next Sunday's women's section under the caption "Well-Known Society Matron Assists with Relief Work."

"This young lady will show you how to do it," the nurse told her, nodding toward Inez.

The woman looked slightly offended. "I see," she murmured, "I know. . . . I know," until Inez stopped trying to show her how the bandages should be rolled. She glanced around and then addressed herself to me. "I just saw the most alarming thing! I live up on top of Alewa Heights, you see, and just before I drove down here I looked out and saw dozens of soldiers scouring the hillsides. There was a report that some Japanese parachutists had landed there! Think of it—*right around my own home!*"

"Did they know there was parachutists?" Inez asked quietly. "Was you sure?"

"Well, really!" the woman said. "I don't—"

"Myself, I'm worried because my boy friend lives right next to Hickam Field, and I still haven't heard whether he's O.K. or not. I sure wish I could telephone." Inez closed her eyes and sighed. Then she stuck a pin into a new rosette of gauze and tossed it into the rapidly filling box in the middle of the table. "Well, I'm goin' outside an' smoke a cigarette. Have they got a coke machine here, anybody know? I sure am thirsty! I'll be rolling bandages in my sleep tonight, I guess. Not that there'll be anything else to do but sleep, with the blackout and all. And anyway, I guess I won't be sleeping much, not knowing about what's happened out at Hickam."

She rose, smoothing the back of her dress, which was wrinkled from being sat on all day, and walked toward the door with the dignity of someone potentially bereaved.

—MARGARET MACKPRANG MACKAY

•

Thomas D. McAvoy, LIFE'S staff photographer in Washington, has snapped President Roosevelt more often and more ably than any man alive.—*From Life, January 19, page 15.*

In this great picture, the bombers are flying . . .—*Page 25.*

A GREAT SPORTS PICTURE SHOWS A CRUCIAL SCORE.—*Page 27.*

LIFE Photographer Wallace Kirkland took these great pictures on Main Street . . .—*Page 28.*

To catch this loveliness, LIFE assigned Gjon Mili . . . to an unprecedented job of great technical difficulty.—*Page 44.*

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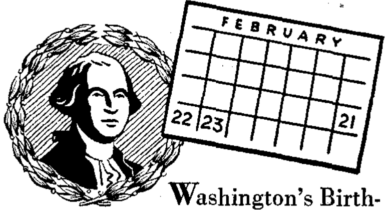

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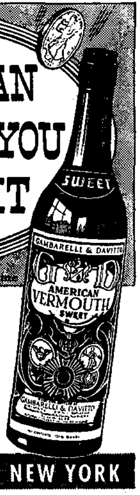

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THE RACE TRACK

Also Ran

THINGS got pretty grim at Hialeah last weekend. To ever so many people, thumbing through the little black book of past performances, by far the most appalling surprise was the fadeout of Alsab in the Bahamas Handicap. The feeling was that something must be wrong with racing when wonder horses don't keep right on being wonder horses. Of course, it was just about the same time last year that Miami racegoers made the sorrowful discovery that Whirlaway couldn't be counted on to win all the time, but as is always the case under such circumstances, nobody remembered this fact until it was time to take up the serious business of second-guessing about Alsab.

It was remarked in these columns last week, in the course of a discussion of Alsab's prospects, that he wouldn't start in the Bahamas Handicap. At that time, his stable was convinced that a hard race his first time out in months would do him more harm than good, especially under the heavy weight he was down for in the Bahamas. Well, I confess my powers of divination turned out to be a trifle short of uncanny. The colt did such a fast gallop a few mornings before the Bahamas that his owner and trainer threw whatever caution they ever had right out of the stable door.

Alsab was as light in flesh as he was when I commented on his appearance the week before; some of those who inspected him in the paddock thought that he looked positively drawn. Nevertheless, his coat shone, which is always a good sign, and he was lively without being nervous. He wasn't as quick at leaving the stall gate as he was last autumn, possibly because McCreary, who rode him in the Bahamas, always takes his time about getting started. Once Alsab did get going he went well, although not well enough to catch American Wolf, who won, to say nothing of four others. Don't get the impression from all this that Alsab is a washout. He carried 128 pounds, thirty of which were lead, and he finished fast. He'll run much better next time. By the same token, don't be carried away by enthusiasm if he should take the Flamingo Stakes. The other day a man gave Colonel Martingale nine reasons Alsab wouldn't win the Kentucky Derby. What, only nine?

American Wolf has a stablemate named Home Wolf. This similarity in nomenclature at times confused racegoers last summer. Mrs. A. F. Sherman, who owns the horses, originally favored Home Wolf, but American Wolf seems to have turned out a better racer. Anyway, he has won three of his five starts in Florida and finished second in the other two. Meade, who rode him in the Bahamas, thinks he's a runner. I wouldn't bother much about the others who finished behind him if I were you, except for Requested and, of course, Alsab. Requested had a faster workout than Alsab and it may have had something to do with his coming in last.

I CONFESS to a feeling of some confusion about War Relic, who was also running for the first time this year when he came in third in the race that was won by Sheriff Culkin last Saturday. I loathe making excuses for my pets, and I don't intend to think up one here. You'll simply have to throw that race into the infield. Challedon, who hadn't been under colors in years (well, anyhow, more than a year), was second. Still, I'd rather have a ticket on War Relic in the McLennan Handicap a week from this Saturday than on any other colt I can think of at the moment.

SPEAKING of names for horses, in the faint hope that someday we'll have better ones, Diogenes Checkpoints gloomily reports that there's a filly by Blondin out of Glacee, called—and I trust you'd never guess it—Blon Gla. She races in California.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Despite the striking physical resemblance between the products of these two enterprising concerns, no unfair competition can be declared, for it is impossible for anyone to be deceived. The titles, the designs and the texts, save in one instance, namely, "Rubaiyat," which belongs to the public domain, are all different. The "Bust of Shakespeare in Oval" of the defendant cannot be mistaken for plaintiff's "Kangaroo in Oval."—*From the opinion of Mr. Justice Schmuck in Pocket Books, Inc. v. Meyers in the New York Law Journal.*

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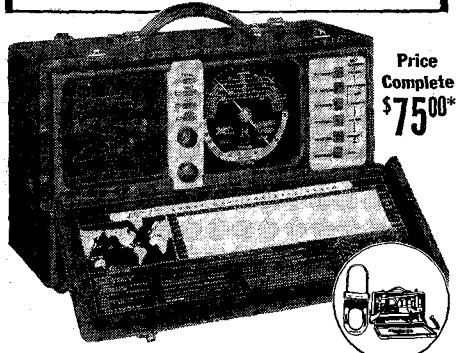

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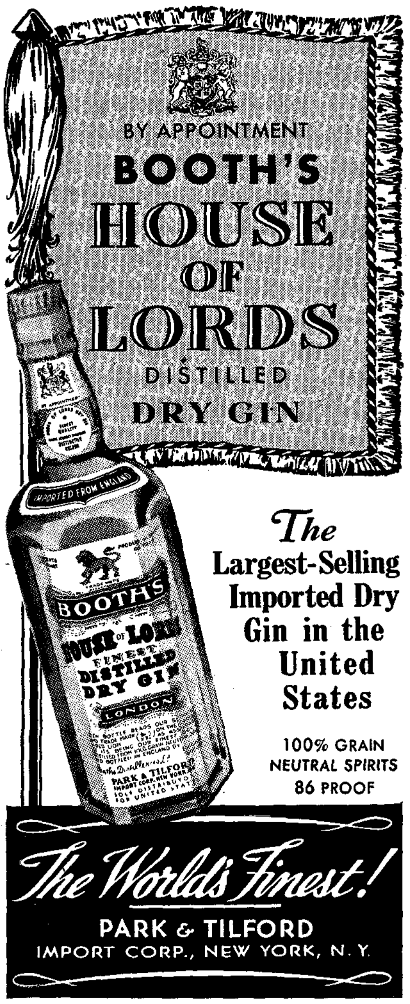
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Ballo, Boston, Ballet, Bach, and Book

WHEN Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" was revived at the Metropolitan last season, there was a diverting attempt to switch the curious New England locale prescribed by the libretto (and by the Italian censor of 1859) to the Swedish background of the Scribe drama from which the opera had been adapted. The tenor hero was described in the program as "Riccardo (Gustavus III of Sweden)" and the scenery was designed to suggest Sweden rather than Boston, but that was about all by way of revision. The text still retained allusions to events in Colonial Massachusetts as the librettist imagined them.

Last week, there was a kind of revival of "Un Ballo in Maschera," with last year's geographical scramble and an almost completely new cast. The revised personnel wasn't *any more* bothered by textual and topographic contradictions than most of the listeners were, and the production offered a lively demonstration of an interesting score. Giovanni Martinelli sang and acted Riccardo Parenthesis Gustav with—what is that word again?—authority; John Charles Thomas sang the baritone music magnificently and did as much acting as the rôle required; Stella Roman, as Amelia, turned in the best performance I've heard from her at the Metropolitan, making much of a none too grateful assignment; Joséphine Antoine took over the coloratura doings of Oscar expertly; and Anna Kaskas, batting for the indisposed Bruna Castagna, did well for herself and the opera in the tough contralto job of Ulrica.

An odd thing about "Un Ballo in Maschera" is that the big numbers, except the baritone's celebrated "Eri Tu," just miss being big successes. Generally, they accumulate points, but they don't score knockouts, and that's one reason this opera never has been the business-getter that some other Verdi creations are. It made up a good show, though, with its new cast.

Another recent Metropolitan innovation in casting was the appearance of Mme. Elisabeth Rethberg as Brünnhilde in "Siegfried." Usually, Brünnhilde is allotted to an out-and-out dramatic soprano, and although Mme. Rethberg has sung such dramatic matters as Aïda, her Wagnerian affiliations thitherto had been mostly in the lyric division. She seemed sometimes to be working too hard at the business of projecting big tones, but except for this overdraft on her voice, she contributed a musicianly and effective Brünnhilde to the enterprise. Another first time at this performance was Miss Nadine Conner's singing of the Voice of Forest Bird, which was charmingly trolled.

THE Boston Comic Opera Company and the Jooss Ballet continued their long evenings' entertainments at the St. James Theatre, with the Bostonians taking up "The Mikado," and the dancers "The Big City" and "A Ball in Old Vienna." The Gilbert-and-Sullivan workers went right on where they had left off the week before, giving another crisp and unfussy production, well sung. The ballet items, done with the familiar Jooss excellence, set off the comic opera neatly.

THE Bach Circle of New York, which devotes itself not only to Johann Sebastian but also to other musicians of his era, brought forward, at its latest Town Hall concert, music by Tartini, Vivaldi, and Lully, along with works by J. S. Bach, whom, it is said, somebody once referred to as "the founder" of the Circle. As usual, the conductor, Robert Hufstader, supplied well-paced and well-played performances. Mr. Hufstader and the Circle don't go in for any cute irreverences, but they manage to avoid the self-conscious solemnity that sometimes gets hold of people who have to do with Bach. There's something appealingly normal about the Circle's classicism.

A NEW American edition of Rimsky-Korsakov's "My Musical Life" is commended to all who like to read what a composer thinks about and enjoy the musical shoptalk of a man who knows his business. This new edition, ably translated by Judah A. Joffe, with a shrewd introduction by Carl Van Vechten, contains a great deal of helpful material not available in earlier versions. Rimsky-Korsakov wasn't a writer by trade, but he knew people as well as music, and you'll find many illuminating paragraphs about Moussorgsky, Cui, Borodin, Balakirev, and other musicians, who emerge as human beings, cannily observed by a contemporary. —ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

Musical Señores

THE record companies have been busy expounding the lighter side of Latin-American relations lately, putting out disc after disc and album after album of dance numbers that are either actual imports from our southern neighbors or good facsimiles thereof. The latest collection is Victor's "Cubano Rhythms" (album P-105), played by Arturo Arturos and his orchestra. The set offers eight pieces on four records, all indisputably tropical in treatment. Among them are "Jungle Drums," "Misirlou," "The Lady in Red," "Lamento Borincano," "Begin the Beguine," and "Taboo," and though one or two, as you can see, are the products of United States Americans, you'd never guess it from the tinkling piano sequences and indescribable instrumental gurglings, chuckles, and whatnots effectively provided by Mr. Arturos and his group.

While we're on this subject we might consider the work of another Latin-American, Tito Guizar, on Victor 27748. Here he sings a pair of songs, one the Spanish "Madelaine" and the other the Cole Porter "Ev'rything I Love." Mr. Guizar does the Porter piece in English, but with a slight Latin accent and a warmth of feeling that is anything but Tin Pan Alley. "Madelaine," the type of song he's best at, gets all the expression it deserves, first in English and then, for the final chorus, in Spanish. A competent orchestra provides a competent accompaniment.

IF your home doesn't happen to have Muzak piped in and you hanker occasionally for the lulling effect which its puffs of simple melody seem to have on even the most strident cocktail lounges, you might try the new Columbia album called "Salon Music" (C-80). Among the eight tonal sedatives it presents are "Mignonette," "Fleurette," "Vienna, My City of Dreams," "Just a Cottage Small," and "My Heart Stood Still." See what I mean? This dreamy anthology is considerably benefited by the violin of Wladimir Selinsky

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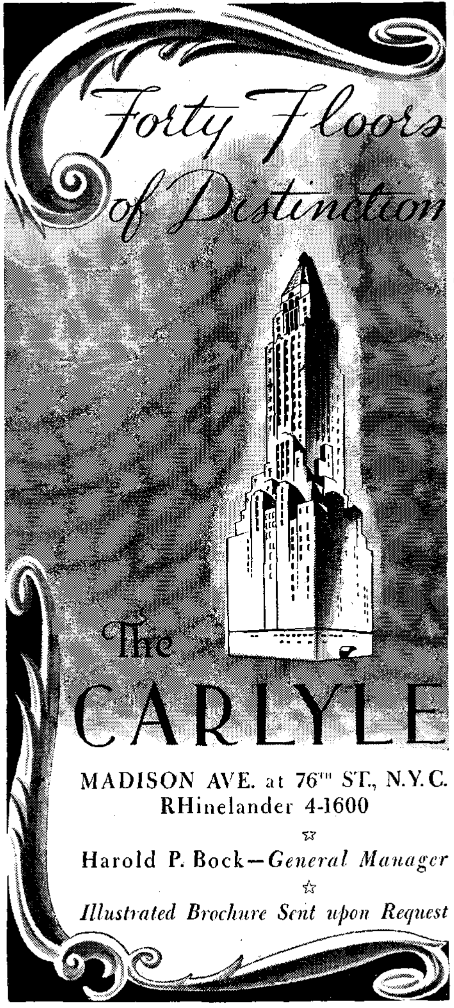
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NOW for a summary of what a few of our well-known dance bands have been up to lately, with swing, as usual, being marked by an asterisk:

I Found You in the Rain and You Are the Lyric—Skinnay Ennis and his orchestra. Both numbers are interestingly arranged and as smooth as silk—and what more does the admirer of unaffected melody want? Ennis handles the vocal of "I Found You in the Rain" ably and a girl named Carmene sings the words of "You Are the Lyric." (*Victor 27747*)

Clarinet à la King* and How Long Has This Been Going On?—Benny Goodman and his orchestra. Well, there's probably no need of suggesting what the King of Swing and his clarinet do to "Clarinet à la King." Plenty of solo playing and an elegant arrangement, however, are combined in a way that will amaze even seasoned Goodmanites. By way of good contrast, "How Long Has This Been Going On?" is delivered in a very slow but well-knit manner. Peggy Lee sings its lyrics agreeably. (*Okeh 6544*)

It Happened in Hawaii and Fooled—Glenn Miller and his orchestra. Old prewar Matson Line Honoluluism sets the pace for "It Happened in Hawaii;" "Fooled" has the proper percentage of torchiness. Both are done in the slow, deliberate Miller style, without fuss or frills. (*Bluebird B-11416*)

I Said No and Ev'rything I Love—Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. Give Maestro Cugat and his musicians any combination of notes and they'll be sure to fling them right back in rumba or beguine tempo. In this instance, "I Said No" gets the rumba treatment and "Ev'rything I Love" the beguine. It's all to the good, even, somehow, the bit of cute (there's no other word for it) dialogue between the leader and his vocalist, Margo, in "I Said No." Carmen Castillo sings the chorus in the other piece. (*Columbia 36488*)

Winter Weather and How About You?—Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Two melody tunes played with that certain Dorsey rhythm. The Pied Pipers, Mr. Dorsey's oratorio society, supply a tartly tempoed chorus in "Winter Weather." The sweet, smooth-toned trombone-playing of the leader is really something in "How About You?," which Frank Sinatra helps along with a persuasive vocal. (*Victor 27749*)

Cash for Your Trash and That Gets It, Mr. Joe*—Fats Waller and his orchestra. Carnegie Hall or no Carnegie Hall, Fats remains the same unspoiled, raucous-voiced musical pagan he has always been. Everything centres around his singing and piano-playing, as the orchestra serves in little more than a time-beating capacity. There are two good extra bits, though, one by the guitarist and the other by the trumpet player, that deserve mention. (*Bluebird B-11425*) —Offbeat

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DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From Dun's Review, November, 1941*]

Notes on Localities Affected by the Defense Program. Childersburg, Alabama (1940 population—515). The construction of a $60,000,000 powder plant is 40% completed. An influx of about 17,000 workers has seriously taxed existing housing facilities . . .

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OUT OF TOWN

Speaking of Snow

THE weather, which has done a lot of shilly-shallying so far this winter, caused a thaw even in Canada at Christmas, so by the law of something or other spring skiing should be wonderful all around. In any case, conditions have been moderately satisfactory on Canadian slopes lately, so let's have a go at them first, for a change, and take up the domestic scene next time. You don't need a passport at the border if you're a United States citizen, but a driver's license or some such identifying token will help you through the questioning you get, going and coming, from two sets of customs and immigration officials. Our dollars are still worth ten cents more than the Canadian dollars, and since we're now on war time, too, that's about the only difference to bear in mind.

The New York office of Canadian Colonial Airways (Havemeyer 6-4949) is doing all it can for skiers, even offering a freshly telephoned, unbiased report on snow conditions in the north every day in the week. The line has given up those direct flights to St. Jovite, but limousines meet all its morning planes at Montreal and purr up the mountains to your pet spot in appreciably less time than the ski trains, which are apt to be temperamental in those parts. Canadian Colonial allows you ten pounds over the usual forty-pound limit, to take care of skis, boots, and ski poles, and swears that's enough. You leave New York at eight in the morning, arrive at Montreal shortly before eleven, and can be as high as Mont Tremblant for lunch. The round-trip fare is $29.95 for the plane and a little more for the limousine, depending on how high you go. There are a couple of afternoon flights, too, that are met by limousines—Fridays at five and Saturdays at one-thirty.

The same air line has worked out a wide variety of three- and ten-day all-expense tours, and they're worth considering. In the Laurentians, the choice of hotels it gives you ranges from the Mont Tremblant Lodge (at the top in more ways than one) down to the Win-Sum Inn, at Piedmont, which the young element swears by in spite of the name. The *habitant* architecture and furnishings of the Lodge, by the way, are maturing gracefully and the fearsome ski lift goes higher than ever. I doubt if I'll ever do more than watch my happy friends riding that lift, but I suppose even novices, after exposing themselves to the Lodge's instructors, maneuver it and its trails as easy as pie. The Lodge is American plan and prices hover around $9 a day per person for a double room with a bath.

Tom Wheeler of the Grey Rocks Inn, at St. Jovite, still operates his plane between there and Montreal for those who are determined to fly all the way. It accommodates three, costs $30 a trip, and, naturally, you have to arrange for it in advance. The Grey Rocks (from $5 a day, American plan) and the Laurentide Inn, at Ste. Agathe, are two old-time places with devoted year-after-year clienteles. The Laurentide has put linen pea jackets on its bellboys this season, but otherwise it's much the same, with good food, sleighs and sleigh bells, and a town life that includes movies, bowling, and a beer tavern or two. Rates are from $5 a day for a single room with meals. If you want to speak French French in Ste. Agathe, you might stay at Le Rocher, the private house of the Paul Watels, formerly of Paris, who have opened their place for paying guests. It costs from $25 a week for a single room with meals, and they do nice things like serving your breakfast in your room.

Far and away the dressiest newcomer in this region is the Marquise, on top of Mont Gabriel, at St. Sauveur. It used to be one of those exclusive clubs, so you may be sure it's comfortable, and it is *run* by Clarence Honey, who is known up and down the Laurentians as a host. It's remote, of course—that's part of being exclusive on a hilltop—but there is always a sleigh handy when you and your friends get in a Saturday-night mood and feel like foregathering at the tavern down in the village. Rates for a double room with a fireplace and bath start at $8 a person, which includes remarkably good meals.

QUEBEC CITY is very little more trouble to get to, as a matter of fact, although if you want to fly the whole way, you'll have to send your skis ahead, as the six-passenger planes of the new Quebec Airways, which take you there from Montreal, haven't room for them. People who know call the skiing at Lac Beauport the best in the East, now that the slopes and trails have been

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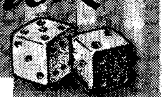

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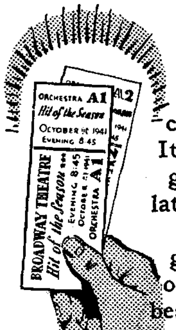

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best mood for curtain time.

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36th ST. Near 6th AVE.

cleared and tows installed, and, of course, there's Loosli of Lausanne at the Château Frontenac to teach you his "parallel method" of skiing. Flying up with skis, you take the one-thirty afternoon plane from here and the six-fifty train from Montreal (doesn't run Saturdays), which lands you in Quebec in time for a nightcap; flying up without them, there's an eleven-o'clock morning plane from Montreal, which gets into Quebec at twelve-twenty. There are two good night trains—one out of Penn Station at nine-fifteen and the other out of Grand Central at eleven-fifteen. Both involve changing at Montreal and both get you to Quebec at a little after one the next afternoon.

Since you could lose three or four royal châteaux inside the Château Frontenac, I'm always surprised to find it cozy in its own noble way. The management is so understanding that it doesn't even object to ski boots on the premises, and if I liked the place for nothing else, I'd like it for the quantities of hot water in the pipes; even the Château's ten-day all-expense trips by train from New York, at around $110, include a private bath. There are other things, too—the Continental feel of the dining room, the toboggans scuttling downhill alongside the hotel, sleighs for doing the town under bearskin robes, and so forth. Buses take you to the skiing terrain at Lac Beauport, leaving oftener and more promptly than they used to.

Unworldly individuals wanting only to ski, eat, and sleep, with just enough hot buttered rum to bind it all together, like to stay out near the skiing grounds at the fairly new Manoir St. Castin. The place can handle up to forty guests (from $6 a day with meals), and Canadian Colonial will establish you there on a ten-day all-expense-trip basis for $88, or a little more if you want a private bath and there's one available. The walls aren't soundproof, but the beds are good, the food is wholesome without being dull, and the place is as clean as a ski pole. —K. C. B.

•

Military pomp and ceremony marked the wedding yesterday afternoon of Miss Carol Stephanie A. Fries, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. A. Fries, U. S. A., reired, and Mrs. Fries, and Ensign Robert Gwathmey Merritt, U. S. N., son of Mrs. Peterson Merritt of Washington and Mr. Robert G. Merritt of Chicago. —*Washington Star.*

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BOOKS

Horrors, Homilies, Yarns

OF late years I have noted a tendency among publishers to ring in "An American Tragedy" whenever the hero of a novel comes with sufficient slowness to no good end and to cry "Of Human Bondage" whenever a novel has a bitch for a heroine. This week, Patrick Hamilton's new book, a diverting exercise in the sinister, is launched to the full-orchestra accompaniment of precisely these two comparisons. Says the blurb, "In the case of 'Hangover Square' the publishers are willing to fling caution to the winds." In the case of "Hangover Square" any reasonably well-read wind will, I daresay, fling caution straight back at the publishers.

The comparison with "Before the Fact," also noted on the jacket, is, on the other hand, just. "Hangover Square" is one of those highly intelligent chillers, full of cozy horrors, in the manufacture of which the English are so infuriatingly our superiors. I have not seen Mr. Hamilton's "Angel Street," but I do remember his hellish little melodrama "Rope's End," of perhaps fifteen years ago, and I conceive this novel to be pretty much in the vein of his plays. An excellent vein it is, too, but hardly a main artery.

The hero is a large, simple-minded Londoner, George Bone. Mr. Hamilton successfully maneuvers poor George into committing a double murder and then suicide. (I don't feel I'm giving away the plot, for the blurb itself speaks of "the inevitable conclusion to his mad affair.") George is bothered by two things. One of the things is a chilly girl named Netta, as nasty as she is beautiful, who plays George for a sucker. Netta is horrid enough to drive anyone crazy, but she doesn't have to exert herself in George's case, as he already holds two legs on the mental-weakness trophy. There you have his second bother—schizophrenia, which, as Mr. Hamilton informs us via Black's Medical Dictionary, is "a cleavage of the mental functions, associated with assumption by the affected person of a second personality." When George is himself, he loves nasty Netta to distraction. When he clicks into his alter ego, he is obsessed by the desire to murder her and her lover, Peter. Any sensible reader is apt to rate George's judgment more highly when he has gone out of his mind than when he is in it.

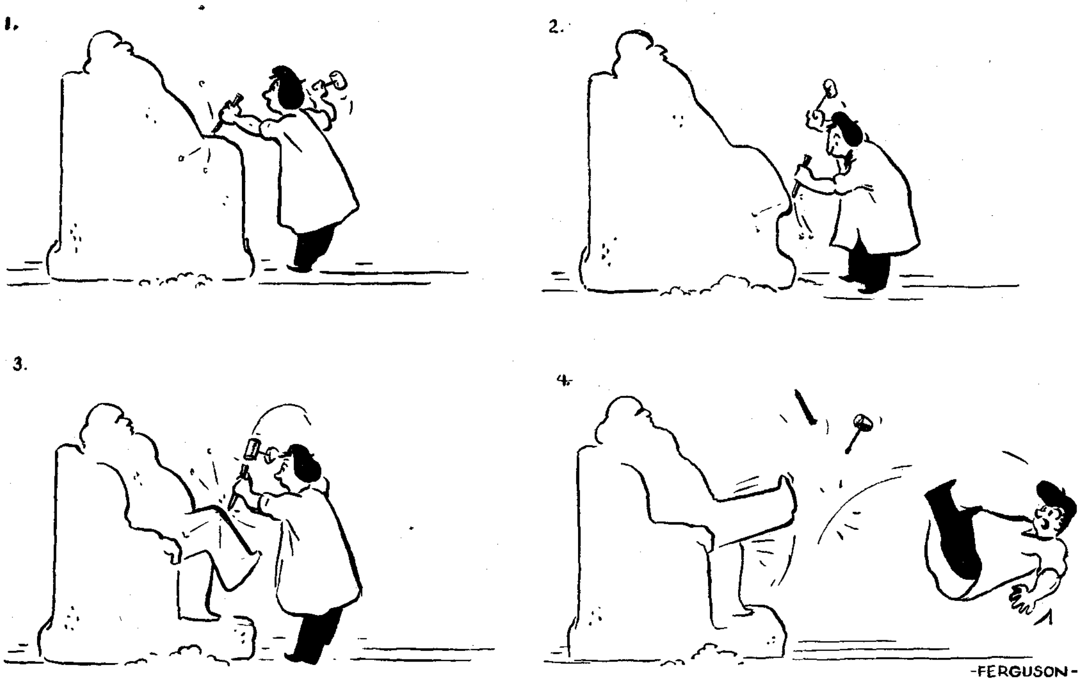
With what seems to this unlearned reader almost academic obedience to the dicta of psychiatry, the narrative shuttles trickily between the two Georges. Mr. Hamilton's horrors are all of the mind, and he manipulates them with extraordinary skill, though perhaps at slightly excessive length. He is no less adept at picturing the murky world Netta and her dipsomaniacal pals infest, though I think his endeavor to identify them with the Fascist viewpoint (the time is just after Munich) is a bit pretentious, as are his chapter-head quotations from Suckling, Milton, Shakespeare, Shelley, and the thesaurian Roget. He weakens his story by this gratuitous intellectualization. "Hangover Square" stands up firmly as a first-class melodrama of abnormal psychology, but as a satire on a decadent society it wavers and hesitates. Gifted as is Mr. Hamilton, he is no Aldous Huxley.

ELGIN GROSECLOSE'S "The Firedrake" is one of the oddest novels I have read in many years. It might have been written by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Yet the author is so earnest, so unselfconscious about his old-fashioned espousal of all the soberer virtues, that he safely skirts absurdity. He is Lloyd ("Magnificent Obsession") Douglas without *Schmalz.*

The theme is the dead fruit of worldly ambition, and the central character is a lady novelist, Abigail Carfax, wife of a missionary who remains at his post in Persia while she brings up their two children in pre-Civil War Boston. Abigail's foursquare Protestant rectitude undergoes considerable abrasion when she becomes a successful author and drawing-room lioness and is dishonorably pursued by Fenton Sweyton, a slightly unbalanced clipper-ship architect. The world is too much for Abigail. In consequence of that sin by which fell the angels, she and everybody connected with her go down in picturesque ruin.

The style is paced to the story—stilted, humorless, and formal as a minuet. And yet, as I say, Mr. Groseclose is so pure-heartedly committed to his fine old Puritan morality that his book, instead of turning out to be an unconscious pastiche, becomes a queerly interesting museum piece. The flowering-of-New-England atmosphere, too, is conveyed with grave correctness.

THE British Broadcasting Company, never remarkable for experimentation, recently turned up something fresh and new. One of its scouts discovered a merchant mariner named



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RANDOM HOUSE, 20 E. 57 ST., N. Y.

Frank Laskier and put him on the air to tell in his own lingo a number of foc'sle tales that were rather different from conventional sailors' yarns. He proved a howling success. His microphone stories are now collected in a small book, "My Name Is Frank," with a sound introduction by William McFee.

They're about how it feels to be dive-bombed in mid-ocean, and about encounters with Nazi sea raiders, and about the time he and his mates escorted a shipload of evacuee children from Liverpool to Montreal. It's all simple stuff, and true stuff, and beautifully non-literary. You'll like it, and you'll like the stout Englishmen Frank talks about, and you'll like even less than you do now the Nazis he and his fellows encountered in the course of their little-publicized, dangerous, and essential voyages. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

A MISTAKE made by prophets and calamity-howlers alike when they deal with poetry is to demand forty masterpieces in a book of forty lyrics. Volumes of poetry suffused to the last comma by the glory of genius have indubitably happened, but not often, and not every six months or even ten years. While waiting for these blazes of perfection, we must be ready to recognize and appreciate the one lyric which saves a volume otherwise wooden, inelegant, canting, or dull. We must learn to appreciate the little beauty we get while we continue to pass over the dozens of books published each year wherein nothing whatever comes to the surface, in spite of the best intentions of their authors. One may have the highest aims and the purest ambitions and still be a perfectly terrible poet. And there's no use writing about a poem whose author simply meant well. For everyone concerned, the best method for dealing with much modern verse is probably silence.

THIS stricture, fortunately, does not apply to all recent poetry. New Directions has ended its first year's program of publishing a small volume of poetry every month, in a beautiful format and at a moderate price, with two books of original verse and two of translations. In England, F. T. Prince has received the critical accolade of T. S. Eliot; his book, "Poems," as published by New Directions, has been cut to some extent and one new poem has been added. This, "The Babiaantje," is a lovely lyric if I ever saw one. Prince writes the purest kind of small, meditative song, and has a liking, too, for the

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longer poem, in which rhetoric can take long breaths and emit well-rounded periods. His longer poems are charmingly baroque and full of minor surprises, but it is with the lyric that we would have Mr. Prince stay. Malcolm Cowley's "The Dry Season," the second New Directions volume, is much less integrated than Prince's book. Cowley tries everything on, not often wisely or well, but he has included his fine "Stone Horse Shoals," first published in this magazine.

As for the translations, Babette Deutsch has done some poems from Rilke's early work, "Das Stundenbuch" (1899-1903), in a small volume called "Poems from the Book of Hours." These poems are transitional, and the marks of Rilke's early sentimental flirting with the idea of God are apparent in them, yet they cast forward to his last great poems, written twenty years later, and they bear the signs of his impeccable eye and ear. Miss Deutsch, wisely keeping the original form, has reproduced the tone of the originals. She should now try her hand with later Rilke. The more competent versions of Rilke in English, the better. Finally, Dudley Fitts, in "More Poems from the Palatine Anthology," continues to render with taste and neatness his choice from the great store of Greek epigram and elegy.

THE latest book by John Masefield may well annoy many who expect loud, hortatory pronouncements from him. "Gautama the Enlightened" opens with a version of a scripture of the Buddha, goes on into a charming account of the poet's love of shopping in Oxford (detailed down to paper clips and soap), and ends with as gay a tribute to light youth as perhaps was ever penned by an old gentleman heavy with years and honors. It is fatal to approach such a book expecting it to be something else. Taking the volume on its own terms, the reader will have no difficulty in finding the same peace and touching purity of spirit in the last-mentioned poems as in the first. It is good to sense happiness and not bitterness in an old poet's heart.

SEVERAL scholars have under way studies of Emily Brontë which will undoubtedly shed the strongest new light on her character. These studies are based on new interpretations of hitherto neglected material. Meanwhile, "The Complete Poems of Emily Jane Brontë," edited from the manuscripts

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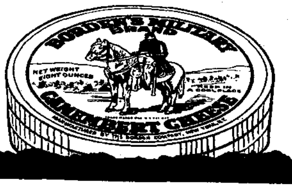

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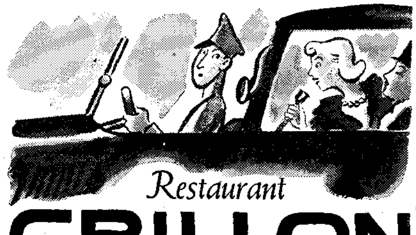

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Deliberate

actually means "weighed in the scales"

A *DELIBERATE* decision is one based upon a weighing of the facts and arguments involved—and that is the literal meaning of the word *deliberate*. It is derived from the Latin *deliberatus*, formed from the verb *deliberare*, which is a combination of *de*, a prefix denoting "down," and hence "completely," and *librare*, "to weigh." *Librare* comes from *libra*, "a balance or pair of scales."

Thousands of words we commonly use have interesting origins like this one. You will find these word origins in "The Supreme Authority"—

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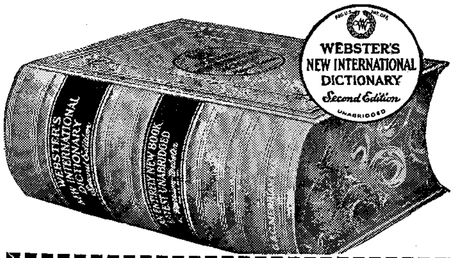

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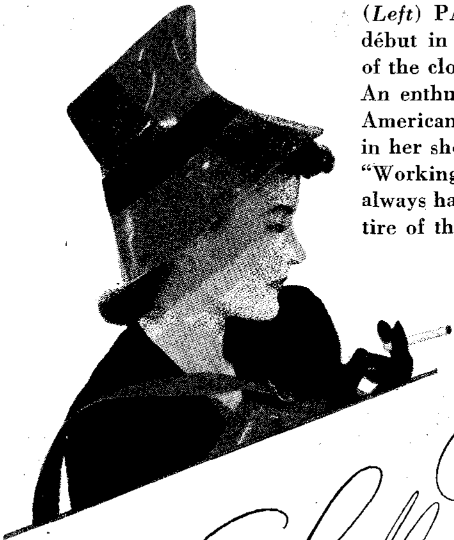
SPRING'S IN THE HATS BY *Lilly Daché*



(*Left*) PATENT LEATHER makes its début in Lilly Daché's interpretation of the cloche. Over-size bag to match. An enthusiastic worker, this famed American designer spends week-days in her shop, week-ends on her farm. "Working or resting," she says, "I always have Camels handy. I *never* tire of them."

(*Left*) HALF *petunia satin* swirled on roy linen straw . . with a crop of blue cherries. Daché origina *romanticist.*

(*Right*) ORGANZA TURBAN of lime, Caribbean blue, Mexican adobe colors. Designer Lilly Daché says: "Camels are so well-liked in my house that I always buy them by the carton."

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(*Left*) CHINESE-INFLUENCE linen straw held snugly to the head with a softly draped face-framing snood of green cashmere.

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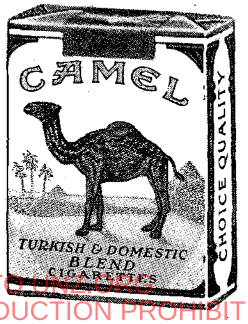

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